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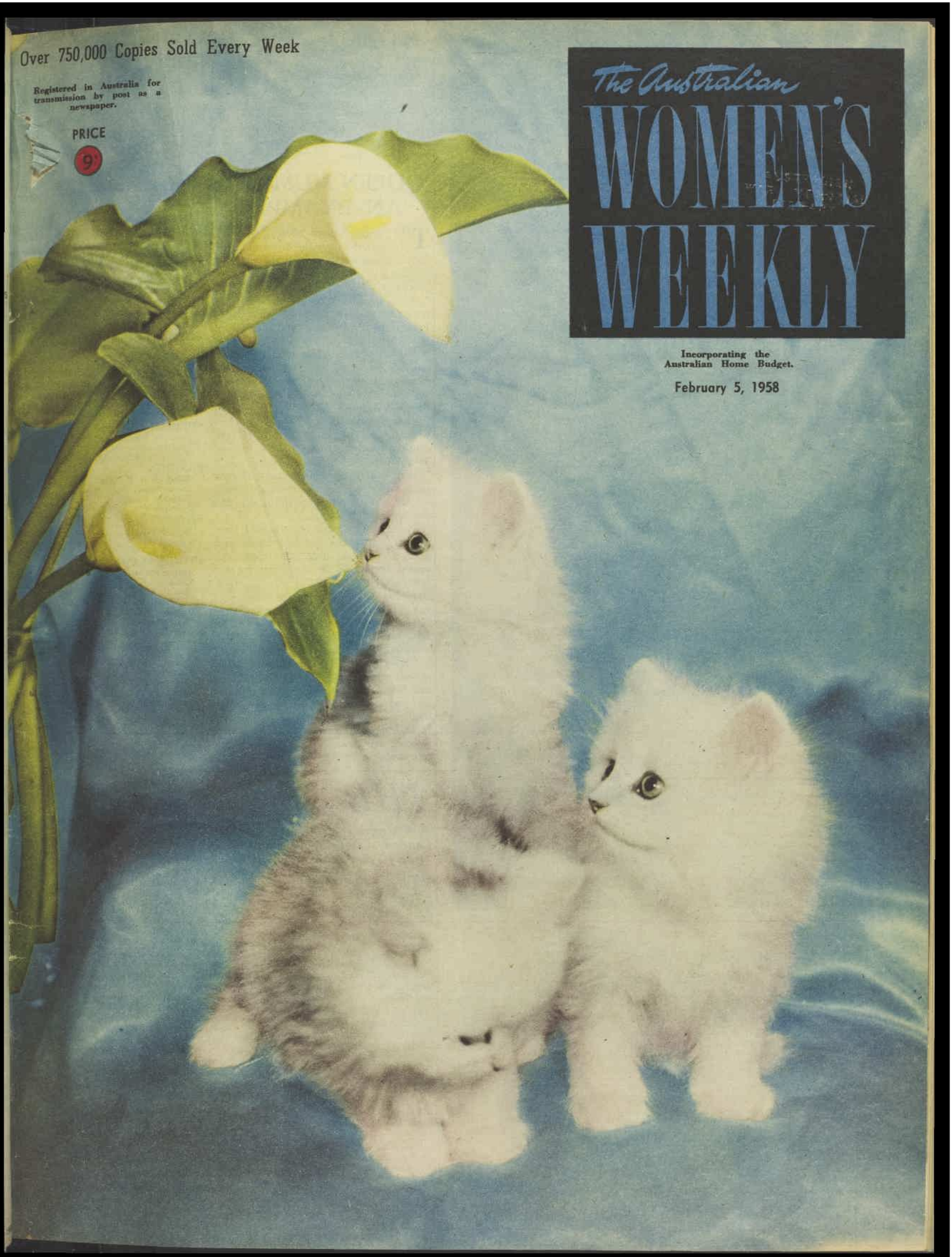
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

February 5, 1958



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'QUEEN MUM' SETS AN EXAMPLE

THE smiling Queen Mother will soon be here to renew the direct link with the Commonwealth which she and her husband, King George VI, began 30 years ago.

Then they went to Canberra on that nationally historic day to open Federal Parliament in its new and permanent home.

But the Queen Mum is more than a much-loved senior member of the Royal Family who is dropping in on Australia on the first round-the-world flight by a British Queen.

She is a symbol of the alert modern woman who laughs at the stuffy conventions and restraints of the not-so-distant past.

Well within human memory women were, for some curious reason, regarded as old at 40, antediluvian at 45, and just-breathing relics at 50.

Worse, many passively accepted their antique status, changed into blacks and mauves, put on little lace caps, and settled themselves in armchairs for the rest of their lives.

Fortunately, the women of today have rejected this Victorian nonsense, and now behave and dress so naturally and charmingly that a woman of 40 or 45 is often more attractive than her daughter of 20.

The gay, vital, tireless Queen Mum reflects this change in everything she says and does, and although born in 1900, at the end of Victorian times, she is as modern as television.

Australians, and particularly Australian women, will welcome her as a charming representative of the women of today.

Our cover

• The kittens posed elegantly with lilies are Chinchilla Persians, offspring of an Anglo-American alliance. Their mother, Champion Bonavia Feather, was imported from England and their father, Cute Kit Silver Flyer, from America. Their owner is Miss M. Haswell, of Turramurra, Sydney. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• We were interested to read in "World Press News," published in London, a story about the artist who draws "Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff," the puppy cartoon which we publish every week.

"TIM," the creator of this strip, is W. J. Timym, an Austrian artist who began his career on the Vienna "Telegraph."

Hitler, when he marched into Austria, closed down the paper because it was anti-Nazi and "Tim" went to London.

He was interned when war began and when released he found the paper shortage had killed his comic strips, so he got a job in a toy factory, painting dolls' faces.

Occasionally he did some drawings for advertisements and these finally led him to a commission to paint Service chiefs for the Ministry of Information.

Before the war was over his cartoons and strips, including "Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff," were running in English papers. He is now a naturalised British citizen.

Followers of our strip won't be surprised to hear that "Tim" loves dogs.

★ ★ ★

NEXT week we give you a preview of autumn fashions in color. This autumn's dresses are more interesting than for many seasons, for they feature the first really new silhouette for ten years. The last major change was the New Look in 1947. That was the Look with the narrow waist and full skirt and it's now the Old Look, because waists are almost non-existent in the autumn scene. In next week's four-page feature Betty Keep shows you the season's pick.

Incidentally, Mrs. Keep's advice on fashion is much sought within the office as well as by readers. If a member of the staff feels doubtful about a new hat or dress, or receives any criticism of a style as too advanced, she is likely to feel triumphant if she can say, "Mrs. Keep says it's right."

THROUGH Mr. A. Lee, radio amateur at Newcastle, N.S.W., we have received news of a broadcast given in the women's programme on Radio Prague by Mrs. Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, who won the prize for the best portrait painted by a woman in our 1957 Art Prize. She said: "For me to paint a child gives tangible expression to my feelings, not only towards a particular child but towards children generally. Neither time nor distance can affect these feelings. My painting portrays a little Czech girl, but perhaps Australians saw in it the likeness of a little girl they know."

★ ★ ★

UNDER the picture of a little school in our "Australian Year" series in this issue is a misprint which has transformed "oddest" into "oldest." There are, of course, many older school buildings in the Commonwealth than the lonely little one in north-western Australia.

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WOMEN LOVE "MOM'S BOY"

Keyboard idol Liberace claims 50,000,000 fans —mostly women over 40

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES

● Liberace, the man who tied himself to the apron-strings of America and turned "Mom-ism" into the most paying gimmick of show business, will arrive here next month to collect an all-time-high Australian pay-packet.

"LAS VEGAS paid him £23,000 a week, which is ten thousand more than Marlene Dietrich got. Besides, his brother George and his mother are included in the price," said a spokesman for Lee Gordon's Big Show, which will present the dimpled pianist in Sydney and Melbourne.

Liberace—you pronounce it like a sneeze: "Libber . . . ah . . . chee—will arrive in Sydney on March 3 with a retinue of 10. This includes girl singer Carol Richards, who appears with him on TV, his brother George, musicians, AND, of course, his "Mom."

Mrs. Frances Liberace is a rotund motherly soul of 65 with a milder version of the same gleaming smile that is her son's stock-in-trade.

She married again, but changed her name back by deed poll when his "Dear ole Mom" act started reaping a fortune in cash and fans.

Both Mom and George, who acts as band-leader and comic stooge, have suffered for "our boy." Each has been badly bashed up by what were obviously not Liberace fans.

Accused of "Mom-ism," the scented, silk-suited pianist asked: "Is it a crime to love your mother?"

Back came the answer from a million middle-aged women on each side of the Atlantic. "That's my boy," they said, and packed his every performance with an enthusiasm that puts Elvis Presley fans into the junior league.

"I am the answer to the drab realities of life," Liberace declares modestly.

Drab realities are dispelled for New Yorkers twice a day, five days a week by Liberace smiling out of their TV sets. His half-hour show goes out from 27 of New York's 45 TV stations.

Radio listeners get doses of Liberace relayed from 234 stations, and he recently packed Madison Square Garden for a solo recital—the only pianist to do so since the late and great Paderewski.

In England 7000 fans (all women of the average age of 40 plus) chartered two special trains to meet him at Southampton.

Liberace can get through in three minutes flat a movement of the "Moonlight Sonata" that takes Horowitz a good eight minutes. What's more, Liberace finds time during his performance to flash his smile like a beaming searchlight in between bursts of artistic body-swaying under the candelabrum.

"That smile expresses the power of love. I put a lot into it," he says.

Psychiatrists consider that adult men have far more to be concerned about in their wives' adoration of Liberace than their daughters' crush on Presley.

A Los Angeles husband told the Divorce Court he wouldn't go home to his wife unless she got rid of the TV set.

"Why not?" asked the judge.

"She watches Liberace," was the rugged reply. Result: A quick divorce for him.

An Indianapolis newspaper gave a piece of electioneering advice to politicians: "Don't run on lower taxes or social security. Run on Liberace. Say he's terrific and you've got every female vote."

At 36 you could say Liberace is doing all right. And he would be the first to agree with you.

Wladzui Valentino Liberace is the son of a seedy Italian horn-player and a sentimental Polish mother, which accounts for his Christian names.

As a young boy in Milwaukee he received a classical-music training and appeared as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at the age of 16.

"It isn't fair to say he plays 'Lady of Spain' over and over in different keys," complains brother George.

Ripley's "Believe it or Not" declares Liberace can play 6000 notes in two minutes.

But this feat isn't what took him to the top.

Liberace's act involves more than the specially built glass-topped grand piano (the top alone weighs 350lb.) and the multi-armed candelabrum that sheds soft lights down on his sequined, gold-threaded evening tails.

Smiling, smiling all the time, he settles his plump 175lb. six feet at the piano and runs a hand back over his wavy pompadour.

"The silver touches at the temple are real now, but I used to dye them. It gives me that half-boy, half-man look that women love.

"I've got some critics, but I've got my fans, my believers. And 50,000,000 believers can't be wrong."

Though music critics are speechless on the subject of his actual playing, Liberace isn't worried.

He's got a £50,000 home in the San Fernando Valley, with a piano-shaped swimming-pool for "Mom and me." This year "Mom-ism" will net him some six million dollars.

"When the critics are unkind, I weep all the way to the bank," he says.

TOUCH of grey at the temples gives Liberace (right) that "half-boy, half-man look that women love." Here he is with his "Mom," Mrs. Frances Liberace (centre), brother George, and a 3ft. piano of white flowers, sent by fans.

SHOES covered in the same gold material as his jacket complete Liberace's glamorous ensemble. Flashing smile, fast piano-playing, soft candlelight, his "Dear Ole Mom" and brother George are the main ingredients of his phenomenally successful act.

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FOURTH COUPLE to wed and return to Kilmany early this year will be youthful Tom Wallace and Gwenda Young, a stenographer in Sale, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Young, have a poultry farm at Myrtle Bank, ten miles from Kilmany.

THE BRIDE, formerly Gladys Traill, of Victoria, signs the register at St. Paul's Cathedral, Sale, after marrying Kilmany grazier Ian Tatterson. The Dean of Gippsland, the Very Rev. C. B. Alexander, is with them.

Four brides for four young men of Kilmany

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

● The tiny East Gippsland settlement of Kilmany, in Victoria, whose population for many years has been shrinking sadly from its original strength early this century, is about to take the tonic of its lifetime—four young brides for four of its young farmers.

"THESE ones are going to stay here, not take the men away as most of the other Kilmany boys' brides have done in the past 12 years," one old resident said happily.

This quiet little dairying district is tucked in between the Latrobe River and Princes Highway, nine miles west of Sale.

Forty-three families once filled the two little white churches, and 75 pupils attended the one-room school.

They kept the store bustling without the help of highway traffic, and made the little railway station feel it was needed.

Today, with only about 20 families, Kilmany has the quietest station on the Bairnsdale line, according to railway guard Perc Moreton; only a handful at each church on Sundays, and ten pupils enrolled at the school this year.

Two brothers

But things are looking up at last for Kilmany, whose population troubles began years ago when sugar-beet crops failed, and disheartened farmers left. The crop originally went to the Maffra sugar refinery, which has now closed.

A predominance of girls in the present generation has also contributed to the decline. Most of them have married and migrated to their husbands' home towns, and most of the few men who have wed in the past decade have settled elsewhere.

The four bridegrooms are Ian Tatterson, brothers Roy and Tom Wallace, and Nole Freshwater, who all grew up together in Kilmany, and mean to stay there.

Their brides, just as enthusiastic as the boys about settling in Kilmany, are the former Gladys Traill, who was a Stratford schoolteacher, and married Ian on January 11; Nan Jensen, last year's youthful headmistress of Sale High School, who was to marry Roy in Melbourne on January 25, Sale nursing-sister Gwen Wilson, who will be married to Nole on March 1 in Albury; and Sale stenographer Gwenda Young, who will marry Tom in Sale on March 8.

"Never in the history of the place have there been four weddings in two months," said 82-year-old Kilmany identity Mr. F. A. Schultz.

He and his lively white-haired wife were celebrating their golden-wedding anniversary a few days after the Tattersons' wedding.

"We married in Western Australia 50 years ago, came here for a holiday, and are still here," Mr. Schultz said with a smile.

"We took seven days to reach Kilmany from Melbourne in 1912, travelling in a horse and dray."

That was the year Kilmany Park Estate, originally owned by the late Hon. William Pearson, was sold to the Government and cut up into small farms.

The 80-year-old, 30-roomed Kilmany homestead, with its imported staircase and panelling, was known as the grand house of Gippsland.

It is used now as a boys' home run by the Presbyterian Church, which bought it and 400 acres of land from the estate 35 years ago.

The late King George V, as Duke of York, stayed overnight at Kilmany in 1901, and went quail-shooting there with the Hon. William Pearson.

"Most of the 43 couples who settled on the estate when it was cut up were young like ourselves, with no money and plenty of hope," Mr. Schultz said.

Kilmany has never lost its initial atmosphere. The happy, "smile in the face of anything" attitude the Schultzes knew still reigns in Kilmany, and the inhabitants are still like one big family.

In the early days, woolshed bazaars and roadside stalls on the highway, card nights and dances all raised funds to help build the Anglican and Presbyterian churches and the recreation hall.

The men themselves erected the hall.

"We used to give a pig or a lamb each occasionally to keep up payment for materials," said Mr. Schultz, who now lives in Sale.

Although the district has lost its former population, it has gained in wealth, since the properties are now mu larger, and much of it is un irrigation.

With eight young-marrie in the district, the social l of Kilmany, which has ne been dull, is expected to b come quite hectic.

Welcome-home parties a customary for brides at K many rather than kitch teas. The four girls think th might be given a combin one after the last weddin However, arrangements a still a big secret in Kilmany.

TRACTOR-DRIVING lesson for former Sale High Scho headmistress Nan Jensen from her fiance, Roy Wallace who hopes she will help out when things are busy on th farm. At left is Roy's sister Jean.

THIRD COUPLE to marry and return to the little settlement will be Nole Freshwater and Gwen Wilson, pictured at a cricket match at the Kilmany ground. They will ren a house near Nole's parents' property at Kilmany.

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Crown Prince of Haute Couture

He has Dior's throne—will he be crowned King of Fashion?

● The eyes of the fashion world are on Yves (pronounced Eve) Saint-Laurent, Christian Dior's "schoolboy" successor, whose spring collection opens in Paris on January 30.

FOR the past 10 days, as French Fashion Week crept closer, all Paris had been asking: "Will he succeed?"

He, of course, is Yves Saint-Laurent, the shy 21-year-old successor to Christian Dior as head of the famous House of Dior.

For on him depends not only the future of the Dior empire and what women the world over will wear, but many millions of dollars, pounds, and lire of French trade.

The French are realists. And High Fashion is to their textile, lace, glove, jewellery, and perfume manufacturers—as wool is to Australians—a vital industry.

So this is a decisive moment in French fashion history, and Paris is literally "on the Yves."

When Dior died last year he ruled what has been called a "State within a State."

Backed by M. Boussac, the textile millionaire, whose aim was to boost the sale of French textiles through fashion, the Dior State — it became an Empire — stretched from the Avenue Montaigne to most world capitals.

As a fashion enterprise worth millions annually to France, it not only dictated fashion through the bald, pink-faced Dior, but it dressed women from head to foot.

On the death of Dior, the fashion world gasped when young Saint-Laurent was chosen—it is generally believed by millionaire Boussac—to succeed the Master.

True, Dior had once called the young man "my spiritual heir," and Saint-Laurent was one of few people at the five-story headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne who were close to Dior and who knew about his fashion ideas.

SKETCH (left) by Saint-Laurent, interpreted by Dior before his death, shown (right) by Dior model Catherine.

But to become leader of an enterprise that directly employs 1500 people and to continue Dior's fashion dictatorship was a very different thing.

Clearly, on the young man and his close associates depends the continued expansion or collapse of the House.

Ten years ago Yves Mathieu Saint-Laurent was a schoolboy in the fifth class at Oran Grammar School, French West Africa, where his father was a barrister.

Today, at 21, as the Crown Prince who has succeeded to the Throne, he is a thin, rather aesthetic-looking man, about 6ft. 2in., with a sharpened face and blue eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses.

Some people who have seen him say he is a little like Baudouin, King of the Belgians. Others, much more earthy, think he looks like a frightened bank clerk.

In between these extremes emerges a studious and rather solemn "schoolboy."

This is not surprising, for until the age of 17 he lived in Oran, the adored brother of two younger sisters.

His prosperous father wanted him to continue the family tradition of Law, but from childhood his one interest was painting and designing, and father reluctantly agreed to let him go to Paris to "try his luck."

Armed with good introductions, he settled in Paris, but dithered for months. He couldn't make up his mind whether to concentrate on painting, designing theatre costumes, ballet decor, or fashion.

Then one day he roughed out some fashion designs and took them to a V.I.P. he had already met—Michel de Brunhoff, Editorial Director of French "Vogue."

De Brunhoff took one look, saw that the sketches, two days before the opening of Dior's famous "A" line collection, were exactly on the "A" line.

He grabbed the phone and called his friend Dior.

"You must see him at once," he said.

Dior was amazed at Saint-Laurent's sketches. He engaged him on the spot and gave him the immediate job of designing trinkets, designing the entire decor of the Dior Boutique, and later designing new models for his collections.

He was soon Dior's confidant. He is even supposed to have designed much of the Master's collections last year. And now the schoolboy from Oran is in command.

His new position could mean his destruction. It could also mean rising to even a higher fashion peak than Dior reached. This week will decide.

When Dior designed he went into retreat at his converted millhouse 15 miles from Paris. When Yves Saint-Laurent designs he goes home to Oran.

And he says:

"When I am at home preparing my sketches I seldom go out. Generally, I find my best ideas in the morning, just when I wake up. But I must be alone when I'm working, and I like a background of music.

"Any kind of music gives me ideas, and, though I'm not very musical, I like Bach very much."

But he doesn't get all his ideas while boxed in a room. Occasionally he wanders about the harbor of Oran, perches on an upturned boat, sketches on paper he always carries in case he gets an inspiration.

Can't sew

He can't design with materials on a model, as some designers work. He can't sew, and pins are just pins to him. All his designs must go down on paper and be carefully worked over.

He used to take his sketches direct to Dior. Now he consults Dior's closest collaborators, three worldly wise, fashion-expert women—Madame Raymonde Zenacker, chief assistant to Dior, Madame Marguerite, chief cutter for 10 years, whom Dior called "Dame Couture Herself," and Madame Bricard, who is known as "the woman with the best taste in France."

He leans on them a lot, for they are masters of their art, but they, too, listen carefully to him as they all search for that perfection of style, line, and finish.

It is a curious multiple partnership, but all recognise that the ideas are his—that he, like Dior, is the creator.

Only recently he was asked what the 1958 Line would be. A direct question.

Half closing his eyes, he said: "I see a shift of interest. A woman's bosom is no longer important. Today it is the bottom.

"I see the bottom being a football in loose space. The silhouette becomes shapeless and slim. I see the woman of 1958 as a remote, intangible Audrey Hepburn."

But he also said, before he began his designs, that his new season's models would be an evolution of last season's, and not a revolution.

Nobody really knows the answers—except Saint-Laurent and a few others.

Perhaps it's the curious contradictions in this young man that are the secret of his success.

He is quiet, sober, elegant, well brought up, well dressed.

He always looks calm and poised, and yet he admits to being timid, and says, very seriously, "I am also very nervous. That is one reason why I hate travel and strangers and new places."

Then, a little later, he says, and again very seriously, "No, I am not frightened at all by this enormous task that has fallen on me."

Looks a wowser

Outwardly he looks a little bit of a wowser, but inwardly, behind his protective reserve, he is all artist, with his eyes fixed in admiration, particularly on the art of the 18th century.

In his bachelor flat near the Trocadero in Paris he paints imaginary landscapes filled with children. At home in Oran, when not designing, he paints sombre, sad portraits of his sisters.

Before going to the theatre, which he loves with the same passion he devotes to the writings of Gide and Proust, he always designs in his mind complete sets and costumes for the play he is about to see.

And he is always sadly disappointed with what he sees from his theatre seat.

As Dior's successor he is already a world name with a huge fanmail, mostly from girls wishing him luck, demanding autographs, sending him recipes (his taste in food is spartan), and even gifts.

Yves Mathieu Saint-Laurent, as well as Paris and the House of Dior, is on the eve.

And this week the world will know the verdict.

YVES MATHIEU SAINT-LAURENT

His 1958 prediction: "Bottoms, not bosoms"

CHOOSING FABRICS for spring, 1958, is the new head of the House with two of Dior's most able directresses, Madame Marguerite (left), head of the workrooms, and Madame Raymonde, Dior's "right hand" for more than ten years.

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BIRTHDAY PRINCESS

● When Princess Caroline, of Monaco (above), celebrated her first birthday a few days ago, the palace released this delightful picture taken at her baby-sized piano, and also issued one of the most informal communiques in royal history. It read: "Princess Caroline, one year old, now has six teeth, weighs 22 2/3 pounds, and is a superb child, laughing and gay, who loves to enjoy herself and be sociable." A church service marked the event, but there were no parties. At right Caroline's parents—Princess Grace, who expects her second child in March, and Prince Rainier — wheel her pram through the Monaco palace grounds.

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Local girl makes good

● Everyone is asking who she is—the Australian who now earns £50 a week, and who, experts predict, will soon be one of London's Top Ten fashion models.

HAND IN HAND, John and Clemence leave their London Mews flat for work. With Clemence fully booked for modelling jobs and John appearing in the West End play "Saturday Night at the Crown," the only full day they can spend together is Sunday.

SHE is Clemence Bettany, formerly of Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Clemence, who has broken into the modelling world here after success in Sydney as a ballet dancer, is tipped to be, by the end of the year, among the Top Ten models.

Cherry Marshall, who runs the largest model agency in London, has no doubts.

"With her natural beauty, both in body and face, that small head, and perfect swan neck, Clemence has everything that makes an ideal photographer's model," she says.

No experience

And all the leading photographers in London agree.

How does a girl like Clemence, who's had no experience in modelling beforehand, get where she's got?

Call it luck, call it fate. Clemence is a success story with a capital S.

I went to school with Clemence at Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Darlinghurst, and remember her as "the very tall girl (she's 5ft. 10in.) with a nice

From
ROBIN AMADIO,
in London

smile, and a secret longing to be a ballet dancer."

She showed no sign then of being an outstanding beauty; certainly attracted no undue notice among the other girls.

I was delighted, and naturally curious to see her again, so I went round to her flat in Queen's Gate Mews, Kensington. I just couldn't believe that this was the same girl at school.

Now when Clemence walks into a room you just cannot take your eyes off her. She's everything the photographers and fashion people are raving about.

Her 23-year-old actor husband, John Bonney, proudly agrees.

Marriage

John and Clemence met in Melbourne. They were married over a year ago when both were in shows there.

Clemence was in "Kismet," and John was playing Captain Fisby in "Teahouse of the August Moon."

Then they came to England. During their first year of marriage they saw each other for only about six months.

John toured the Forces in Germany with Leslie Henderson in the play "Harvey."

In Paris

And she danced in the Roland Petit Ballet in Paris for six months.

But how did all this lead to Clemence becoming a big name in the London modelling world?

NOLA ROSE (left), famous Australian fashion model, has lunch in London with Clemence Bettany and Clemence's husband, actor John Bonney. Clemence's ballet training is a great asset in modelling. Last year she spent six months dancing with the Roland Petit Ballet Company in Paris.

LAST-MINUTE CHECK. Clemence studies her face before leaving her flat for a busy day with London photographers. She uses a lot of make-up to accentuate her eyes. Her hair and skin are ideal for color photographs.

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Sydney ballerina—London model

Actor-husband has part in a current West End play

Explained Clemence: "John and I went to a party given by members of the London Actors' Studio.

"At the time I could find no job dancing, and was working as a typist in an office for £5/1/4 (about £A6/6/8) a week. John also was looking for a job, and between us we were almost on the breadline.

Got break

"During the evening at the party the host, Mr. David de Keyser, suggested that I should go and visit a close friend of his, Cherry Marshall, who runs her own model agency. For some reason he thought I had the qualifications to make a photographer's model.

"So I went, mainly because I was broke and needed a good job

What happened next is a girl's dream!

Cherry Marshall continued the story:

"Clemence came to see me wearing no make-up and an old sweater and skirt. But the moment I saw her graceful swan's neck, small head, excellent features such as her eyes, mouth, and nose, I knew instantly she would go places. I definitely say Clemence will be among the Top Ten by the end of this year."

Already Clemence is booked up for six months for cover shots for a leading fashion magazine, and she is fully booked for jobs with photographers.

"I think the lovely movements of her arms come from her ballet experience, as does the head movemen., said Cherry.

"And she has the natural look."

Clemence herself said modestly:

"I'm thrilled I'm earning so much money, of course; but what I am most happy about is just at the same time all my success came John received a telephone call and was offered a part in 'Saturday Night at the Crown,' now showing in the West End."

Now they are both working, earning a good wage, and can look forward to a comfortable future.

Said Clemence: "We both want to return to Australia eventually and have a family."

DRESSED IN TIGHTS, Clemence practises ballet exercises on the living-room floor while John relaxes with a book and looks somewhat amused at his pretty wife's pose. Clemence still attends ballet classes once a week and practises regularly at home.

"WHAT'S FOR DINNER?" asks John, as Clemence takes food out of the fridge. Although Clemence has a full week modelling and practising ballet, she still finds time to shop and housekeep. She loves cooking and trying out exciting new recipes.

FOND WIFE brings breakfast to her husband in bed. Clemence believes in spoiling John, who works late each night on the stage. "A good strong cup of tea, toast, and cornflakes is what he likes," she says. Photography is John's spare-time hobby.

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SO91

TELEVISION PARADE

● Television is wonderful — I've said it before and I'll say it again. What has brought this outburst on is that no one has said to me for ages: "Yes, but what about the programmes?"

WELL, what about them? They're good, and getting better every week.

At present televiewers can take their pick of a very choice selection of top-ranking American shows — Westerns, musicals, comedy, and personality shows, and enjoy productions that show the polish of the ten years' experience American producers have had.

The benefit of those years is evident in many of the local shows, too. Producers have benefited, and so have televiewers, who have had a ten-year period of trial and error telescoped into today's excellent local product.

One of my favorites is Channel 9's live "Hit Parade" (Thursdays at 9 p.m.), which is a very smooth production.

And it's taken us only a year to graduate from those fantasies, the traditional Western, to the adult type, in which more attention is paid to realities.

Of all the "adult" Westerns so far, I go for "Tombstone Territory," with Pat Conway as Sheriff Clay Hollister, of Tombstone (Channel 7, ATN, 9.00 p.m., Tuesdays).

Sheriff Hollister doesn't go in for fancy shooting, only the practical kind. He shoots his opponent in the back, front, or wherever it's quickest and most convenient.

And, completely disregarding the tradition of the old Westerns, he doesn't hesitate to shoot before his opponent draws, or fiddle with revolvers if there's a shot-gun handy.

Sheriff Hollister was a real person, and the stories are based on his exploits in "Tombstone." One of the fascinating facts I'm told about him is that he was the only one of the famous quick-on-the-draw American law men to wear glasses.

All channels show or intend to show more adult Westerns, but don't worry about their effect on your children. None of these realistic shows is programmed before 8.30 p.m.

Two good shows that will be released before very long are TCN's "Have Gun, Will Travel" and ABN's "Wells Fargo."

"Wells Fargo" is No. 2 in the current list of the top ten programmes in America.

★ ★ ★

"AFFECTIONATELY YOURS," a top-line comedy made by Warner Bros. in 1940, was revived on Channel 7, ATN, recently as their Sunday night feature movie.

I started to watch about halfway through, fascinated by a young girl who reminded me of someone — I couldn't think who. I did think eventually; it was Rita Hayworth's daughter, Yasmin. Then I looked up the programme and found that it was Rita herself.

But it was Rita before she was built up as a sexy, sultry siren. There was little resemblance to today's Miss Hayworth.

"DISNEYLAND," one of the best family shows on TV, starts a brand-new series on Channel 9, TCN on Monday, February 2, at 7.30. Pictured above are Richard Todd and Glynis Johns in "When Knighthood was in Flower," to be shown on February 24. Opening the new series is "Operation Deepfreeze." It's a magnificent story of the U.S. Navy Task Force 43 in the Antarctic. It was filmed by cameramen attached to this force. The Hillary-Fuchs Antarctic expeditions give added interest to this outstanding film.

She was the nice girl of the film, 21, with a big, bright smile. She wore her hair up at the sides and front and down at the back, and made the sultry siren of the piece, Merle Oberon, look very old and hard-faced. (The heroes these two ladies were fighting over were Ralph Bellamy and Dennis Morgan.)

Thinking of the years and the husbands Miss H. has enjoyed since 1940, I rang up to check her age. I resented the reply I got, on her behalf and indeed on behalf of all women.

"Miss Hayworth," the voice

By NAN MUSGROVE

said, "will be 40 on October 17, 1958."

★ ★ ★

AN exciting musical event that looks like coming this way is Cyril Ritchard's biggest triumph, the operetta "La Perichole."

"Perichole" is a French rendition of the original Peruvian work "Perricholi," which means "bitch." It was written by Offenbach in 1868.

"Perichole" is said to be the frothiest bit of nonsense ever staged at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. It's been an outstanding success. Cyril produces it, stars in it, and, believe it or not, sings in it, and it was recently starred on the N.B.C. in their wonderful "Omnibus" programme.

Rumor in New York says A.B.C.-TV is buying "Omnibus" holus bolus. If it's true, we'll see Cyril in person prancing across the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on a white donkey, singing (he admits to possessing a voice range of only three notes).

Here's hoping!

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION has its unsung heroes. I feel the one who deserves gold-plating is Ted Wood, a retired British Army major, now living in Hollywood.

Ted is 50, and he works from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. as the official escort of Hollywood's "Queen for a Day"—the winner of a TV contest in which among other things, she gets a day's whirl round Hollywood with Mr. Wood.

At 11 a.m. Mr. Wood calls on the queen (chosen the day before at a big lunchtime "live" TV show) and takes her to a hairdresser, a beauty salon, helps her pick some of her prizes (the lot are valued at about £A1575), and takes her to lunch at Hollywood's famous Brown Derby.

They get from point to point in a gold Cadillac carrying the queen's crest.

After lunch Wood escorts her to a hotel suite to rest and be joined by members of her family or friends, who can join her in a visit to a film studio.

Later, Major Wood dines the queen at a selected restaurant, and the night finishes at 2 a.m., when she goes home after a night-club.

The queen no doubt spends the next day with her feet up. But not so Mr. Wood. At 11 a.m. he's right back when we came in, escorting another queen to the hairdresser.

Five days a week he does this and he says he loves it. He gets paid 160 dollars a week (about £A72), but has a weekly expense account of never less than 750 dollars (about £A338).

Mr. Wood is married (he recently celebrated his 26th anniversary), and has a daughter, 22, and a grandchild.

His favorite occupation is to spend a dull weekend with his family. He eats as little as possible, doesn't touch a drink, and tries to relax by doing nothing.

Mr. Wood is well beyond the stage of eating his way through a fancy menu.

"The queen always chooses very fancy food," Mr. Wood says, "but I stick to roast beef or a grill. With five days a week, I watch my step, especially in the food and drink line.

"I never have more than one Scotch before a meal and maybe some wine with it to keep the queen company. I may have a couple at the night-club. It's part of my duties."

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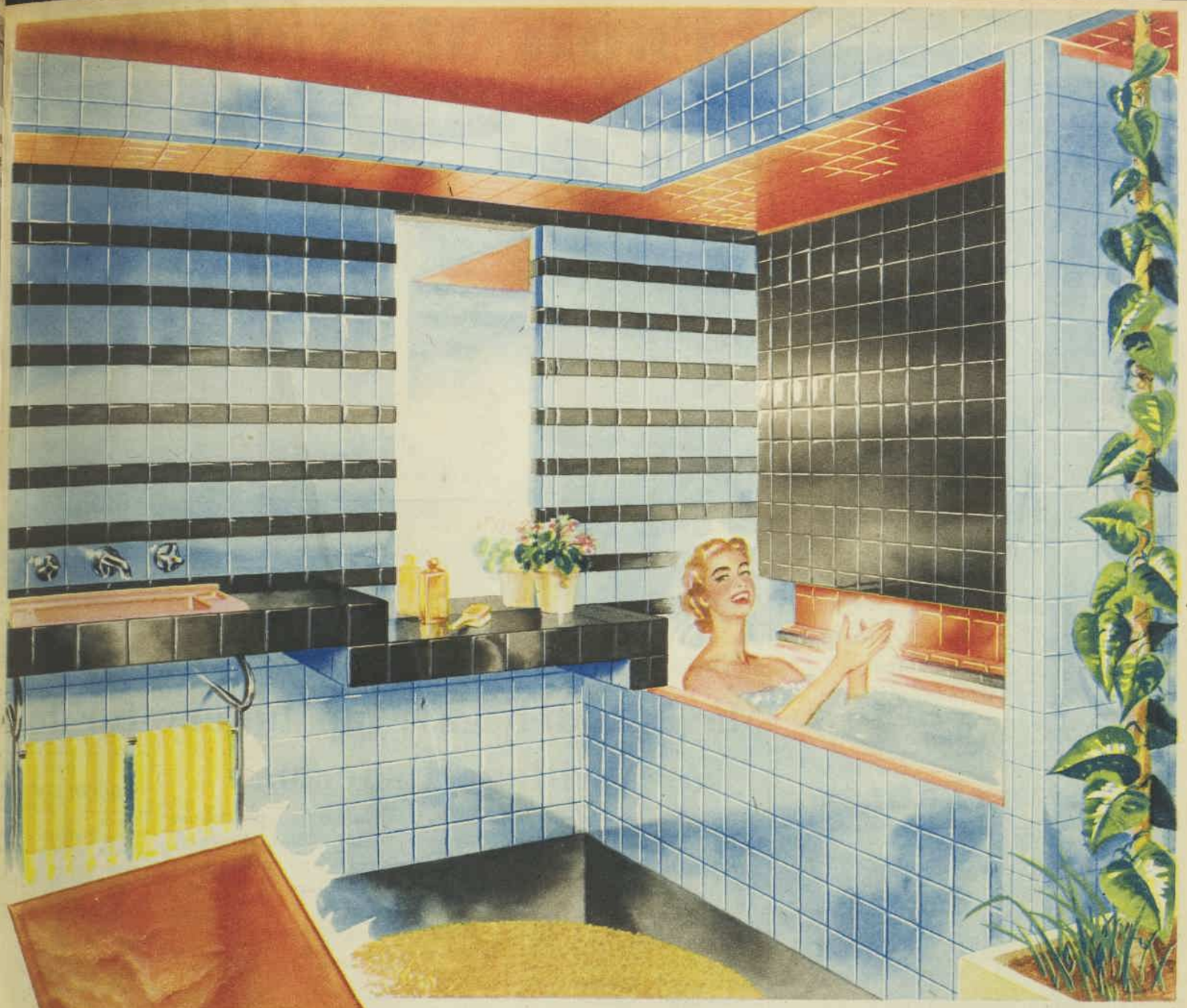

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"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. *"I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."*

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SAN 1-57

FROM MANOR TO . .

JANE ORSINI and small daughter Yvonne sit in a quiet spot to watch across Calvi Bay for Toussaint's return from fishing trip. In the background is the old town with its dramatic Citadel—now a night-club. Jane is completely happy living in the small Corsican town with her fisherman husband. The young men she met in England as a debutante bored her.

Mayfair deb gave up luxury for love of a village fisherman

By BARBARA WACE

● Most heroines in romantic stories are Cinderella types, whose beauty enables them to exchange poverty for riches. However, one Englishwoman gave up luxury five years ago to live as a fisherman's wife in a Corsican village.

JANE STEWART-LIBERTY had a childhood and girlhood in the luxurious world of county hunting society, cushioned by every luxury and comfort English upper-class life can provide.

Now she is Madame Toussaint Orsini, wife of a simple Corsican fisherman, living in a tenement flat in a narrow street backing on the romantic but noisy port of Calvi.

[Last week we cabled Madame Orsini. She replied: "My marriage is as happy as ever."]

Each morning, instead of being woken by the maid with a cup of tea and a gentle reminder that her bath is ready, Jane rises before sunrise to brew black coffee for her husband, who must be off for the morning's fishing.

Society life

In England, Jane Stewart-Liberty had financial and social security provided by a father who was not only a director of London's famous luxury store, Liberty's of Regent Street, but a leading member of the Buckinghamshire society.

In Calvi, Jane Orsini is a wife in a country where wives are seldom seen in public, and where earning a living each week is a battle against odds. The only security is her husband's skill and strength.

However, there was no hint of regret for the life she had left in England in Jane's voice as she described the daily life of a fisherman's family in Corsica.

Jane Stewart-Liberty, I was convinced, had accepted her future with clear-sighted eyes when she decided to marry her fisherman.

Jane was born the year World War I ended, one of a family of three girls and three boys, the family of Colonel Stewart-Liberty, whose rambling old manor house was always bursting with guests.

Nobody worried too much because Jane seemed to be an incorrigible tomboy, preferring the company of the three corgis, Whiffler, Bronwen, and Gwynneth, to the well-brought-up little guests who came to tea.

But when she was 12 everything changed. The time had arrived when Jane must be groomed for her role as a young lady of society.

With other debutantes-to-be, she was sent to a select boarding school for daughters of upper-class families.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. Yvonne is growing up bi-lingual, and the Corsican language will soon be no difficulty to her. Toussaint loves to take her out in the Dolphin.

If life at school had been nightmare, the strict Germ finishing school at Darmst she was sent to afterwards w far worse.

"I never seemed to do an thing right," Jane told "First I worried. Then I grew belligerent. I could wait for my coming-out yea Then, I thought, I would free."

But Jane found she did fit into the debutante fram work any better than she fi into that of boarding and fi ishing schools.

Jane laughed a little wry and then looked across room to where Toussaint, livious of what she was sayin for he speaks little Engli was mending some tackle.

"I realised none of th young men at the hunt ball and parties was right for m Toussaint has had no forma education—he ran away fro school when he was small go fishing with his father—b he has such sensitivity and di nity that he has never ou grated on my nerves or broke my mood.

"He knows when to be silen And he is never a bore."

As she went on with h story I could sense some of th misery of a girl born, somehow, into the wrong wor The war came almost as a r lief, with its opportunities fo jobs.

For a few months after pea came Jane took her old fam gardener's advice, and "p her feet under her father table."

But life as a daughter home soon palled, even thou

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CORSICAN TENEMENT

e could roam the downs and
it friends in the gipsy camps.

"After the young men at
ances, what the gipsies said
lways seemed to make sense,"
ane told me. "Their phil-
sophy of life appealed to me.
nd they weren't afraid of
lence when there was noth-
g to say."

Talking to Romany friends, nd a discovery she and sister at made when delving into er family history, made a tre-endous impact on Jane at his time.

The family had, it seems, a orsican ancestor, famed in fteenth-century history of the land as a great liberator. He ad the right to bear the word ibertad or Liberty on his hield. That word was on his rave in Calvi.

It was a word his descend-nts had treasured, so that the amily was now "Stewart-iberty," and Liberty's the ame of the famous store in egent Street. A young boy ousin was going to Corsica for holiday. Eagerly Jane and er sister Pat decided to go, oo.

Blue skies

It was a dream holiday. Into he background of blue skies, lue sunlit seas, Jane, the mis-t, fitted perfectly.

And there was one fisher-han, not so very young—he is 5 now—not so very hand-ome, perhaps, but with very ind blue eyes. A fisherman, ho, unfortunately, took no ore notice of her than he did f the other tourists.

When the holiday was ver, Jane tried again to t in at home. She worked s a gardener; in a green-rocer's shop, where she en-oyed the quick wit of the ockney housewives. But al-ays she remembered the uiet, blue-eyed fisherman.

"I thought I'd better get im—and Corsica—out of my ystem forever," Jane said. So I saved up my fare and et off again, on my own."

Jane worked at first in Ajaccio—as maid in the British Consul's house; then in the local hotel for her meals.

"Out of season it became very hard to earn a living, but I made something each day to keep me alive. And I reached Calvi for the summer and found Toussaint still there—but, though he was as friendly as ever, this time he had a tall, slim, beautiful blond tourist in tow."

Jane went home, to find herself all the more an outsider. Her father died. Her mother sold the old Manor House.

After hours of discussion, in November, 1952, Jane and her sister Pat decided to migrate to the sunny Mediterranean island.

When Jane and her sister reached Calvi the weather, after grey England, was unbelievably lovely. And Toussaint was still there. And perhaps his smile was a little more than friendly.

"I had to propose to him in the end," Jane told me. "At least, he actually proposed, but I had to tell him I would like to marry him, because a friend had warned me that, though he had fallen in love with me, he didn't dare ask me.

"He was afraid I didn't love him, and would not want to marry a fisherman. So I asked him to take me to the Grotto—the grotto where the seals hide, and you can hear them snoring. And we talked about it.

"I wouldn't change my life for anybody's, though we'll come home soon for winters, so that Yvonne can know England, too, and so that Toussaint can get more work."

Toussaint has been back with Jane to London. His quiet dignity and his Corsican pride made him immediately popular with her London and country friends.

"As for Toussaint, he loved it," Jane said. "He loved London, and the English countryside, and the Beagle Ball, and kippers, and brown bread—everything. And he kept my friends breathless with descriptions of a boar hunt in the mountains."

WEDDING of English society girl Jane Stewart-Liberty and Corsican fisherman Toussaint Orsini caused a sensation, but their marriage is a success.

Life has not, of course, been without problems for the English fisherman's wife. But unlike those in England, they are all ones which Jane feels she can face.

There is the anxiety about money, in work which is, of necessity, seasonal. There is loneliness. A Corsican woman's life is so sheltered that she goes out seldom.

Bringing up Yvonne has its problems. Corsican women seldom go on the beach, so, except for tourist children, who always leave directly a small girl has time to make friends, Yvonne is often alone with her mother in the white sands.

There are class distinctions, too, in Corsica, as well as in England. Noble Corsican families looked at first a little askance at the English gentlewoman who married a fisherman, and who refuses to dress in black, like all Corsican married women.

But when I had spent one last morning in Calvi, with the Orsini family, I was sure that it would remain a happy one, and that Jane had been right to be certain of her future.

For, whatever the difference in backgrounds, Toussaint, you feel, is so completely the right husband for dynamic Jane.

ABOVE. Nourishing meals are provided at all hours of the day or night by Jane Orsini for her husband when he returns from fishing trips. Madame Orsini is quite at home in the primitive kitchen of her tiny tenement apartment in Calvi.

RIGHT. Jane Orsini takes daughter Yvonne with her when she shops locally in Calvi. Like all fishermen's wives, she has learnt to buy cheaply and well. Here she buys beans for bean stew—a staple dish in Corsica, where meat is expensive.

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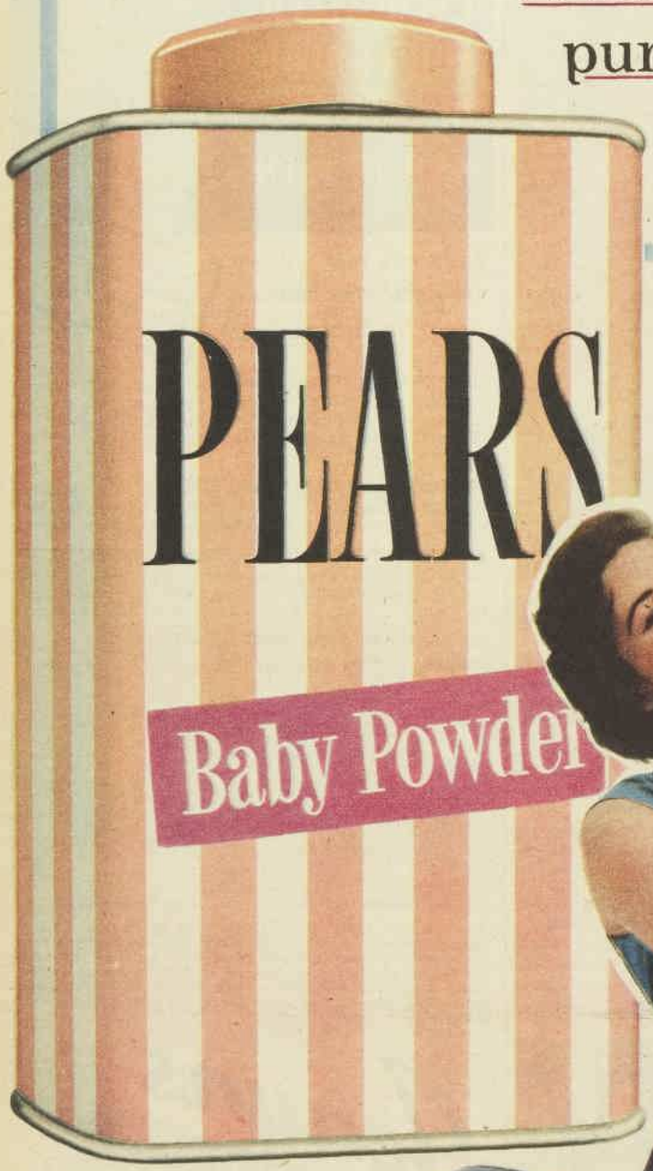

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WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Ettelson, who were married in the Great Synagogue, with the bride's attendants (from left) Mrs. John Ettelson, Adele van Alst, Mrs. "Chuck" Henry, and Mrs. Nathan Baron. Mrs. Ettelson was formerly Carole Isaacs, of Bellevue Hill, and Brian is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ettelson, of Melbourne.

YOUNG DOCTORS Rod Scotton, of Grafton (left), and Graham Bosch with Graham's lovely young wife, Carlie, after they received their degrees in the Great Hall of Sydney University. Graham and Carlie were married before Christmas, just a week after he received his exam results, and are now settling into a flat at Double Bay.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CHARMING Sydney lass Annabel Moore will fasten her wedding veil with an heirloom pearl and diamond tiara when she marries Lieut. Chris Sherriff, R.N., at the Holy Trinity Church, London, on February 22.

Annabel flew to England just before Christmas, with her wedding dress packed in the luggage, and has been staying with her fiance's parents, Colonel and Mrs. C. B. Sherriff, in Renfrewshire, Scotland.

The bride is the second daughter of Mrs. Edward Chauvel, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Lieut. Arthur Moore, R.A.N.V.R., and she will be attended by a cousin, Dymphna Fairfax, of "Tarnuk," Merriwa, English lass Penelope Allwood, and a tiny flower-girl, Harriet Lloyd.

Mrs. Chauvel leaves by plane on February 12 to attend the wedding.

• • •

THE young fry in Sydney will have a busy time this Thursday and Friday with the Big Show opening at the Stadium on January 30 and the musical "Salad Days" commencing its Sydney season at the Elizabethan Theatre on January 31.

• • •

PRETTY hats . . . Sandra Bragg's cap, which is just two intertwining bows — one white and the other palest blue . . . Mrs. Brian Hall's beret of glowing emerald velvet with a jaunty bow swept to one side . . . Mary Leifermann's mob-cap of crisp white pique, which she wears with a straight-cut linen suit of butcher-boy blue.

• • •

TENNIS enthusiasts Mr. and Mrs. Norman Strange came from their Melbourne home to spend ten days in Sydney while the Australian tennis championships were fought out at White City.

HONORS GRADUATE Dr. Sue Dorsch talking to the Chancellor of the University, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, after the conferring of degrees on the 233 graduates in Medicine, Dentistry, and Veterinary Science faculties.

ANNETTE and Ken Bieri and their seven-year-old daughter, Georgina, who have been living in Adelaide, now have a flat in Toorak, Melbourne, while they are searching for a house. Annette's mother, Mrs. G. S. Stogdale, of Edgecliff, is staying with them in Melbourne for a few weeks.

• • •

BUSY redecorating the house they have bought at Mosman are Ann Considine and her fiance Ian Neill . . . they will move in after their wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on February 14.

IN the ante-room of the Great Hall during the conferring of degrees I saw one young Miss not a scrap interested in the occasion — seven-months-old Sue Hensley, whose father, Dr. William Hensley, was awarded his Doctorate of Medicine. Blond, blue-eyed Sue played on the red carpet, watched by her mother.

• • •

A FAMILY party on Saturday, February 1, will celebrate Joan Baker's engagement to Barry Humphries. Joan is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baker, of Bondi.

Anne

LEAVING Chelsea Old Church, London, are Francis Chamberlain, son of the former British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, with his Australian bride, Roma Parrott, of Adelaide, S.A.

BETWEEN DANCES. Young hostess Gail Green (third from left) with John Hope-Allan, Sue Hughes, Julie Ann Roche, of "Meroo," Gunning, Peter Hannan, of "Illawambra," Cullerin, and Jan Roche at the formal dance Gail's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Green, of Mosman, gave at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli. Gail wore a dress of mushroom-pink satin.

NEWLYWEDS. John Crumpton and his bride, the former Diana Brett, of Narrabri, after their wedding at St. Ignatius' College Chapel, Riverview.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Jennifer Glennie, of "Eureka," Gularambone, with her fiance, Ross Macqueen, second son of Mrs. G. H. Macqueen, of Burwood.

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"Never a day without washing on the line"

says Mrs. L. Lauder, of Jamieson Street, Cheltenham, Vic.

"They're quiet and clean — now," says Mrs. Lauder, the pretty young mother of the seven youngsters in the picture above. "But you should see them when they come home from playing in the park!

"There's never a day without washing on my lines — never a day when I don't say a silent thank-you to Rinso. It's wonderful the way those suds bring up the colours so beautifully again and again — without taking the life out of the clothes."

The shirts, the socks, the dresses of the Lauder children are all that little girls' and boys' clothes should be. Perfectly clean and crisp and bright. That's the happy result Rinso gives seven out of every ten Australian housewives every washday.

Suds are mild and kind to clothes — and hands

You see, there's a secret in the rich, soft Rinso suds that actually puts new brightness in clothes time after time. Why, your white wash positively *dazzles* with cleanliness. Yet Rinso suds are so soft and gentle — keep your hands soft and pretty.

BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS WITH RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS

Safe for clothes — and machines

Rinso suds are so soft and rich they protect every stitch of clothing as well as the machine bearings and rubber rollers of your precious washing machine. **That's why you'll find Rinso — and only Rinso — is recommended by the manufacturers of all leading washing machines.**

Proved safest and best! RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL LEADING WASHING MACHINES

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Are parents to blame for delinquency?

A teacher, a judge, and a psychiatrist agree that most children who go wrong have lacked love and home guidance.

By
RONALD McKIE

IN Sydney recently young hoodlums turned a fire-hose on a theatre audience and yelled "Fire!" In the near-panic that followed a man broke his leg.

Turning on this hose was a witless, dangerous, anti-social act which could have killed and injured hundreds. It was yet another form of juvenile delinquency — which ranges from theft to vandalism—that worries many people.

What is delinquency? It has been defined as "anti-social behaviour which brings juveniles into conflict with the law and makes them liable to be brought before a children's court."

To discover the prevalence, causes, and cures, if any, of delinquency, I talked with four men whose work brings them in close touch with this social problem.

Although their conclusions tallied fairly closely and they all agreed that a stable home and parental affection and guidance were the greatest deterrents to delinquency, they clashed on one major point — physical punishment.

The "feckless five per cent"

Let's start with a visitor, distinguished English educationist Professor J. W. Tibble, who is Professor of Education at the University of Leicester and Director of Leicester's Institute of Education.

"In Victorian society," he said, "the number of children we would call delinquents was enormously greater than today. There were many causes—the industrial revolution, poverty, lack of education, low social standards.

"We have reduced that sort of problem, which involved perhaps 50 per cent. of the community, to about five per cent—what I call the feckless five per cent. from which most, but not all, delinquents come.

"The odds are that this five per cent. are not likely to be poor in the old sense, but they have low standards, are probably of lower intelligence and education than the average, and they are incompetent as parents and citizens.

"If you made a random collection of delinquents from these homes you'd find, although some would have a high I.Q., a big percentage would be below average intelligence and their home environment and home education had been the worst possible."

I said: "There seems to be a tendency to blame everything from parent to society, but never the delinquent."

"You can blame an older child if he has rejected a good environment and influences, but you can't blame a young child," Professor Tibble said.

"We all start life as potential delinquents, for a child has no knowledge of right and wrong. The civilising process of love and guidance from parent and teacher gives us standards and the machinery for upholding those standards. But the delinquent is an individual for whom this process has gone wrong."

I asked the professor whether too much parental tolerance became irresponsibility; whether one of the keys to delinquency was lack of home discipline.

He said: "Yes and no. I am not against discipline. You have to get discipline into the child. But I believe in civilising the child, not destroying his spirit by forcing him to submit to adult authority.

"Physical punishment, as part of discipline, I'm against in principle, although I think there are circumstances when a parent might have to use it. I regard punishment as a failure on the part of the adult.

"No, I don't think we're moving back to the old, stern parent and more spanking. Anyone who thinks that is day-dreaming.

"Prevention, not cure, is the solution of delinquency, and that means pushing continued measures of education and social improvement right into the middle of the feckless five per cent."

Donald McLean, of the N.S.W. Department of Child Welfare, who is also a teacher and a writer, agrees that the key to delinquency is the lack of close, warm, intimate relationship between the child and his mother.

"In about 70 per cent. of cases a child deprived of this sound relationship will grow up into an aimless, affectionless, anti-social character who lies and probably steals.

"In a classic 10-year study of delinquency in the U.S., in which 500 delinquent boys from 14 to 17 years were matched as perfectly as possible with 500 non-delinquent boys, it was found that if a child was anxious about the relationships in his own home the chances were 98 in 100 that he would become a delinquent, but if he was emotionally satisfied at home the chances were only three in 100."

"How prevalent is delinquency in Australia?" I asked.

"Compared with countries such as the United States and South Africa we have little serious delinquency.

"Our rate is about 80 juveniles in every 10,000 between eight and 18 years who appear before a children's court. Their crimes are mostly stealing and using cars. Assault and sex offences are very low.

"The rate in England is about 110 in 10,000, and has been dropping steadily since about 1954, but in America it is about 220 in 10,000, and evidence suggests that only one in 10 or one in 20 is ever caught.

"In N.S.W. at least, the police, I believe, are much more efficient in crime detection and in preventive measures such as organising boys' clubs."

I asked: "What part does lack of home discipline play in delinquency?"

"Unstable parents nearly always have unstable children, for unstable parents are incapable of disciplining their children. True discipline stems from love, understanding, and guidance, not from chastisement.

"I don't believe in physical punishment except to teach a child an appreciation of danger.

"One of the biggest family problems is that some adults have no real understanding of children or their needs or how to bring them up. There is no such thing as instinct in rearing children."

I said: "We know that poor housing and slums contribute to delinquency, but what about things such as huge school classes and the decline of religion?"

"No teacher with 50 children in his class has time to know the background of his students or that the bad behaviour of some of them may be due to emotional causes in the home," Mr. McLean said. "With big classes the truants and potential delinquents are often unnoticed.

"I would say there was too little spiritual teaching. By that I mean religion plus music, poetry, art—all those things which help to an appreciation of the higher values in life. The schools do their best, but many homes fall down on the job.

"In my opinion the biggest problem associated with delinquency is to maintain the family as the basic unit of society. A stable environment, in which affectionate parents train and guide their children, makes for happiness and the building of mature adults."

Judge Adrian Curlewis, who gives nearly all his spare time to youth, and is, among other things, president of the Surf Life Saving Association, president of the Outward Bound Movement, and chairman of the National Fitness Council, doesn't think delinquency will ever be wiped out, but believes it can be kept in check and gradually reduced.

"In a very great number of cases parents are to blame for the delinquency of their children," he said.

"It has never ceased to amaze me that many parents do nothing to help and guide their children, particularly at weekends.

THESE British youths have counterparts in all countries. In England the teenage delinquency rate is about 110 in 10,000; the Australian rate is about 80 in 10,000.

"Relaxation of parental discipline; irresponsibility of parents who take the line of least resistance and pay little or no attention to the supervision of their children's interests, friends, or whereabouts; selfishness of parents who are more concerned with their own pleasures or vices than the welfare and happiness of their family . . .

"These things — and you don't find them only in low-standard homes—are some of the major causes of delinquency."

"Is there need for sterner parents and more spanking?"

"Yes, but by 'sterner' I mean parents who will exercise stronger discipline as part of their affection and concern for the happiness and welfare of their children. Discipline does not mean harshness. It means deep-felt interest and guidance.

To spank or not to spank?

"And by 'spanking' I don't mean thrashing children.

"Although I don't mean that youth should be pandered to, one of the greatest needs today is to make the public youth-minded, and to provide opportunities for youth to have full-time spare-time occupations.

"One of the objects of the National Playing Fields Association, which is about to be launched here, is to provide more recreation space for youth.

"But space alone is almost useless unless you have instructors trained to teach youth how to use that space.

"Physical education is a major science in which Australia is trailing many other countries, and one of the aims of the National Playing Fields Association is to get a four-year degree course in physical education at our universities.

"Physical education is not just physical jerks. It is everything from sport to folklore, from puppetry to civics — a means of filling up leisure time with useful things.

"And if you can combine physical education with the idea of service to the community—like the lifesavers of Australia—then you will combat delinquency and build a finer people."

Dr. Alan Jennings, psychiatrist in charge of a child-guidance clinic, supports the other opinions that most delinquents come from five to 10 per cent. of the community, and from homes in that minority where "the standards are not the current standards of society."

He said: "A child is not capable of expressing its personality and making decisions without guidance, and if discipline and affection are missing in a home, and particularly a home where general standards are low, you have a fair chance of producing a delinquent.

"The framework of society is far less formal and well defined than it used to be, and the small family unit of today is much more vulnerable than it was. In addition, religion, standards, authority have all declined.

"In the handling of children, parents for far too long have followed half-baked ideas. There is now a move away from the old idea that a child should have complete freedom to express itself, and in my opinion this is a good thing.

"Children need love and discipline, not dithering tolerance, for children are often made anxious by indecisive or weak parents.

"Children need firm, calm handling, with limits set for them. I agree with spanking, and that a child who is caught in the act should be spanked. Yes, I spank my children."

"And what are the solutions to delinquency?" I finally asked.

Dr. Jennings thought for a moment.

"We must provide widespread facilities outside the home for sports, hobbies, lectures, studies, and social gatherings — and they must be supervised by trained youth leaders. And this youth-organisation idea could be a fine means of getting at the parents as well.

"We must also — and this is very important — try to get back to the older type of true, warm family life which our fathers and grandfathers knew.

"There's something else, too."

"What's that?" I said.

"I would ban immediately the use by all teenagers of motor-cars and motor-bikes."

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After a big wash

a dirty spot's the last straw!

"It's enough to make you weep. The whole wash done at last and now this tea-towel still isn't clean!"

Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight and get clothes really clean — Sunlight clean.

Extra dirty spots need SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER

SU.205.WW143

WENDY and New Zealander Shirley Barr-Brown snapped by a native porter as they sat on the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Kenya, during an African holiday.

Holiday alone on a desert island

WENDY LEACOCK, a girl who hates the beaten track.

● With a New Zealand friend, an adventurous Sydney girl has camped in the Congo, swam crocodile-infested rivers, been caught in an elephant herd.

THE keel of the boat crunched on the white, sandy beach and 27-year-old Wendy Leacock, of "Glenfield Farm," Casula, near Liverpool, splashed ashore . . .

It's not every girl's idea of a perfect holiday to be marooned alone for a week on a tropic island, but it was Wendy's—a girl with a sizeable slice of adventurous spirit and a taste for off-beat holidays.

Wendy is the younger daughter of Mr. James Leacock and the late Mrs. Leacock—and the tomboy of the family.

Reading an account of desert island life in a book brought Wendy to Hinchinbrook Island, off the Queensland coast, in August.

She worked as a waitress in hotels in Surfers' Paradise for three months and saved enough money for her unusual holiday.

A fishing-boat landed her on the island and arranged to pick her up a week later. When it left she lost all contact with the mainland.

"I had a wonderful feeling of exhilaration as I watched the boat go," said Wendy.

"I had brought tomatoes, oranges, flour, and yeast with me. I baked my own bread in the ashes of my camp-fire —it tasted better than any bought bread could.

"I spent the days trying to catch fish, but without any luck."

Wendy slept out in a sheet sleeping-bag on the beach, with a couple of blankets and a mosquito-net.

"Mosquitoes and sand-flies were very bad," she said. "But there was plenty of fresh water on the island."

When she wasn't fishing she explored the island, which is about 30 miles long, 15 miles wide, and mountainous.

Wendy had only one bad moment during her stay.

"It must have been about midnight — although I had no idea of time because I let my watch run down when I landed—I was woken by hearing something come crashing through the bush behind me. I lay in my sleeping-bag, terrified—until I heard the thump, thump thump sound of a kangaroo on the beach."

Wendy had taken no torch with her and went to bed with the sun.

"It was glorious to lie in the open, watching the sunset and listening to the birds," she said.

"Most of the time I wore nothing at all — the weather was hot and fine.

"It was an ideal place to get an all-over tan.

"A week was long enough, though.

"I would not be happy cut off from other people for too long. But I think a desert island holiday is a good idea now and again."

By JENNIFER MACKENZIE, staff reporter

Wendy's family have become used to her wanderlust and her knack for landing in unusual places.

In 1954 she was camping in a native village in the Belgian Congo — cooking her supper with a grinning mob of about 100 natives looking on.

She was swimming in crocodile-infested rivers, sleeping out round campfires in lion country, and landing in the middle of a herd of trumpeting elephants.

"We made for the closest, strongest - looking tree and wasted no time in climbing"—she recorded laconically in her diary.

On another occasion in the Congo she camped out on the wharfside after disembarking from a river steamer.

The diary reads: "Shirley Barr-Brown (her New Zealand companion) and I put up our stretchers beside a huge native fire. Soon after we hopped into bed near the wharf — much to the amusement of the native officials sitting around the fire.

"Woke in morning to a far larger crowd of natives gathered around remains of fire—also a European official who was watching us with a very amazed expression."

One of the great events of her African trip was climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,380 feet). The climb took six days and it was the first time that Wendy had done mountaineering.

"It was the most exhausting experience of my life. The last climb — up a practically perpendicular gravel slope to the snowline and summit — was a grim trudge of three steps at a time and then a rest because of the altitude," said Wendy.

"We had four native porters and guides to carry our luggage — we couldn't have climbed it without."

Wendy went to Africa hoping to join a safari to study wild animal life.

"I have always loved wild animals and have been keen to go to Africa since I was a child."

She worked for 18 months in Sydney as a tram conductress to save up the cost of the fare.

"I wanted to join a safari as a cook or something — but I couldn't, and of course I couldn't afford to go on one without working."

She compromised by working as a market research surveyor, a clerk, governess, and nightclub photographer in Johannesburg and Durban — to save enough money to tour on her own.

Now, after only a little while back home in Sydney, Wendy's feet are itching again.

"I love the excitement of going to new places. But I would like to go back to Africa and the Congo — it's such a mysterious country."

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Spiders are his job and hobby

Dr. Saul Wiener, the young Melbourne doctor who has found an antivenene for bites from redback spiders and is now developing one for funnel-webs, likes spiders, and won't kill them unless it is absolutely necessary.

DR. SAUL WIENER, of the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, Melbourne, with some of his spiders, which he keeps in jars of soil, if alive, or in spirits, if dead. Dr. Weiner, born in Germany, came to Melbourne 17 years ago and studied medicine.

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

"SPIDERS are clean creatures, and are generally useful," he explained. "Most of them keep a place free of insects."

He was pleased recently when he found he could keep funnel-webs alive in the laboratory by putting them in jars filled with a layer of soil and occasionally feeding them with small particles of raw meat dangling on the end of a cotton thread.

Dr. Wiener, who is with the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, is working on research in antivenenes for the stings from the jellyfish and stonefish of northern Australian waters.

In October last year he spent some time at the Barrier Reef Committee Research Station at Heron Island doing work with cone shells.

He would like people stung by stonefish and cone shells to send details of symptoms to him at the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, 4 Poplar Street, Parkville, Victoria.

Dr. Wiener is also planning to work on an antivenene for bee stings.

Handsome, quietly spoken Dr. Wiener said that redbacks are found in sheltered places such as woodsheds and outhouses, under old tins, and in old shoes.

Funnel-webs and Victorian redbacks are Australia's only venomous spiders.

"Not many people realise that redbacks are dangerous," the doctor said.

"They have jet-black bodies, about the size of peas. The Victorian breed has its red stripe running across the back and a red hour-glass marking on its abdomen."

The funnel-web has a jet-black thorax with a reddish-brown underside and long, hairy legs.

Symptoms of bites from funnel-webs are difficulty in breathing and salivation, delirium, and possible collapse.

After the redback bites, the victim has severe pain, sweating, weakness of muscles and limbs, vomiting, and often, after a few days, a rash.

"The immediate treatment for both should be as for snakebites," Dr. Wiener said. "Keep the bitten part quite still, as movement helps absorption. Apply a tourniquet above the site of the bite, wash the bitten part to remove any venom left on the surface, and see a doctor as soon as possible."

Dr. Wiener appealed to people finding funnel-webs to send them to him at the laboratories—but no more redbacks, please.

"So far I have received 4000 redbacks and 1600 funnel-webs," he said.

"A lot of them came from spider collectors, and, surprisingly, many of the senders were women."

His department sends small plastic jars to anyone wanting to donate spiders.

Life apparently has its lighter moments at the spider research department of the serum laboratories.

"Bushmen are always writing in to us with 'remedies' for various types of spider bites," Dr. Wiener said.

Among the most recent suggestions from bushmen has been the rubbing in of onion or garlic juice.

"We did try the onion idea, but did not get any promising result," the doctor said.

Dr. Wiener's children, Jonathan, 4, and Rebecca, 2, have never been afraid of spiders. Jonathan already can recognise a number of different species.

The doctor's wife has become interested in spiders, too.

"I suppose it was a matter of have to, because she hears so much about them," he said with a smile.

REDBACK SPIDER of Victoria, right, and the funnel-web spider of N.S.W. The female redback spider is more dangerous than the male, but it is vice-versa with funnel-webs.

Sydney to Bourke! Everyone's swinging to SURF for the

WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

HERE'S PROOF There's been a flood of letters praising Surf. From Sydney to Bourke, from the Far North to the Far South, letters are pouring in! Read these from excited women who have joined the swing to miraculous Surf.

Newlywed takes the plunge

Letter from a bride of three months: "I wasn't doing so well at washing shirts until I took the plunge and tried a packet of Surf. Now my husband says his shirts are even whiter than when his mother washed them!"
Whether you boil or use a washing machine, you'll find Surf gets whites sparkling white — in fact, the World's Whitest!

Bank teller's wife gives credit

A bank teller's wife writes: "Give praise where it's due, I always say. Dishwashing takes only half the time since I changed to Surf. Dishes drain dry and sparkling clean in a few minutes. I find Surf especially good for glassware too!"
Give your dishes a dip in miraculous Surf. Surf cuts under grease, floats it right off . . . leaves dishes and glassware sparkling, gleaming-bright.

Plumber's wife will never forget

Says "Goodbye" to grease: "I'll never forget the first wash I did with Surf. You can guess how black and greasy a plumber's overalls get. Well, with Surf the dirt just falls out. Now they're cleaner than they've ever been!"
Everything you wash can be clean, clean — the World's Cleanest.

SAME WONDERFUL RESULTS EVEN IN HARD WATER!

NO SOAP — NO SOAP POWDER — NO OTHER WASHDAY PRODUCT KNOWN WILL WASH YOUR CLOTHES AS CLEAN AS SURF.

All over the State women are bursting with pride, because they've got the World's Cleanest Wash on their clothes-lines. Join in the swing to Surf and see the miracle happen to *your* wash!

WATCH THE DIRT FALL OUT when you wash with SURF

Put a load of clothes into Surf. Then, while you watch, you'll see the dirt falling out, streaming out, darkening the water. Take a glass of this washing water. You'll find it nearly black with dirt that has been drawn out of the clothes. That's how Surf gets clothes so amazingly clean.

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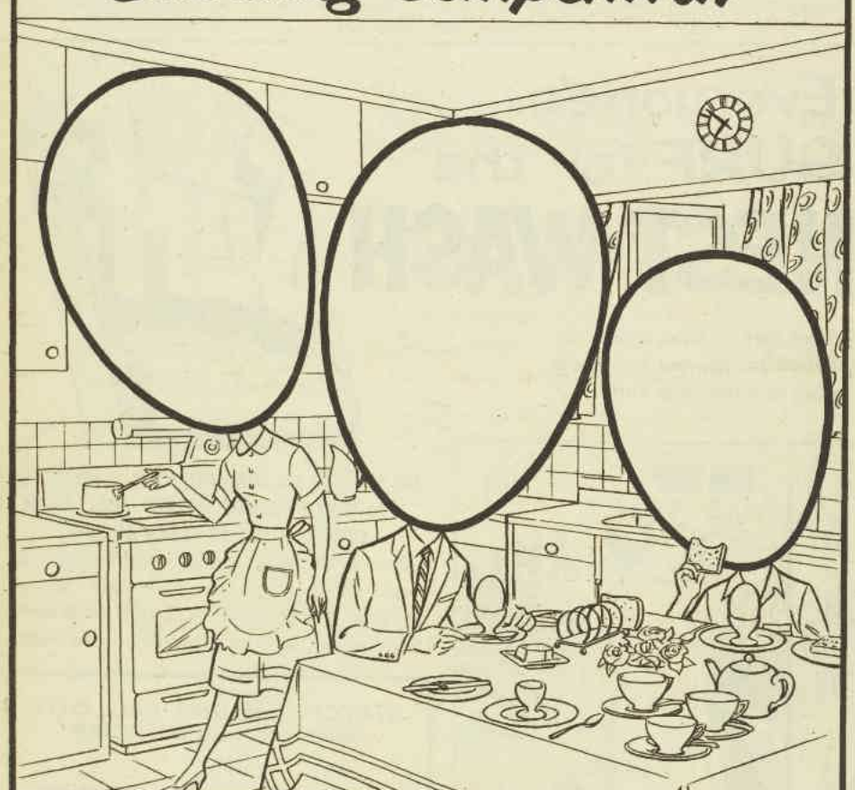
"EAT MORE EGGS"

Colouring Competition



Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN .....

For children living in Sydney — Metropolitan area only

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

for "EAT MORE EGGS" COLOURING COMPETITION

The competition is open to all boys and girls in Sydney metropolitan area, under 16 years of age who eat eggs, except employees and families of the Egg Marketing Board and their Advertising Agents.

1. Collect a printed slip from inside each of *four SMALL EGG CARTONS*. These slips read: "Big Prizes for Colouring Competition—see 'Women's Weekly,' 29th January." Cartons containing these slips will be on sale from 27th January at your favourite store.
2. On this illustration, at left, draw in faces with suitable expressions on the "Egg Family." (Eggshells are ideal to practise on.) Then colour the complete scene. You can use paints, crayon or chalks. Points awarded for originality, neatness and colouring ability.
3. Entries limited to one per person.
4. Entrants must fill in correctly the coupon at left. Put your age in the space provided.
5. The competition is divided into 6 sections: 1 for boys and 1 for girls up to and including 8 years of age; 9 years up to and including 12 years of age; 13 years up to and including 15 years of age.
6. Mail entries, either flat or folded, to "Eat More Eggs" Competition, P.O. Box 43, Lidcombe.
7. The competition closes at midnight, 21st February, 1958, and entries must bear the post office date stamp not later than that date.
8. Judges will be: The Director of the New South Wales Art Gallery; The Editor "The Australian Women's Weekly"; The Chairman, N.S.W. Egg Marketing Board. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of the Egg Marketing Board and may be used as they see fit.
9. All prize winners will be announced in daily newspapers about two weeks after the closing date of the competition. All prize winners will be notified by mail.

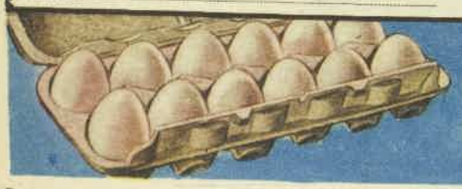
PRIZES.

THE GRAND PRIZE FOR THE BEST ENTRY FROM ALL CLASSES
(The winner cannot obtain any other prize.)
An Admiral "HOLLYWOOD" TV set—a "MALVERN STAR" SPECIAL bicycle (boy's or girl's)—1 doz. eggs per week *FREE* for 1 year from your favourite store. For Mother, a year's prepaid postage subscription to "The Australian Women's Weekly." For the winner, a year's prepaid postage subscription to the comic magazine of your choice.

FIRST PRIZES: In each of the 6 sections, a Boy's and Girl's "MALVERN STAR" SPECIAL Bicycle.
SECOND PRIZES: In each of the 6 sections, 2 prizes of an "ORIS" watch.
THIRD PRIZES: In each of the 6 sections, 2 prizes of a "PARKER" fountain pen.
FOURTH PRIZES: In each of the 6 sections, 2 prizes of a "PARKER" propelling pencil.

SPECIAL PRIZE (8 YEARS OF AGE AND UNDER ONLY): 10 Kiddiecraft Building Blocks.
CONSOLATIONS (OVERALL AGE GROUP): 50 Giant Stencil Sets. 50 Giant Paint Sets.
SCHOOL AWARD: To the Grand Prize Winner's School: £50 worth of Sporting Equipment.

Country children—you will be included in the next Competition.



The health food in eggs is in the yolk. In high summer, the bigger yolk of the small egg provides more food value for both yourself and your children. Costs less, too.

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"The fact," said George, "that your bird brought this object into my apartment proves absolutely nothing."

The Girl Upstairs

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

GEORGE BORDEN knew in the abstract that it was a great thing to have won his first case in a court of law. On the other hand, if he hadn't celebrated the fact with some fellow ambulance chasers until daybreak, it would probably have seemed a little more exhilarating a fact this Sunday morning. George expected Marjorie to pick him up in the car at eleven and take him to the country. It was already ten-twenty.

He inched his way out of bed and manoeuvred cautiously into the kitchen of his little apartment. There he made a pot of coffee the color of anthracite coal. He drank one cup of it standing up, then collapsed into a chair at the kitchen table beside the open window. The bright spring sunshine pouring in nearly put his eyes out. George turned quickly away and gulped some more anthracite.

"Never again," he sighed aloud.

"Nevermore," said a voice at his elbow.

George threw his coffee cup straight up in the air. The saucer, on its way down, struck him on the head, clearing it a little.

"Nevermore," repeated the voice—a deep, harsh, rasping voice.

When he opened his eyes, George saw on his window sill a glossy black bird nearly a foot high with little beady yellow eyes that stared into his own. George stared back at it, only a little comforted.

The bird hopped off the window sill on to the kitchen table, helped himself to some sugar, then washed it down with a jolt of cream. As he did so, he kicked something across the table top towards George. It was a woman's gold lapel pin with six little diamonds set in it in the shape of a circle.

George picked it up gingerly. "You crook," he said. "Where did you get this?"

"La-la, la-la, la, la, la," the bird screamed in a raucous beginning of the chorus to "Marching Through Georgia." "Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore."

There was a knock on the apartment door.

The bird grabbed another sugar lump, hopped back on to the window sill, and flapped off in an easterly direction.

George dropped the gold pin into the pocket of his dressing-gown and went to the door. Outside in the hall was a trim, red-haired girl with huge brown eyes. She wore a green frilly dressing-gown.

She looked way up at George and smiled in a dazzling manner. "Sorry to bother you," she said. "Seen a raven around?"

"He just left," George said. "We had breakfast together."

"Where did he go?"

"Out the window. Is he yours?"

"We live right over you. Moved in last Tuesday."

"Why does he say 'Nevermore' all the time?"

"He grew up in a literary atmosphere. May I come in and see if he came back?"

"All right," George said, making his first mistake.

Together they leaned out the open window. George looked at the red-haired girl out of the corner of his eye instead of into the blinding sunlight. One was pretty nearly as bad as the other. He frowned at himself severely. His head felt like a block of cement.

"Oh, well," the girl said, "he'll be back. I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know if he shows up here again."

"Glad to."

The girl's beautiful brown eyes studied his face in objective silence for a moment. "You know, you look sort of dead, friend," she said presently.

"I was up rather late last night," George answered stiffly, "about business."

"What business are you in—bomb testing?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"I imagine you usually look reasonably young. How long have you been a lawyer?"

In his debilitated condition George felt deeply irritated by everything about this girl. Marjorie never irritated him this way, thank goodness. "I won my first case yesterday afternoon at four o'clock," he said. "May I ask what difference all this makes to you?"

The girl looked at him amiably. "No difference. Are you always this stuffy or is it just something about me?"

"I very much regret that my manner offends you," George said in exasperation.

"Oh, brother."

"Look," George burst out unreasonably. "I don't happen to feel very well today. I'm expecting a visitor in a little while. Your raven is off scaring somebody else. So, if it's all right—"

The girl's small body snapped to rigid attention, her cheeks flushing. "I have," she said icily, "as much interest in standing here talking to you as I have in certain television commercials."

She was already halfway out the door when George remembered the pin in his dressing-gown pocket.

"Just a minute."

"You want to apologise?"

"No. I think I may have something of yours—something your raven carried in."

She held out her hand from the doorway. "All right. Then will you please give it to me?"

"What is it?"

"What's what?"

"What I've got in my hand."

"How should I know?"

"You see," George began, frowning and rocking back on his heels, "actual legal ownership of the object in question must be established before restitution can be made, naturally. The prima-facie evidence that it was your bird who brought the object into my apartment proves nothing in regard to your ownership of the item."

"What?"

"The fact that the bird flew into my apartment, and possibly into a dozen other apartments, would tend to prove the contrary true. Legal ownership of the object in my hand is, at the moment, unknown. On the other hand, a reasonably accurate description of the object would constitute distinct

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Soapless! Concentrated!

This wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier of hair. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling, "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

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Economical Bottles 5/6 & 9/6

Bubbles . . . 1/3

ECS21.143

Continuing . . . . **The Girl Upstairs**

from page 21

corroborative evidence in support of your claim to ownership."

The red-haired girl stared up at George, shaking her head in wondering disbelief. "You know, friend," she said, "you've got the material in you to stuff ten shirts."

"I'm only trying to establish the legal ——"

"Legal shmegal!"

"——legal ownership of the pin."

"Oh, it's a pin, is it?" The girl smiled wickedly.

Angry at himself for his blunder in front of this irritating girl, George resorted to Judge Post to point the way. Judge Post seemed always to be pointing his way these days.

"The fact that it's a pin is neither here nor there," he said quickly. "Millions of women have pins, all different. Precise identification is the point. Now, in Bergschneider versus the State of Rhode Island, Judge Post handed down——"

"Who's Post?"

"Who is Post!" George looked really shocked. "Judge Cyrus Post is only about the most distinguished legal mind this country has produced in this century, that's all. I studied from his textbooks in law school. I know most of his famous decisions by heart. He's a man of the highest personal——"

"You know this character?"

"Judge Post," said George, with much dignity, "is going to be my father-in-law."

"You're going to marry his daughter?"

"Obviously."

"Has she got a steel-trap mind, too?"

"I don't see any point in discussing Marjorie Post."

"Swell. How about my pin?"

"Describe it."

"It's a —— Say, I know who you are," the red-haired girl said suddenly. "Is your name Borden?"

"It is."

"Funny. Omar Stapleton said you were a real wonderful fellow—regular prince among men, he said."

"You know Omar?"

"I've been going into his crazy electrical shop on and off for about two years now," she went on. "I like to talk to Omar. He wakes me up. He told me about you. He said you'd been helping him to get a patent on one of his inventions—putting in hours of your time free because he couldn't afford a lawyer."

"I didn't do it free," George said. "Omar has given me a third interest in the invention."

"Have any of Omar's inventions ever paid off?"

"Not yet. But this is something very special." For a moment, in his enthusiasm over Omar Stapleton's invention, George seemed to forget how much the red-haired girl irritated him. Because she, too, knew the screwball inventor in the electrical shop around the corner, he found himself telling her about the whole thing.

"And the great thing is," he finished up, "that whether it's in the air or under water, or on land, we've proved that it really works. We tried out a model of it up in Central Park one day last week, and it was perfect — absolutely perfect. We're trying to sell it to the Navy now."

The girl was watching him intently. There was a bemused puzzlement in her big brown eyes. "Well, what do you know?" she said at the end. "Good luck."

"Thanks."

"You're kind of a schiz, aren't you, friend?"

"Schiz?"

"——ophrenic. One minute you act like the large-economy-size spook and the next minute you get sort of human. Not that it's any of my business."

George, who had observed much the same inconsis.ency in himself in connection with this girl and was at a loss to explain it, ran for cover. "I'm afraid," he said, "that without the benefit of your personal definition of the word 'spook' I'm incompetent to explore your predicament."

"Goodbye, Doctor Jekyll; hello, Mr. Hyde," said the red-haired girl. "Skip it! My pin is gold and it has six small diamonds——"

There was a light tap on the door, which opened almost immediately, and an expensive hat entered tentatively. With it was a serene, good-looking brunette.

"George, darling," called the brunette quietly, "I hope you're nearly ready. I promised father —— Oh, ho!"

The brunette stopped just inside the door, staring hard at George and the red-haired girl standing side by side in their dressing-gowns. In a matter of seconds the shocked look had left her face and was replaced by a tiny smile of bitter amusement.

> **"The physicists talk of deriving energy from the atom; they would be more profitably employed nearer home — in discovering some way of tapping those enormous stores of energy which accumulate in unemployed women . . . and vent themselves . . . in interfering with other people's affairs, working up emotional scenes, thinking about love and making it, and in bothering men until they cannot get on with their work."**
>
> *—Aldous Huxley*

"Well," she said. "Well, well."

"Hello, Marjorie," George replied heartily. "Sorry not to be quite ready. Something's held me up a little. Miss—this young lady was just leaving."

"Oh!" said Marjorie Post, looking exclusively at George. "Won't she be cold?"

"Oh, no! She just lives upstairs. Only a few steps away."

"How nice!"

"What," said the red-haired girl, whose great brown eyes were narrowing into alarming slits, "does that mean?"

"Well, goodbye, Miss—ah," George said. "Goodbye."

"Not until I get—you know."

"Oh, yes." George took the gold pin out of his dressing-gown pocket and handed it to her. "There you are."

Marjorie watched the pin change hands in frosty silence.

"You see," George continued conversationally, "a raven brought me that pin this morning at breakfast and hollered 'Nevermore' at me. It's kind of amusing when you stop to think about it." He chuckled.

"George!" Marjorie's voice was a strangled whisper. "I think you might at least try to spare my feelings here in front ——"

"Feelings?" George echoed vaguely. "I don't see how I hurt——"

"Friend," the red-haired girl interrupted, "she doesn't believe you."

"Why, of course she does. Marjorie always——" George stopped short, because he was staring straight into Marjorie's face. "No, Marjorie! You don't really think——"

"I think," Marjorie said, "that we could discuss this better if we were alone."

"Goodbye," snapped the red-haired girl, and turned on her heel.

"Wait!" George yelled. "You can't go like this!"

"Why not?"

"You've got to help me explain about the raven!" George insisted. "Tell her."

"Yes," Marjorie said, smiling with terrifying sweetness, "now you tell me about the raven."

The red-haired girl looked at George pityingly for a moment, then shrugged. "O.K." she said. "Sure, I have a raven. I also have an uncle with three legs and my name is Minerva Stufflebeam. Good morning, all." She went out.

"Now, listen, Marjorie," George began quickly, "you've got entirely the wrong impression. This raven——"

"Please, George. I'd really admire you more if you didn't go on with that part." She looked up at him, her face completely changed, now they were alone. It was now the face of abused but understanding woman incarnate—tried in the harsh fire, but not found wanting. "I won't pretend that this —this episode hasn't shocked and hurt me, George," she said. "At the same time, I hope I'm a tolerant enough person to keep things in their proper proportion. As father always says, it's the motive that counts."

"And, as your father also always says, it's weigh the evidence. Now look, Marjorie, there is no evidence for you to jump to——"

"I have my eyes, George. Please, let's not discuss it. I'll have to think about it alone. I'll do my best to try to forgive it, although——"

"I don't want to be forgiven!"

"I'll try, anyway."

"Circumstantial evidence," George said, "without corroboration, does not make a case. Ask your father, whose judgment I admire very much."

"I don't think Father would admire your judgment very much this morning. Oh, George, don't you see that, even if what you're saying were true, it would still be only another part of the—the undignified side of your character? You know I want to marry you and you know how much Father wants to help you.

"He thinks you could have a brilliant future right in his own law firm, once you give up that dreadful little office of yours over the joke store. If only you'd—well, try to be the littlest bit more like him, George; try to conform a little more. Like the time he sponsored you for membership in the Codicil Club and you told the vice-president he'd mishandled the evidence in one of his famous cases about——"

"Well, he had. I was only trying to——"

"That's not the point," Marjorie went on patiently. "Membership in the Codicil Club is an important part of the background for a rising young lawyer. Then, after Father did get you in, you went to sleep at a meeting of the sub-committee on table decorations for the annual Torts and Retorts dinner."

George fidgeted uncomfortably.

"And now," Marjorie continued, "this new thing——"

"This new thing," George

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Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and *medically-proven* way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

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Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY223R

Obviously everyone thought that Ronald had married beneath himself . . . a short story

By EDWARD BLAIKIE

Poor Maggie

EVERYONE knew the Bartons in the town where Maggie lived. Their name was breathed with as much reverence as the name of Garbo is in Hollywood. Charming, brilliant, gay—the men were handsome, the women beauties. Their house (with turrets, rose gardens, carpets that felt like sponge) was the scene of memorable parties. Fierce-looking ancestors lined the walls. The floors were so slippery one felt safer on an ice rink. The drawing-room was filled with antiques too precious for common use.

It was a lovely house, a gracious house, a home that reflected perfectly the elegant, faintly Edwardian aura of Mrs. Barton. But it was a house in which Maggie could never feel at home.

This fact had not troubled her until she came face to face with Ronald Fleetwood Heron Barton outside the public library. She had seen him, of course, at local dances—dancing with other girls—and he had smiled at her, courteously, formally, with the length of the room between them. This was the first time they had ever been alone.

Maggie looked at Ronald Fleetwood Heron Barton and her bones melted like marshmallows before a fire. She dropped her books—four fat volumes on chemistry—on Ronald Fleetwood Heron's toes.

Too astonished to refuse his invitation to a cup of coffee, she faced him across a blue-check cloth, and found herself keyed up to a pitch of fever that was like the start of flu.

Later she analysed her symptoms like a doctor searching for a rash, and discovered herself sinking deep into the fatal quicksands of unrequited love. She went under easily, sucked down into ecstasy and despair. She knew within a few hours of dropping her books on Ronald's toes that he was the man for her; the only man—the first—the last. And she was not the girl for him, for Maggie was as ordinary as they come.

She came from a simple home; quiet parents, and not much money, and a house that was comfortable but boasted no turrets or spongy carpets or antiques. She had a small face and a high color, and naturally curly hair. She had a tiny waist that a Victorian might have envied, but Maggie was no Victorian, and apart from her waist nobody would have called her slim.

She wasn't beautiful or smart or witty or accomplished, or any of the things that Ronald Fleetwood Heron Barton's wife should be. As far as she could see she was unworthy of him — a girl of rather studious disposition, who held a science degree and worked in a laboratory among guinea-pigs and pills.

"What did you say you did, my dear?" asked Mrs. Barton when Ronald took her home for tea.

"Pills," said Maggie. "Cold cures, you know."

Mrs. Barton, supremely healthy, wasn't interested in pills.

The Barton family careers, however, were a different matter. Accepted into the bosom of this brilliant family, Maggie listened, overawed, to its achievements. What Ronald had done for Key, Sands, and Langstone was little short of a miracle. The chairman, Mr. Gifford, thought the world of Ronald. Did Maggie realise that soon he would be offered a directorship—at the age of twenty-six—and that nobody in the firm had ever been offered a directorship until he was thirty-five?

It was very overwhelming. They were all vivid, excitable, restless people. As they talked they moved, heads tossing, arms waving, but with a sort of grace, a co-ordination of movement among themselves like dancers in a ballet. Their minds leapt from one topic to another in a way that made Maggie breathless.

Conversationally, they chased one another like bubbles in champagne. Maggie, brought up to think before she spoke, had no time to think and did not speak at all. Occasionally they looked at her curiously, for silence was beyond their understanding—and by looking at her smothered her, unwittingly, into a sense of hopeless inferiority.

She tried to look intelligent as conversation poured over her. Sometimes they asked her a question. What did she think of this or that? Then she heard a peculiar buzzing in her ears. Her mouth went dry. She couldn't answer because she hadn't heard the question, and so far as they were concerned she might well have been deaf. When Ronald looked at her the buzzing became a roar and she was lost—lost in the dark brilliance of Ronald's eyes.

Nobody could have been more surprised than Maggie when Ronald proposed.

"Maggie—oh, my Maggie," said Ronald miserably.

"Yes, Ronald? What is it? Are you ill?"

"I love you," Ronald said. "You are beautiful and wonderful and everything I could ever want."

Maggie, not because she was conceited but because she had already acquired the habit of agreeing with everything the Bartons said, murmured incoherently, "Yes. Yes, Ronald. Oh, yes!"

Ronald was a big, dark young man with powerful shoulders and thick, crisp hair and brilliant brown eyes. A dominant personality, indeed. Vital, gay, amusing. Was it not odd that Ronald should want to marry Maggie?

"Most odd," said Mrs. Barton to Ronald's lovely sister Sandra

"Perhaps there's more to her than meets the eye," said Ronald's other lovely sister, Rosemary.

"Still water?" suggested Sandra.

"No, I don't think so," decided Mrs. Barton. "But if Ronald loves this girl there must be something in her. We must be nice to her and help her all we can."

"Of course," said Sandra.

"Naturally," remarked Rosemary.

"We must get her to talk more," said Mrs. Barton. "She's not the type that makes silence interesting . . . she'll leave a definitely negative impression on Mr. Gifford, I'm afraid. And, of course, the wedding arrangements will have to be most carefully handled."

For six months Maggie was a very loving wife indeed, combining a distinctly modern ardor with Victorian meekness. Until their house was built (to Ronald's exacting specifications) they lived in Ronald's home.

Maggie, who would have preferred her mother's house or one of the new flats outside the town where many of her friends were living, was not consulted.

"We'll live at home at first," said Ronald.

"Yes, darling," Maggie said.

But marriage to Ronald was wonderful. Her gratitude that Ronald could love her was immense. Her love for Ronald was so overpowering that sometimes it seemed to be pushing at her ribs until she felt her heart would burst. She could see no pitfalls about marrying Ronald until his mother began to give advice.

"Ronald is highly strung," said Mrs. Barton significantly, glancing at a wild-eyed ancestor on the drawing-room wall.

"Oh, I'm sure he is," said Maggie. The thought had not occurred to her before.

"Most brilliant men are highly strung. It isn't always easy for their wives."

"Yes—no—yes," said Maggie.

"It won't be easy being Ronald's wife," said Mrs. Barton. "In the first place he has many business friends, and you, of course, will have to entertain for him. It isn't easy meeting the other wives."

"No," said Maggie bravely.

"As they're older than you are, you may find them critical. You mustn't mind."

Maggie, knowing she would mind a lot, said, "No."

"And you'll have to be awfully quiet. Ronald brings home work almost every night."

"Yes," said Maggie.

"He's like his father. Marriage won't be so much give and take as give and give and give. I know. I've been married to a Barton for over thirty years. Emotionally they can drain you dry."

Maggie felt faint surprise at this, since Ronald's father seemed the mildest of the lot.

Mrs. Barton ran her perfectly manicured finger along the blueprint of Ronald's house. "Ronald must have a study of his own. This back room here would be ideal, underneath your bedroom and a good long way from where the nursery is going to be."

"Yes," said Maggie, blushing scarlet.

"Nursery?" said Sandra, appearing in the doorway. "Of course, Maggie must have a baby."

"Soon," said Rosemary, following just behind.

"A boy."

"Of course, a boy."

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"She mustn't have a girl."

"No," said Sandra, "a girl would be unthinkable. I've continued the female line for long enough."

"There is always a Heron in every generation," Mrs. Barton said. "You must call him Heron."

"Who?" said Maggie faintly.

"Your baby. Heron Alexander Barton. Isn't that a distinguished name?"

"Ah, yes," said Maggie, but doubtfully.

"Now that's a promise, mind, Maggie. Your eldest son—Heron Alexander."

"Oh, yes, I promise," said Maggie fervently, and the buzzing in her ears was very loud.

And then there was the Barton social life. Maggie, wife of a prominent young man, must do her share. The Bartons, anxious to help her, showered her with advice as they had showered her with confetti on her wedding day. Soon her ears were buzzing permanently.

"Maggie, what are you going to wear at this office 'do'? Not the blue? No. Not blue. Green—or yellow . . ."

"High heels, Maggie, to give you height."

Maggie thought: It doesn't matter if my feet hurt, if the dress restricts my breathing and spoils my appetite . . .

"Oh, that's lovely, Maggie—but a hat? What? You never wear a hat?"

"Maggie, pet, no outfit is complete without a hat."

"Maggie, be careful when you meet old Gifford's wife. A lot depends on what Mrs. Gifford thinks of you. You've got to make her like you. Rather frightening, Mrs. Gifford, but you mustn't let her scare you."

Oh, no! I shan't be scared. It's only that my ears will buzz all evening, and if she speaks to me I shan't hear one word.

Ronald—darling, dear Ronald, suppose I let you down? Ronald, why on earth did you marry me?

Why, indeed, wondered Ronald's family, astounded at Maggie's inability to manage any situation. The only thing in her favor was that she had had the sense to fall in love with Ronald—but at least a dozen other girls had done just that, only Ronald had had a brainstorm and married her. Pat, Gay, Mary, or Lilian would have made far better Barton wives . . .

Pat, Gay, Mary, and Lilian all came to have a look at Maggie. They went away triumphant. How could such a marriage last?

Pat was a tennis star; Gay modelled clothes; Mary played the piano beautifully; Lilian was Ronald's treasured secretary. Maggie, who could do nothing, was Ronald's wife.

Pat begged Maggie to join the tennis club. Maggie wasn't very good at tennis, and she knew that once she faced Pat across the net her ears would buzz and her eyes would cross and she wouldn't see the ball at all.

"You should play with Pat, darling," said Ronald kindly. "She'll give you a darned good game. Her forehand drive's a dream."

Never, never, Maggie thought, will I play with that girl.

"Darling," she said, "I'm not allowed to play."

"What's wrong with you?"

"My knee."

"I never knew you had anything the matter with your knee."

His concern was rather touching; she could have cried.

"Nobody's ever been able to find out exactly what is the matter. I've been X-rayed and X-rayed time and time again but there doesn't seem to be a cure."

"Your knees look all right to me," said Ronald.

"Yes, darling, but I dare not play tennis or it will begin all over again."

"What will begin all over again?" asked Ronald.

"The ache," said Maggie. "And the swelling. Terrible purple swelling. The last time I played tennis I couldn't walk a step anywhere for weeks."

Pat's sympathy was all for Ronald. She told her friends about poor Ronald, who had married a girl with something ghastly the matter with her legs.

Little Gay, the model, was a favorite of Mrs. Barton. Gay was always dropping in. It was hinted darkly that Ronald had nearly married Gay. Gay would feast her eyes on Ronald like a thirsty man staring into a desert pool.

And Mary, who played the piano . . . Mary would sit down before the Bartons' glowing instrument and stroke the keys and say, "Remember, Ronald, when this tune came out and we danced . . .?" and everyone would laugh, and then there would be a pregnant silence while Mary played the tune and Ronald remembered the happy days before Maggie dropped her books on his unsuspecting toes.

But Lilian (Miss Creel) was the worst of all. She worked for Ronald, Miss Creel,

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Maggie was quite overwhelmed by her first visit to Ronald's home. His mother, the awesome family portraits, and priceless antiques all combined to make her feel insignificant.

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Did you know that corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain? That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes have that richer flavour . . . are always so satisfying and sustaining.

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Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

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Where's the value?

A short story complete on this page

By GEORGINA MORLEY

BEDE LORRITON dropped his stethoscope to his shoulders and turned away, carefully not seeing the nurse beside the bed. If he got to looking at her . . .

Newnham Munson wouldn't last long now; probably only minutes. He and Mary, here in this room, not looking at each other, not speaking any more than they could help, would see the end of a successful life—distinguished years at the Bar and then on the Bench, wealth, a wife noted for her charm and beauty. And seventy-nine wasn't a bad age to reach.

Bede had talked about success to Mary last night, told her he was determined to achieve it. Which was why he had said his piece and made the break.

"Anyone coming? How long did Dr. Steppum say he would be?" He spoke over his shoulder. That way he didn't have to look at her.

"His son. Doctor hopes to be here inside the hour."

Which would, of course, be too late. Not that Steppum—top boy though he might be—could do anything for Munson now. No one could. Bede looked at his watch. Officially, he was off duty. Had, in fact, been about to go off when Mary's call had come through to the ward where he was.

When they told him she was on the phone he thought she would ask him to see her again, talk things over again. But she merely said, coolly and impersonally, "Can you come over to Private, Doctor? Sir Newnham Munson is pretty low. Dr. Steppum suggested I ask you. He can't get here quickly."

He knew he had pleased Steppum several times with his work. It was quite something to have a man like Steppum ask him to stand by at the bedside of an important patient. Not that his professional competence mattered one iota in a case like this. But it showed Steppum had him in mind.

He wondered what Steppum's fee was for a case like this. Pretty high, he imagined. A man with Steppum's reputation had to be costly, otherwise people might begin to doubt him.

Not like Dad, too often not even getting the money from his patients. Though Mum was pretty firm about collecting these days, except where the hardship was genuine. She faced up to reality more than Dad, and six sons to feed, clothe, and educate spelled reality to her.

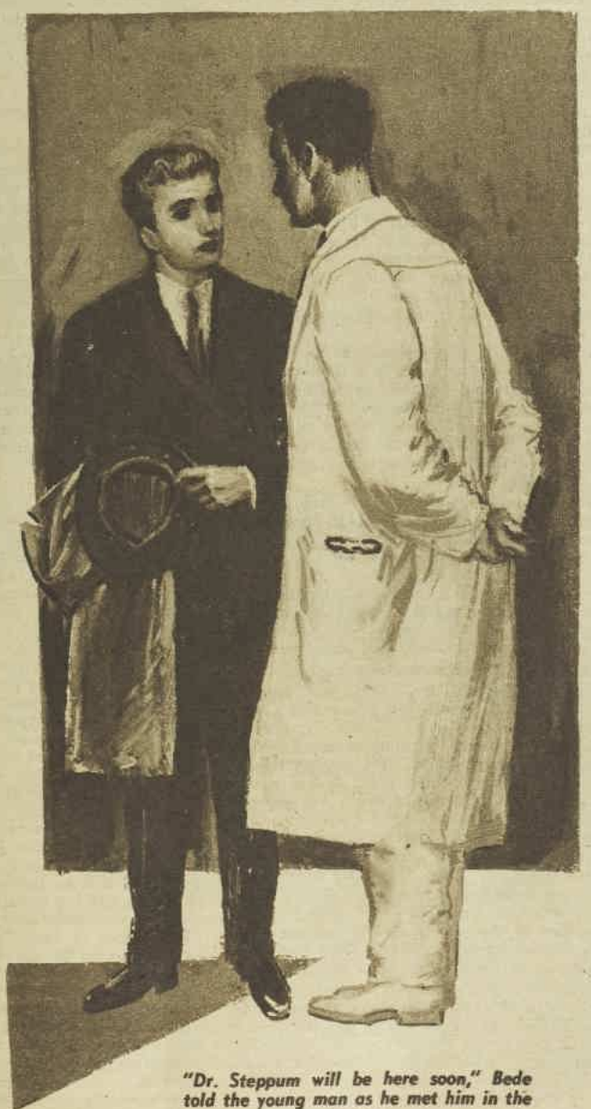
He would think about his father for a while. He mustn't think of Mary, now in the room, now leaving, now back again. How silently she moved! Why, he wouldn't know she was in or out of the room if he weren't so achingly conscious of her.

You were thinking about Dad, Bede. Remember? Not Mary. You don't think about Mary anymore; you can't afford it.

Dad could and should have been more successful. He graduated pretty well. Better, in fact, than you did, Bede, and you didn't do too badly. But he made his mistake before graduation. He married—not that you could ever call Mum a "mistake," but it would have been wiser had they not married so soon—so that you were here before he had even finished his residency, then Jerry, then Tim . . .

"Doctor?"

He joined Mary at the old man's bedside. When he finally pocketed his stethoscope, he looked at her, despite himself. Seeing an eminent jurist go out like this, he wanted to say something and for months now — until last night — he had saved up all his little bits and pieces to tell her when they could snatch time together.



"Dr. Steppum will be here soon," Bede told the young man as he met him in the corridor.

"I guess he'll rate some space in the papers tomorrow. Dad heard him in Court once . . ."

"I'm needed in Room 7, Doctor. Do you mind if I go?"

So she didn't want his comments. The break was complete. Oh, well, the decision had been his. He couldn't complain if she abided by it. Anyway, his residency was nearly finished. He'd join Dad and then, when Jerry was through, head for overseas and the degrees that would put him in Steppum's field.

His hands went into his pockets and he said abruptly, "All right, Nurse." He'd go out into the corridor and wait by the lift for Steppum.

He was still waiting when Mary came out of Room 7 and retired to the little cubby-hole of an office. Standing where he was, he could look at her straight back while she sat at the desk, see the strands of hair that had escaped from under the back of her cap. Sure he liked her hair, and sure he liked her eyes, and certainly he liked being with her, but . . .

The whine of the lift interrupted his thoughts. He hoped it was Steppum; get this thing over and done with and get away from here. He hadn't bargained on seeing Mary again so soon.

The figure that stepped from the lift was slight, and unmistakably Sir Newnham Munson's son. The same angular face.

"Mr. Munson?"

"Yes." He was only a lad, couldn't be more than nineteen.

"Sir Newnham has died," Bede said gently. He waited for the onslaught of emotion—a young chap like this probably wouldn't yet have the full control of manhood — but it didn't come. The youth seemed perplexed.

"Dr. Steppum will be here soon. Will you wait for him, or would you like to go in and see your father?"

Young Munson looked a little shocked, then said, "Yes. Yes, I think I should go in."

Steppum arrived while the boy was in the room. "The old chap was worn out," he explained to Bede. "Wonderful in his day. Terrific brain."

The youth was standing beside the bed looking down at the man who had been his father. Steppum murmured sympathetically. Bede stood back near the door.

When the lift had gone down with Steppum and young Munson in it, Bede leant against the corridor wall. Mary came along and he instinctively put out a hand and stopped her. A probationer scurried past.

"I have work to do, Doctor."

"Where's Lady Munson?" he asked.

"Abroad, I believe."

"She's younger, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Nice fellow, that young Munson," he said slowly. "Sort of chap who'd always do what he thought right." And it was right to feel sad about the loss of someone . . .

His hand on Mary's wrist tightened. Sad about someone you respected but scarcely knew. That was it! He looked at Mary, but, for once, did not see her. Instead, he saw the big dining-table at home with all of them around it, Dad at its head. He remembered the family's noisy pleasure when his father spent an evening with them without being called out.

How old was Dad? Still short of fifty. If he didn't kill himself with overwork — gee, if anything happened to Dad! There'd be no right-minded son standing respectfully at the bedside. No, sir, there wouldn't! There'd be six of them almost crazy with grief at their loss.

If there was someone to help Dad in his practice soon, take a good load of the work off his shoulders, he'd be around to watch his grandchildren grow up.

Grandchildren. Bede's thoughts returned to Mary. If the first grandchildren had her eyes, her hair . . .

He glanced at his watch. "You're off in ten minutes. I'm finished now. We'll go down town for some coffee."

"You haven't time," she reminded him. "You have a hard road ahead. Success. Remember? No time to dally over coffee."

"I have time," he said softly, "to spend with you."

"You can't afford to be serious about a girl," persisted Mary. "You're not going to marry for years."

"And be too old to be friends with my children? Don't be silly. Get going, girl, or you won't finish on time. See you at the nurses' gate. And don't be late."

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That Night on the Island

Beginning our two-part serial, a romance . . .

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THEY walked through Grand Central Station, first the porter with the bags, then the girl, Cynthia, then her father and her stepmother. The girl's high heels went click-click-click against the hard, polished floor, and she heard their tattoo above all the other sounds in the vast room.

The last mile, she thought. After a hearty breakfast, the condemned marched . . .

She started to laugh, but the laughter welled up inside her like a giant sob and her throat constricted on its bitter sharpness.

I'm not going to cry! she thought frantically. I'm not! I'd rather die than cry!

She knew so little about crying. She knew so much about dying. She had died so many, many times.

Cynthia Bowen was sixteen—almost.

The porter had a fringe of kinky grey hair around the edge of his read cap and eyes that popped a bit. When he set her bags down, he turned and smiled at her.

"Here we are, Miss." He took off his red cap and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a pink palm. "Gates open any minute now. Want I should take 'em aboard for you?"

"Yes," her father said. "You'd better. They're quite heavy."

"Books . . ." Cynthia said.

The porter put on his cap. "Sure is lots of heavy learnin' in there." He laughed at his own joke, and the sound was mellow and warm.

It must be nice to be able to laugh like that, Cynthia thought. She never would again.

They stood there waiting, her father and Helen and the porter and Cynthia. They had nothing to say. The gates swung open and the porter moved off, and the three left looked at one another.

"Have you got everything?" Helen asked. "Tickets, money . . ."

"Yes," said Cynthia. "I have everything."

Everything! She had nothing, nothing but emptiness—and these two ridiculous people who had made her feel ugly. She repeated quickly, "I have everything, thank you!"

"Cynthia . . ." her father said.

He was looking down at her, and his eyes were very grey and very soft—softer than she had ever thought grey eyes could be. She felt almost sorry for him because he had been stupid and cold and cruel, and had hurt her more than anyone needs to be hurt. His softness now was so late and so strange and foolish of him.

She was not tall and big and grey-eyed like her father. She was small and had brown eyes like her mother. Leaning back now to look up into her father's face, she felt even smaller, and she could hear Ted's voice talking to her softly: "Midge . . . Ha'penny . . ." She heard Ted's voice calling her those silly names, calling to her from memories that blended with the shadows of dreams and became themselves just shadows.

"You'll like boarding school," Helen said brightly. "I loved it when I was up there."

"Sure I'll like it." She tried to sound enthusiastic, but her voice was strangled and slurred.

The man at the gate looked at her ticket and said. "One."

"Can't we go through to the train?" her father asked.

The gateman shook his head. "Passengers only."

Helen took her by the shoulders and kissed her, a quick, tear-soft kiss that landed on her cheek.

"Be happy," Helen whispered.

"You bet," she said.

She stood back and looked up at her father. Neither of them moved, as though it was embarrassing to kiss in front of all these people. This was goodbye for both of them. But she couldn't hate him when his eyes looked like grey feathers.

She stood suddenly on tiptoe and put her arms around his neck. The scent of shaving lotion and pipe tobacco reached deep tentacles of memory and she felt suddenly as though her arms were small around his neck and her fingers baby-pudgy as they clung frantically to him.

"Chin up, now," he whispered against the dark rings of her hair. "Take it like a man."

Her hands dropped away from him.

"Of course," she said thickly. "Like a man."

She went through the gate and down the steep ramp.

Take it like a man — exactly the words he had used when he had made her sit in that church through that nightmare of a wedding, wthh all the curious eyes looking at her as if she were a freak. It hadn't been at all the way they said, the awful way they thought . . .

You should have known that, Dad. You of all people should have known that!

She found her seat and sat down without bothering to look around her. She took out her handkerchief and blew her nose very hard. The car began filling up and a fat blonde came in and took the seat next to her. Cynthia could feel the woman's eyes going over her carefully.

"Travelling alone, honey?"

"No," said Cynthia. "The rest of the team is in the lounge."

She got up and walked away down the aisle. She went into the blue-leather-and-chrome lounge and sat down and closed her eyes, feeling the motion of people coming in, hearing their voices and the sounds of their steps, and the muffled sounds on the station platform. The people and the sounds were all outside her. Nothing touched the sights and the sounds and the memories whirling like clouds in the emptiness inside.

The train moved and the motion startled her. She opened her eyes and caught the young man across the aisle watching her. He looked away quickly in embarrassment, and she could see the color mounting in his face, and felt suddenly sorry for him. He had curly hair that was almost red, and a strong chin, and a nose with a bump on it, as if it had been broken at some time.

He looked so much like a college man, with his pipe and tweed suit, that she was sure he must be a freshman going up to school for the first time. She almost laughed at the self-conscious way he held his pipe, the way he chewed the stem. Ted was a pipe-smoker. She knew how a pipe should be held. She felt very old and maternal and sorry for the boy across the aisle who tried so hard to look grown-up. He was only a kid, but he was cute.

Through half-shut lashes she watched as the train shot up out of the tunnel and ran past the tenements of Harlem. It stopped for a minute at 125th Street, then went on, curving and swinging, straightening out at last along the Hudson River.

It was a clear autumn day, and the Palisades seemed very near and steep and rocky, and the dirty, greenish water was whipped and rippled and white-capped by a stiff north wind. A sailboat was coming down the river, its sail sharp and full.

Ted! she screamed silently in the emptiness inside her. Ted!

But the boat was not Vagabondage, and the man hunched over the tiller was not Ted. It was just a boat and a man, and the train thundered past.

"I won't take it like a man!" Cynthia promised herself. "I won't hold it in! It's my memory. It's the only thing I have. I won't let them kill it! I'm going to live it over and dream about it, over and over and over! I'm going to keep it with me forever."

She stared through tears at the river rushing past. The boat and the man were gone.

I'm so empty, she thought. I was so full that morning . . .

That morning she walked down the sandy road, a small, boyish figure in rolled-up dungarees and a striped cotton jumper, her feet bare to the warm earth, the sun warm and welcome on her short-cropped hair. She walked with loose-hipped ease, swinging her bathing-suit by a shoulder-strap.

The bay lay on her right, calm, sun-polished, the coves dark green with the shadows of willows and the reflections of tall cattails. To her left lay the ocean and the curving dunes. The dunes stretched to the inlet where the sea had torn through and joined the bay during a violent hurricane.

Old Cap Henry had described that hurricane to her once.

"Three hun'erd foot high, them waves was, Cynthy," he had told her, gazing into his memory with faded blue eyes. "Wind sharper'n a stingray's lash. Ole sea kep' rearin' up to get to the bay that was layin' calm in the lee actin' coy as a young bride. Like wild horses, them waves was, manes flyin' free and specked with froth. And there stood them snake-mean dunes in the way of the marriage.

"Three hun'erd foot high, them waves was, Cynthy—nuthin' could stand afore them, leastwise them puny sand dunes. I seen it all like no livin' man ever seen it. Coast Guard took everyone else off to mainland, but not me. I says to them, I says, 'Here I was borned, and here I aim to die!' And I stayed and I seen it all, Cynthy!"

It sounded beautiful to hear old Cap Henry tell it, but when she had repeated the wondrous tale to her father and Helen, her father had laughed and said Cap Henry was the worst liar in The Bays, and that he must have measured the waves with the same ruler he measured his fish. Her father had said it was high time she stopped trailing after an old clam digger like that, that she'd do better to spend more time with girls her own age.

And now Cap Henry was dead. Every summer, first thing she'd go racing down to his cottage and find him sitting out in the sun, and he'd grin at her and say, "Well, Cynthy, I ain't died a winter yet." It was a joke between them. And that morning the joke was finished.

Cap Henry must have known an awful lot about things, because he did die in the winter. Last winter. She walked down the road, flicking little puffs of sandy dust with her toes. When she had left the house she had planned to walk this road and think of Cap Henry and feel lonely and sad. But Cap Henry wasn't sad. And the sunlight wasn't sad.

Her mind kept drifting to the swim she was going to take. She would go to her small, wind-hollowed cave in the dunes, take off her clothes, feel the chill of the cave against her body while she slipped into her bathing-suit. Then she would run into the warm sunshine and down the sloping beach. She would pick out a seventh wave, because Cap Henry said they were the biggest, and she would pucker her lips and dive right into it and kiss the sea hello.

From the tangled cattails to her right a bird started singing, and she stopped and answered him. Her trilling whistle had a strange, eerie sound. The bird answered her. Then they both whistled together, and it was in such perfect harmony that she broke into delighted laughter, and the bird stopped his song in the middle of a note as if ashamed of having been deceived.

She swung on down the road, looking for flat skipping stones; and when she had gathered a handful she walked to the bay's edge and skipped them along the surface, counting the number of jumps. She was out of practice. Five was the best she managed.

She passed Pirates' Cove with its thick fringe of willows, and looked carefully beneath their shadows to see if any of the pirates were sitting there counting their gold. But if there had been any, they must have heard her coming and gone back to the deep waters of the cove. She saw their gold coins scattered over the sand, then the wind swayed the willow branches and the coins vanished.

"I'll see you yet!" she warned the hiding pirates.

Her private cave in the dunes was just beyond the cove, and she began to run. Suddenly she stopped. Just off the road there was a boat up on a makeshift cradle, and someone was working on it. She saw the cap and the pipe, and for a brief moment she thought it was Cap Henry, and the familiar joy welled in her. But this man wasn't as big or as stooped or as old, and her heart sank again.

He was probably some summer admiral who, out of the whole stretch of dunes, had to pick a spot within sight of her cave to fix his old boat. She walked over angrily, her bathing-suit tucked under her arm, her fists small hard knots.

A man dressed in faded blue jeans and a paint-spattered sweat shirt was working on the stern of the boat. He had a battered yachting cap on the back of his head and an old battered pipe clamped between his teeth. He was putting a name-plate on the square stern of the boat, and as Cynthia came slowly nearer and stood behind him, she saw with glee that he was having a hard time of it.

He dropped a screw in the sand and swore under his

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"Where are you staying?" Cynthia asked Ted, pausing for a moment in her work of sandpapering the stern of the boat.

breath. He put the screwdriver in his hip pocket and dug a handful of nails and loose change out of his pocket, and tried to separate a long brass screw with his fingertip. He finally pinned it down, and dumped the rest back into his pocket. He pushed the screw in place with his thumb, trying to make it hold without letting go his left hand that was holding the name-plate in line. At last he managed it. Then he dropped the screwdriver in the sand. She rocked back and forth with silent laughter until he noticed her shadow and said impatiently:

"Pick it up for me, will you?"

She stuck out her tongue at his back, but she picked up the screwdriver, and when he reached his hand back for it she saw the fresh raw blisters. In spite of her annoyance, she laid the screwdriver lightly in his hand.

He glanced down at her bare feet and rolled-up jeans and said, "Thanks, Sonny. This blessed——"

"'You're welcome, sir, she said . . .'" she cut in quickly.

He let go the name-plate; it swung down on the one screw holding it, knocking the other off its shallow perch. He turned and looked at

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START BACK TO SCHOOL
with a roll of
BEAR
BRAND
TAPE

Boys and girls, there's nothing like Bear Tape for fixing things! It's so handy for covering books, sticking in projects, mending broken toys, crayons, pencils, and hundreds of other things at school.

Try it for yourself—it only costs a few pennies, and you can ask mum to buy it for you with all your other back-to-school supplies. But be sure you tell her *Bear Tape*, because that's the tape that sticks tight at a touch!

If your cricket bat or tennis racquet has a rough handle, bind Bear Tape around it.

Here's how to keep your peeled orange nice and juicy until lunchtime — ask mother to stick the peeled orange skin back on to the orange with Bear Tape.

For your projects, you'll find you can't do without Bear Tape, because it sticks them firmly into your project book.

Lettuce leaves and sandwiches stay crisp and appetising packed in a plastic bag sealed with Bear Tape.

A little Bear Tape wound round coloured crayons will stop them from breaking and keep your hands nice and clean.

Use Bear Tape to hold the paper covers firm on your text and exercise books.

Bear Tape is made in Australia by BEHR-MANNING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Australia's largest manufacturer of tapes, sandpapers and adhesives.

Brightly coloured Bear Tape plastic dispenser, only 1/6. Handy refill roll, 6d. or 1/-.

Z135A

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT is time a real effort was made to help our aborigines and lift them from the deplorable state into which circumstances have forced them. We have taken away their land, and now only sorry remnants of once great tribes live on the fringes of country towns in conditions that leave no room for self-respect. The unhappy lot of those who "cadge" tobacco and food from travellers on the overland train from Perth touches the hearts of almost all who see them. It is vital, in the interests of humanity, and to wipe out a stain on Australia's record, to see that these real Australians are given a chance to live like human-beings instead of outcasts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. W. Philpot, c/o 1 Guys Road, Korumburra, Vic.

WHY do so few swimming-baths sell nourishing lunches for children? Swimming gives youngsters a splendid appetite, yet sweets, ice-blocks, and similar fare are the only foods available. To buy a proper lunch they must leave and pay for re-admittance.

10/6 to Mrs. Vivienne Short, Bungarribee Road, Blacktown, N.S.W.

MOST people disregard etiquette when issuing informal invitations, and often put the recipient in a spot. A young man says casually, "Doing anything tonight?" The girl may be free and she may be prepared to go out, with reservations. The moment she answers "No" she's in the soup. He may want to go to a fight, or walk in the rain, both of which she loathes, but now he will be hurt if she refuses, because he knows she's free. Please, let us bring back tact and good manners to our invitations. State our purpose first and then ask "Would you care to come?"

10/6 to Mrs. May Harris, 24 Pelham Street, Coorparoo, Qld.

WHEN will some mothers realise the necessity for head covering for babies and children in the extreme heat? Surely mothers must know what damage excessive sun does to children through eye-strain, headaches, sunstroke, and so on. Wake up, mothers, and buy your children suitable hats to protect them.

10/6 to Mrs. Una Murray, 15 McKenzie Avenue, Wollongong, N.S.W.

COULD anyone suggest an organisation or occupation which would give my mother a much-needed interest? She is 56, and, having reared a large family, now finds time moves very slowly. She has a garden, but this is not enough. She is not interested in any form of political organisation. As her sight is not very good she does very little handiwork. I think she would have good organising ability, but as she is a pensioner's wife, lack of money is a handicap.

10/6 to "Worried Daughter" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

HAVING recently been invaded by a series of hawkers and canvassers, I would like to offer them a little advice. Do not call before 12 noon on a Monday, as it is a busy morning. Do not bang loudly on the door or ring the bell loudly because there may be a sleeping baby, an invalid, or a shift worker. Do not ask to step inside to demonstrate or show articles for sale. If a housewife says she's very busy, don't linger, since nine times out of ten she really is. Come straight to the point and don't start admiring the children or the flowers. Above all, shut the gate after you. And firmly, don't slam it.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Manning, 59 Cornelia Road, Toongabbie West, N.S.W.

The time to travel

I WOULD like to reply to Beatrice Brooke (25/12/55). Once I used to think as she does about seeing your own country before travelling abroad, but not any more. I think you should go abroad when young and fit. Apart from acquiring a good finish to your education, you can travel much longer for less money, because of the very good youth hostels in England and Europe. Then, when you're married with a family, many pleasant weeks can be spent touring by car and caravan, all the really lovely spots in Australia.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Brassington, 21 Electra Street, Bundaberg, Qld.

Family affairs

MY 19-month-old daughter was suffering from earache, for which the doctor prescribed nasal drops four-hourly. Putting in the drops was usually very distressing for her and hard for me. I solved the problem by putting her in her high chair and giving her a small piece of chocolate firmly wrapped. Her interest in getting it unwrapped took her attention, and she allowed me to hold her head back and put the drops in without trouble. She soon began to look forward to the routine, as it was the only time she had chocolate. The result was that the earache cleared up quickly with no frayed nerves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. B. Brown, jun., Herriott Street, Buinyong, Vic.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

ONWARD AND UPWARD

A MUFFLED cry came from my four-year-old daughter: "I can't get my T-shirt off!"

She was trying to pull it over her head, but the neck opening was too small.

"I'll help you," I said, and hitched the shirt upwards.

"Oooooh, you're hurting my nose!" she wailed.

Her mother gave one of those it's-easier-to-do-it-yourself sighs, and took over.

She steered the neck of the shirt over the nose. She freed the twisted ears. Then she deftly eased the garment off.

I felt a wave of annoyance with the manufacturers of children's T-shirts and singlets.

Why do they make them so often as if they were meant for pin-headed Chinamen?

I began to brood on other defective features of totwear.

Take the hidden buttonholes in cardigans.

It's always easy to miss one when you start to do the thing up.

When you've finished there is either one button or one buttonhole left over, and you have to do the job again.

Tartan skirts are another bugbear of mine, in spite of my Scottish ancestry.

A little girl's tartan skirt is attached to a top part by a complicated set of buttons, with some large ornamental safety-pins thrown in.

If you haven't served in a Highland Pipe Band, it is baffling.

(I don't know how a big girl's tartan skirt works; but that is not my worry.)

Apart from clothes, other bits of home equipment need improving.

For example, egg-cups that are too small for eggs.

This is a common fault of egg-cups with funny men's faces on them.

We have one, known as George, which is in great demand. Eggs fall out of it on to the tablecloth nearly every day.

This summer I have been caused much irritation by the lack of spare plugs for rubber fish.

I mean the rubber fish that are blown up and used for fun and games in the water at the beach.

They have a little plug in the part where you blow. But it gets lost, and you can't get another one. No plug, no fish.

I am raising these points in the hope that manufacturers will do something about them this year.

Come on, you vice-captains of industry! What about some T-shirts that will go over children's heads? And simplified tartan skirts, and sensible egg-cups, and spare plugs for rubber fish?

And while you're about it, stop making mugs with whistles on them —please!

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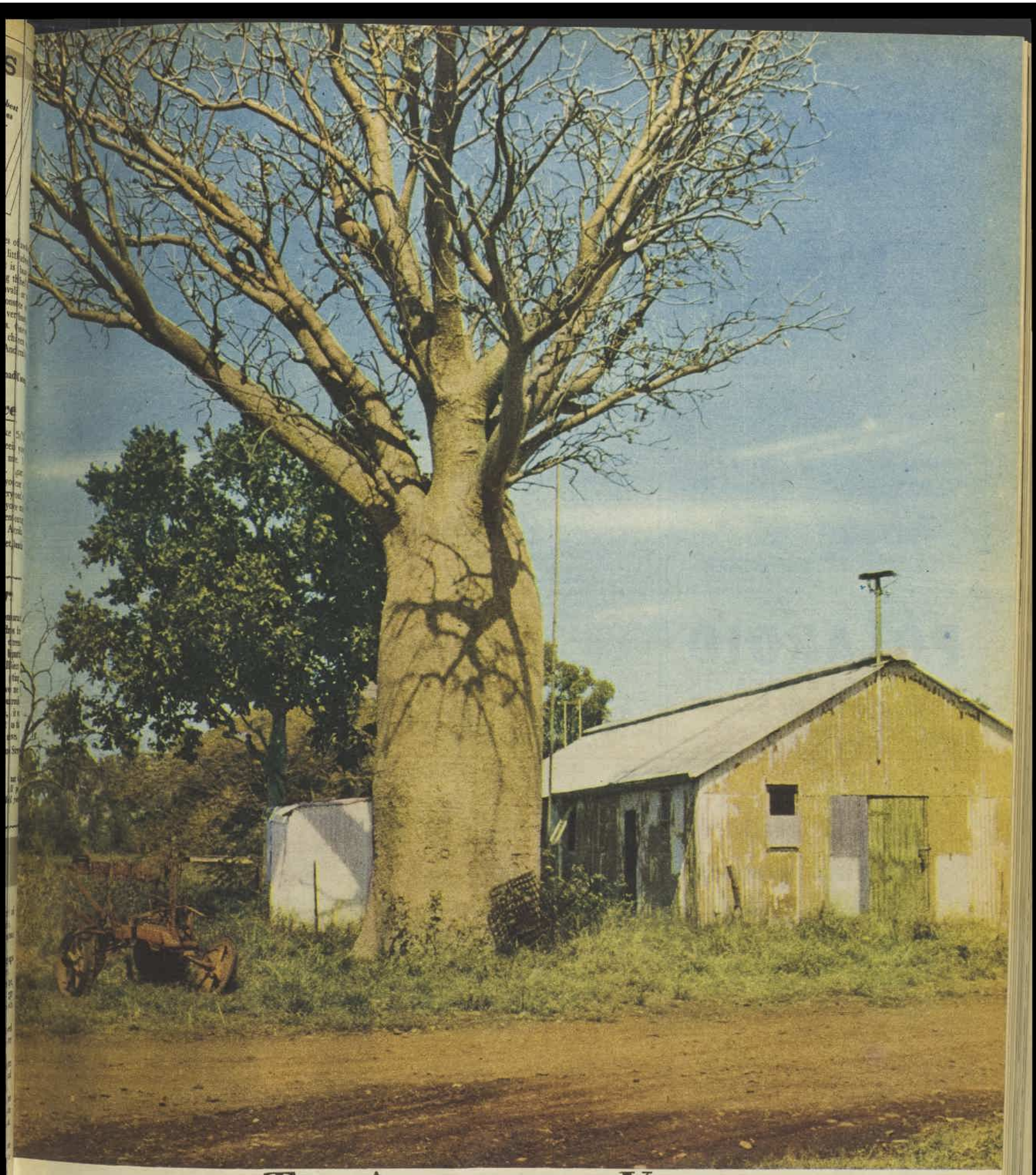

THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

School's in again for more than one and a half million children all over Australia. Some are going back to modern buildings with well-equipped class-rooms; others will ride ponies along dusty country roads to one-roomed weatherboard schools; many will do their lessons by correspondence, supervised by mother; and in the lonely outback pedal wireless will carry the teacher's voice to isolated homesteads.

One of Australia's oldest schools is this white-washed, galvanised-iron shed which stands by a giant bottle-tree on the Kimberley Agricultural Research Station, more than 2000 miles north-east of Perth. There are usually about a dozen pupils, whose ages range from six to fourteen. Half of them are aboriginal children, who row to school each day across the Ord River. Picture by Leo Basser, of Fairlight, N.S.W.

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Glamorous Styling

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Girls would enjoy their social life much more if they didn't think of every boy as a prospective steady or bridegroom. One casual meeting with a boy seems to be sufficient to make some girls imagine a permanent attachment.

HERE'S the first letter I received this week. It's from a highly imaginative girl:

"Recently, while staying at a girl-friend's house, I met a boy whom we both like very much. Since our first meeting we have not seen or heard from him. We have asked his friends why he was avoiding us, and have been told that he liked us both very much and did not wish to choose one because it may break up our friendship. What should we do?"

"Help-needed," N.S.W.

I think the two of you want your heads knocking together gently but firmly. You seem to think there is some obligation on this boy's part to see you again. I don't know why, if your story is true that you met him only once socially with your girl-friend.

I think he must be a very kind boy, or his friends would have got a much more direct answer when they asked him about you. It is obvious to me that he is not at all interested in either of you. If he was, the friendship between you wouldn't stop him courting one of you.

"I AM 14 years old and would like to know if it would be all right if I could wear a little bit of lipstick when I go out to the pictures or town. My mother says it would be all right if I would wear only a little bit. But as I am only 14 I wanted to know if it would be correct. I would also like to know when I grow older and start going out with boys what to do when they offer to buy milk-shakes and ice-cream. Should you say 'No,' or that you have your own money?"

"Wondering," S.A.

It is quite correct to wear a little lipstick when you go out. The pink tones are best for teenagers, I think, and they are fashionable, too.

When you are older and start going out with boys you'll find you have no problems in accepting or refusing the hospitality of the boys who invite you to enjoy the delights of the milk bar.

When they invite you, they not only ask you to have a drink, they also compliment you, because their invitation means that they want your company.

It is rude if you are uncomplimentary when you reply to their invitation. If you said to a boy who asked you to have an ice-cream with him that you had your own money, that would be very rude; it would not be rude if you simply said "No, thank you."

"FOR over a month I have been keeping company with a boy I love very dearly. He says he loves me. He is three years my senior, I am 17. One of his best friends told me that he was in love with me, and he is going away to the Army for two years, and when he comes back he is going to marry me. Should I tell my boy-friend, or wait and see what happens?"

"Muddled," N.S.W.

I'm muddled, too. I don't know whether your boy-friend (the one you love dearly) told his best friend that after he came back from the Army he was going to marry you, or whether your boy-friend's best friend has made a declaration to you.

Whatever the truth of the situation is, do nothing. Sit back and see what happens. Don't tell your boy-friend what his best friend said, if that's the case, unless you want to lose both boys forever.

DISC DIGEST

MANY newcomers to record collecting are unaware that each year the various studios submit recordings to a committee in France, which judges them according to performance, sound, and general production, and finally awards prizes. These equivalents to the cinema's Academy Awards are called the Grand Prix du Disque.

The really interesting part about nine current Prix discs is that they were originally recorded in the 78 r.p.m. form between 1926 and 1947.

This issue, the first of a series called "Great Recordings of the Century," is dazzling. Each record is generally recognised as the best performance of the particular work ever made. They have long been out of circulation, but the LPs have been processed after months of painstaking care.

★ ★ ★

NOW for the music. Artur Schnabel, considered to be the foremost exponent of Beethoven's piano works, heads the list with that composer's five piano concertos. The associate orchestras and conductors are: No. 1, London Symphony Orchestra — Sir Malcolm Sargent; Nos. 2 to 4, The Philharmonia—Issay Dobrowen; and No. 5, The Philharmonia—Alceo Galliera.

MUSICIANS still talk with awe about Kreisler's 1936 recording of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with the London Philharmonic under Sir John Barbirolli, and it's part of this issue, too. Ten years earlier Alfred Cortot (piano), Jacques Thibaud (violin), and Pablo Casals put up a recording landmark when they made Schubert's Trio in B Flat Major, Op. 99, and Haydn's Trio in G Major, Op. 73, and now they have been pressed back to back on one LP. Finally, the six of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, magnificently played by Adolf Busch's Chamber Orchestra, will appear on two records.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

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—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*

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Worth Reporting

WORLD Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, who was taken ill on New Year's Day at Portland, Victoria, and is now in the Portland District Hospital, is being inundated with flowers, telegrams, and good wishes from all over the world.

Indefatigable Lady Baden-Powell, who came to Australia for the Girl Guide celebrations of the 100th anniversary of the birth of her late husband (Lord Baden-Powell), who founded the movement, boasted of her good health only a few days before being taken ill.

She said that because of her robust health she was able to take an active part at her husband's side in the expansion and development of the Guide movement, as well as bring up six children—her son and two daughters and three nieces.

At a reception given by the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Councillor F. W. Thomas, before her illness, Lady Baden-Powell said that she was taken down a peg recently when a Brownie describing her said she was wonderful for her age.

"Apparently there are three ages," said the World Chief Guide. "First when you are young and gay, the second when you are getting on, and the third when you are like me—wonderful."

On another occasion a small boy asked could he have a written certificate. Lady Baden-Powell asked why he was so anxious to have it. Drawing himself up to his full four feet, the boy proudly said, "I want to show it to my grandchildren."

Lady Baden-Powell herself has nine grandchildren — the eldest, another Robert Baden-Powell, is just 21. Her son, Peter, succeeded to his father's title as the second Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell in 1941.

Since that time, Lady Baden-Powell has made her home in an apartment at Hampton Court Palace, an honor accorded by order of the Sovereign to the widows of a number of famous Englishmen.

"The doing of things together plays such a big part in the happy marriage partnership," said Lady Baden-Powell. She describes her own marriage, at the age of 23 to the 55-year-old Chief Scout General Sir Robert Baden-Powell in 1912, as "a marriage made in heaven."

★ ★ ★

IT'S an idea from Paris for a present to an awfully smart man. It's a black evening coat lined from top to bottom with white mink.

Well, why not?

Well . . .

Space travel, but no swelled heads

WHAT with the sputniks and the ever-present possibility of space travel, the moon and other planets have begun to look a bit closer.

But there are more problems for the spaceman than merely being rocketed off into the unknown, or so says American Donald W. Conover.

Mr. Conover is a specialist in the study of the human factor in space flight.

And, according to Mr. Conover, all candidates for the first trip will have to be carefully screened to make sure they can withstand the "sociological pressure" of being the first man into space.

The chosen man will have to satisfy scientists he can "fight off publicity barrages and a swelled head," says Mr. Conover.

Mother is a (trainee) nurse

YOUNG John and Darlene Pascoe, 21 months and seven months, respectively, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., are seeing more of their father than their mother these days.

Mrs. Pascoe (Bobbie May to her friends) has been accepted as a trainee nurse at the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital by the Nurses' Registration Board, and began her training last month.

Although it is quite a common procedure in American hospitals to train married women as nurses, it is rare in Australia.

Husband Arthur, who expects to graduate from the Teachers' College this August, is both mother and father to the children when his wife is on night duty. A friend looks after them during the day.

Mrs. Pascoe had done 19 months' nursing before she was married nearly three years ago. A few months ago she decided she would like to finish the course.

"It will take three years, but I hope to be able to do it," she said.

★ ★ ★

NEXT time your husband accuses you of being a "back-seat driver," just quote the following:—

An American insurance journal says, "Don't malign the back-seat driver. Driver and passenger should work as a team, with the passenger as "co-pilot" to point out any dangers not easily seen from behind the wheel."

Postscript: But, adds the journal, "the driver should be in charge."

FRONTING on to Sydney's Circular Quay, the recently completed Imperial Chemical Industries building (glass-faced, 11 floors) has been exciting some comment.

From one wit on a city-bound ferry to friend: "See that glass building?

"It was built by I.C.I.

"Now they're calling it I.C.U."

"A Mr. King Haakon to see you . ."

AUSTRALIAN visitors to London may remember a gaunt, grey building — 200 Oxford Street — which, for 15 years, was the home of the B.B.C. Overseas Service.

Now the Service has moved to bigger quarters, but those who worked at Oxford Street still have a fund of nostalgic stories to tell.

There was the time when a tall man, whose face seemed familiar to the receptionist, called to keep an appointment with the Norwegian service.

She told the visitor that if he would give his name she would telephone to say he was on his way.

"My name is Haakon," he said. So she phoned the Norwegian service and then turned to the man again.

"They say they are not expecting a Mr. Haakon and ask for your Christian name."

"It is King Haakon," said the visitor politely.

The receptionist was used to American names. Dutifully, she relayed the information:

"It is a Mr. King Haakon."

Reaction at the other end of the line told her—too late—just how unnecessary was the "Mr." to introduce the King of Norway.

SCIENCE FACTS

About the stars

THE pinpoints of light called stars are huge, far-distant spheres of incandescent gas.

Apart from the sun, which is a star and looks immense only because it's close to Earth, the nearest star is so far away that its light takes four years to reach Earth.

(Speed of light is 186,000 miles a second. At this speed a commercial airliner could make seven round-the-world flights in one second.)

The light seen on Earth from many stars started thousands of years ago, so that if there are people on planets near these stars watching Earth, they are seeing events which took place B.C.

Stars, which are formed of thin hydrogen, are slow-burning nuclear fusion bombs.

Under its own enormous gravitational pressure, the centre of a burning star reaches millions of degrees F.—hot enough to burn the hydrogen and turn it into the heavier gas, helium.

But when all the hydrogen in a star is burnt, the star starts to collapse and the temperature of the helium near the centre may reach not millions of degrees but hundreds of millions.

This collapse, however, is not sudden, and may continue for millions of years. But a point is finally reached when the slow-burning star suddenly explodes and becomes what is called a "Nova" or "Supernova."

The explosion does not blow the star to bits, but releases an enormous blast of gas and radiation from its outer layers. These spectacular blasts have been seen and recorded by man. The Chinese saw a Supernova 900 years ago.

After the explosion, what is left of the Nova or Supernova continues to burn slowly, gradually becoming what is known as a "white dwarf" (it is white through a telescope), and finally a small, cold, black mass less than the size of Earth.

This mass consists of cold gases, changed by nuclear combustion, which will no longer burn. The star is dead.

Scientists think that the sun will explode some time in the remote future, and calculations now being made may soon give an estimate of its remaining lifespan.

When this occurs, Earth and the other planets will be extinguished in one immense blast. Don't worry, that's millions of years ahead.

NEW EXCITING WAYS TO SERVE

Foster Clark's

creamy custard

Quick . . . delicious . . . economical!

Serve thick and creamy topped with ice-cream

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.

STRAWBERRY CRUNCH

3 level tbls. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ¾ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 tbls. strawberry topping, few drops cochineal, ¼ lb. honey biscuits.

Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.

PARADISE PEACH PIE

It's the Custard that makes it heavenly!

2 level tbls. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ½ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, ¾ lb. dried peaches or apricots, stewed, sweetened and drained (or 8-oz. can of fruit halves), 4 oz. biscuit pastry.

Make custard as packet directs, return to saucepan and cook 2-3 minutes, stirring vigorously. Chill. Line 7" pie plate with pastry and bake in hot oven till golden brown. When cool, fill with alternate layers of fruit and custard until ingredients are used, finishing with custard. Decorate with fruit and serve cold with juice to taste.

Y1908

SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!

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When the room smells 'stale'...

put it out to "air" with AIR★O★ZONE

You know how a room *can* get "stale"–in close, humid weather . . . when it's suffering from a bad case of the "morning after" . . . when tobacco odour permeates furnishings or when cooking smells linger. To keep your home fresh, and pleasant for your family and guests to walk into, put "stale" rooms out to air with Air★O★Zone. Just press the button–and a fine mist of Air★O★Zone floats to every part of the room, ***instantly*** absorbing and destroying all unpleasant odours. Air★O★Zone completely banishes "staleness." A room sprayed with Air★O★Zone has a cool, clean freshness that you can ***feel***–just as if you had truly put it out to air in a grove of fragrant forest pine! And it ***stays*** fresh and sweet for hours!

More important still, the Glycol in Air★O★Zone kills harmful air-borne bacteria. That's why it's so important to use Air★O★Zone when there is sickness in the house–use it in the bathroom and toilet, and ***wherever*** there's a risk of air-borne infection.

Economical Air★O★Zone is highly concentrated – only a few seconds' spraying is necessary.

Try AIR★O★ZONE

SEE HOW SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE IT IS TO KEEP ALL THE ROOMS IN YOUR HOME FRESH AND HEALTHY

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FATHER

"Yes, young man, I realise that I wouldn't be losing a daughter, I'd be gaining a son. That's another thing that makes me hesitate."

MOTHER

"See how tidy this room is kept now? . . . That's what I like best about having television."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

YOU'VE heard pilots talk about "flying by the seat of their pants." I've just discovered that I arrange a room by the feel of my teeth.

I learned this the other night when I had my first furniture-moving attack in ten years.

Some women are always moving furniture round. I've had to help them. With other people's furniture you find it very hard to care whether a chair is against the east wall or under the window.

Knowing this, I decided to do without assistance. It took more time and a lot of energy, but it allowed freedom for changes of mind.

So—you may wonder when I'm coming to the point—as soon as I had lugged the dining-table to where the desk and radio and lamp used to be I felt as if I had a tooth missing.

Some people would say that the room had lost its balance, or that the color harmony wasn't right. I haven't much eye for such things. I only know what I don't like. And evidently it registers in my teeth.

I tried the armchair in the corner, but my teeth still ached, so I went back to taws and shoved the desk back to its original corner.

Just as I was going to sleep another permutation hit me, but I decided that the arrangements, having been adequate for the ten years, would do for the next ten.

★ ★ ★

WHILE seized with the interior decorating fit described above, I began to devise a mammoth cupboard.

This cupboard, still a pencil-and-paper project, is intended to hold everything from ironing board to shoe polish. It will, if it ever comes to pass, solve the problem of housework. There will be at least one shelf for all the odds and ends one is too tired to put away after tidying up.

And there will be another compartment for all the objects that are hardly ever used. This one will be sealed with sticking plaster and dated. If the seal is unbroken at the end of 12 months I will give the contents away.

Come to think of it, I'll include a long, padded shelf with a reading light. Then I can tidy myself away and keep the flat impeccable.

★ ★ ★

THIS summer's water restrictions in Sydney underline a problem that applies nowadays to more than one great city of the world.

Understandably, gardeners have been bitter at the ban on hoses. Some of the criticism of lack of Government foresight is justified.

But a few summers ago there was a similar water shortage in New York.

It emerged then that most New York men customarily shaved with the tap running.

Obviously, as cities grow provision should be made for the normal needs of a population. But at the same time some way will have to be devised of curbing wild extravagance with water.

Anybody reared in the country has a glimmer of conscience about running taps, but many city-dwellers treat a water supply as if it were as certain as the rising of the sun.

CHEER-UP reflections for those who have left their youth behind them:

When you're young, if someone tells you you're looking well you immediately resolve to go on a diet.

When you're older even the remark that you're "looking fit" (a curious male way of putting it) is taken as a compliment.

When you're young you feel insulted if told that you're sensible.

When you're older the attribute of commonsense seems better than nothing.

★ ★ ★

THE ears of the world have been tuned to the South Pole these past few weeks, and every word recorded between Sir Edmund Hillary and Dr. Vivian Fuchs has been invested with high drama.

Because of the tenseness of the situation the simplest statements from each have been noteworthy.

However, one remark from Dr. Fuchs, made at a camp 35 miles from his goal, was of particular interest. He told Sir Edmund that his men were "all looking forward to having showers when they reached the Pole."

The thought of showers at the Pole (hot, I hope) is so fascinating that it takes one's mind off the controversy between the two leaders.

It proves that what applies to ordinary travel also applies to high adventure.

Creature comforts have a way of looming larger than greater issues.

You can't enjoy the Taj Mahal by moonlight if you have a headache from lack of a cup of tea.

When the men return from this expedition romantic questioners are bound to be disappointed when they ask, "What did it feel like to be at the South Pole?", if the answer runs, "I had a lovely bath."

But it will probably be the literal truth.

★ ★ ★

A BEACH near Bundaberg, Queensland, was reported to be swarming with baby turtles last week. Turtles usually make for the sea as soon as hatched. These have been returning to the shore each night. One theory was that they were frightened by sharks; another that they were attracted by floodlights.

Mother turtles, quite regardless,
Lay their eggs and steal away,
Pay no whit of fond attention
To their offspring's natal day.

When these poor benighted babies
Hatch and scuttle to the sea,
Is it strange if thus neglected
That they show delinquency?

"Soft stuff," sniffed an ancient turtle.
"Modern youngsters I deplore.
"In MY day we weren't deflected
"By the bright lights from the shore."

87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH *

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

How safe are you?

Protect yourself and family with LISTERINE

Listerine gargled three times a day is a potent protection. Tests prove that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on the throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

Antiseptic Listerine kills germs by millions instantly!

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzæ, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle. Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day . . . it's as easy as that! And

Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

The Listerine treatment is safe, too . . . it doesn't burn or sting. More important . . . for your kiddies' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidently swallowed.

Keep Listerine handy and guard against Winter ills!

Non-antiseptic drops, aspirin or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does — germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs you so little compared with the protection it gives.

Antiseptic Listerine contains proven germ-killing ingredients

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

Double protection

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces, it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours . . . you don't risk offending!

***87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.**

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- **Hepatitis**
- **Pneumonia**
- **Poliomyelitis**
- **Influenza**
- **Scarlet Fever**
- **Common Cold**

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FRESH GLAMOR IN THE HOUSE

● Growing foliage and flowering plants indoors in pots and troughs is a hobby that is tops for interest and exotic results.

THIS no doubt accounts for the greatly increased popularity of this form of gardening during the past few years.

Keeping a number of house-plants thriving, growing and blooming is not altogether easy for the home gardener, but even one healthy, colorful plant can bring weeks of enjoyment into a room.

A great number of plants of all sizes, shapes, color, and texture are suitable for indoors.

However, before you attempt to bring them inside the house, it is wise to make sure that the plants you like are suited to the particular conditions under which they will have to survive.

The collection of color pictures on these two pages gives an idea of just how lovely the adaptable indoor plant can be. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Derek Brook.

High in eye-appeal are the colored pots set in even rows and zigzagged on a stone terrace. Then there's a handsome philodendron in a teak container, and a graceful group arrangement for an occasional table.

And there's a practical reason for the small sketches appearing at the foot of these two pages. They show how to enjoy indoor gardening without fear of ruining the household carpets and furniture by simply waterproofing the plant-containers.

For instance, pots cease to drip when cupped with aluminium foil, while troughs and planters can be made leak-proof with an interlining of copper.

All plants need good soil, light, water, food, and protection from insects. Most of the popular house-plants get along all right in an average home temperature of 70 to 80 degrees. Geranium, fuchsia, amaryllis, and some begonias, however, prefer a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees.

It is a good idea to check on all these points with the nurseryman when you buy plants for indoor growing.

ABOVE: This graceful wall-bracket with its small, urn-shaped vase holds a cut arrangement of geraniums.

RIGHT: Delicately colorful varieties of saint paulia (African violet) look specially pretty when grown in pots to highlight their colors.

ABOVE: An elastic pot-cover of straw, a cup of aluminium foil around the pot, and a simple block or two make this flower-pot decoratively at home in a modern room.

LEFT: Ficus decora, in an attractive bamboo pot-holder, makes an unusual group with a small pot of anthurium crystallinum set beside it.

A GLASS PIEPLATE (left) is a good holder for indoor plants provided the pot isn't heavy, in which case the varnished clay saucer on the right might be a better choice. Centre illustration shows how to mould aluminium foil round pot to prevent leaks.

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GROUP ARRANGEMENT of growing indoor plants in a small bowl includes caladium, saint paulia, pothos, marants, maidenhair fern, and variegated English ivy.

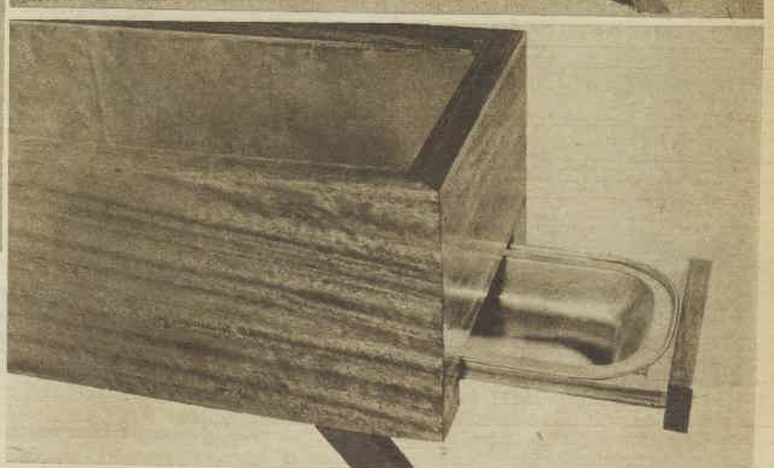
ABOVE: A fine specimen of philodendron imbe is given a charming new look with this teak barrel for an outer container. Large caladiums are in the trough at the right. (Photographs taken at "Greenfingers," Mona Vale, a Sydney beach resort.)

•

LEFT: Popular potted geraniums grouped on a stone stairway of an outside living terrace. Already accepted as one of the best-liked pot-plants, geraniums also make effective displays indoors.

•

RIGHT: Two views of a decorative indoor planter to hold potted or other plants. It is made of Queensland maple and lined with copper punched at the drawer end to prevent leakage. The other end is raised about one inch to allow for drainage. The lower picture gives a better idea of the construction.



A LARGE TRAY with several pots is a good idea for an array of indoor plants and might easily solve a decorating problem in a room. On the right is a mobile plant unit which could be made with tile. It rolls from sun to shade and room to room.

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BAYER'S ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER TRADE MARK

And it's one thing most people can take any time — WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST! When you wake up with a dull, headachy feeling, do as millions do. Take two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets right away. Even before you've finished showering, this will have you feeling like a new person . . . so you can have a good day!

ACHING MUSCLES? FEEL BETTER FAST! Hiking, even up the mountain-side, is great fun, but don't be surprised if your muscles ache next day. When they do, it's time to take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets. They quickly relieve muscular aches and pains, yet are so gentle that they are often prescribed for small children.

BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST! You can't be in top form when an aching back or muscular pain is troubling you. But that's something Bayer's Aspirin Tablets will fix *in a hurry* ! Remember, in addition to giving you the *fast* relief you *want*, Bayer's Aspirin Tablets give you the *safe* relief you *need* !

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST! When you feel tired and headachy after a difficult day of housework, try this simple procedure. Take two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes, put your feet up and *relax*. This makes a wonderful difference. You'll feel better and enjoy your evening more.

Why Bayer's Aspirin Tablets make you feel better fast

Just drop a Bayer's Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what it does there. You'll see that it starts disintegrating instantly! And the same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer's Aspirin brings you fast relief!

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MARSHMALLOW MAGIC

ELEGANT enough to serve at a dinner-party, yet sufficiently simple for everyday meals, the tempting desserts pictured above include fruit-flavored pavlova, individual raspberry and chocolate sweets, and layered lemon dessert.

Smooth, delicious desserts to enhance summer menus

● Marshmallows give a light, creamy touch to many delicious desserts. They are inexpensive, popular, and have another advantage — they transform everyday dishes into gala food.

THE special appeal of marshmallows is a soft, melt-in-the-mouth texture that is just as pleasing when combined with a simple custard or sauce as it is in more elaborate confections.

Below are the directions for making marshmallows, and some recipes in which they are featured. These recipes are well worth adding to your list of special desserts.

All spoon measurements are level.

MARSHMALLOWS

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cornflour, icing sugar.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Allow to cool. Add lemon juice and beat until thick. Turn into a shallow-sided tin which has been greased and dusted with cornflour. Allow to set, cut into squares, and toss lightly in a mixture of cornflour and icing sugar. This mixture makes approximately ¾lb. weight and cuts into 36 1in. squares.

MARSHMALLOW PAVLOVA

Meringue Case: One egg-white, ⅞ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar or ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Filling: Half-pound marshmallow, 1 cup lemon sauce or custard, 2 or 3 passionfruit or ½ cup finely diced mixed fruit.

Place egg-white, sugar, water, and salt in an enamel basin over a saucepan of boiling water and beat over heat until mixture becomes thick and shiny (approximately 7 minutes). Remove from heat, beat in cream of tartar, and fill into piping bag or greaseproof paper cone and star-shaped tube. Pipe on to a 7in. circle of greased paper on a biscuit tray to resemble a tartcase. Cook in slow oven approximately 1½ hours until meringue is quite set. Cool and remove to serving plate before adding filling.

Combine marshmallows (coarsely chopped) with the slightly warmed lemon sauce.

Pile into meringue case and chill. Spoon over passionfruit pulp just before serving.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

MOCHA SNOW FILLING

Half-pound marshmallows, scant ¾ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon cocoa.

Blend cocoa smoothly with ¼ cup of the hot water, add coffee essence and lemon juice. Place marshmallows into saucepan with balance of hot water, and melt over low heat. Turn into basin, stir in cocoa, coffee essence, and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken, beat until light and fluffy and dropping very thickly from a spoon. Fill into tartlet cases.

LEMALLOW CRUNCH

Coconut Crust: Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups coconut, ¾ cup cake crumbs, ½ cup flour.

Filling: One cup sugar, 2½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons arrowroot, 2 eggs, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 quantity marshmallow mixture, 2oz. cherries.

Prepare coconut mixture. Cream butter and sugar, work in cake crumbs, coconut, and flour. With back of spoon press into greased ovenware dish, reserving 2 tablespoons to sprinkle on top. Blend arrowroot with a little of the milk. Heat remainder with sugar and salt, add blended arrowroot. Stir over heat until mixture thickens and boils, simmer further 2 to 3 minutes. Add beaten eggs and lemon juice, cook over low heat 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon rind, butter, and vanilla. Pour into dish and cool. Prepare marshmallow mixture, and when very thick spread over lemon filling. Combine remaining coconut crunch with chopped cherries, sprinkle over top, and chill well before serving.

CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY FLUFF

One cup crushed raspberries, 1 cup coarsely chopped marshmallows, ½ cup evaporated milk or cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, chocolate sauce, chopped walnuts.

Combine raspberries (or other berry fruits) with marshmallows, milk, and sugar (if necessary) in top half of a double saucepan and heat over boiling water until marshmallows are melted. Allow to cool, beat slightly, and spoon into individual serving dishes. Pour over small quantity chocolate sauce, and sprinkle with nuts. Chill well before serving.

Chocolate Sauce: Break 6oz. chocolate peppermint sweets into pieces and place in a heatproof jug or basin over boiling water. Stir until melted and smooth, then stir in 3 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk. Spoon over sweet and serve.

YOUR MONDAY MEAL

A TASTY WAY TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR COLD ROAST

This delicious dish can be prepared the night before and popped into the oven about 20 minutes before the family is due to sit down.

Raleigh TOMATO CHEESE CASSEROLE

*Cold meat, onion (one large), cooked rice (2 ozs. per person), 1 can Raleigh Tomato Juice, *4 boiled potatoes or ½ doz. left-over scones, grated cheese. *(Boil a few extra on Sunday.)*

Chop cold meat and onion together — add cooked rice and Raleigh Tomato Juice, and mix together gently. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place in greased baking dish. Place in medium oven and stir occasionally until heated through. Slice potatoes or split scones and spread evenly around edge of dish — sprinkle with grated cheese and cook till crust is lightly browned.

Raleigh RED SQUARE COCKTAIL

Here is an easy-to-mix, tasty tomato juice cocktail—ideal for your teenage daughter's birthday party—record night —or barbecues . . .

Pour Raleigh Tomato Juice into a divided freezer tray. When half-frozen, press in a stuffed olive or gherkin chip and freeze until solid. Place a cube in each glass of chilled Raleigh Tomato Juice and serve at once.

CUT THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR 'WOMENS WEEKLY' INDEX FILE

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR...

- TOMATO JUICE
- FRENCH BEANS
- GARDEN PEAS
- BEETROOT
- PEARS
- APRICOTS

Raleigh

. . . THE SIGN OF FINE FOOD

RT/2320

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4818439

All-wool knitted wardrobe

SCOOP-NECK sheath of knitted black boucle is braided from shoulders to hemline with rows of narrow taffeta. The large bow at the side is of taffeta.

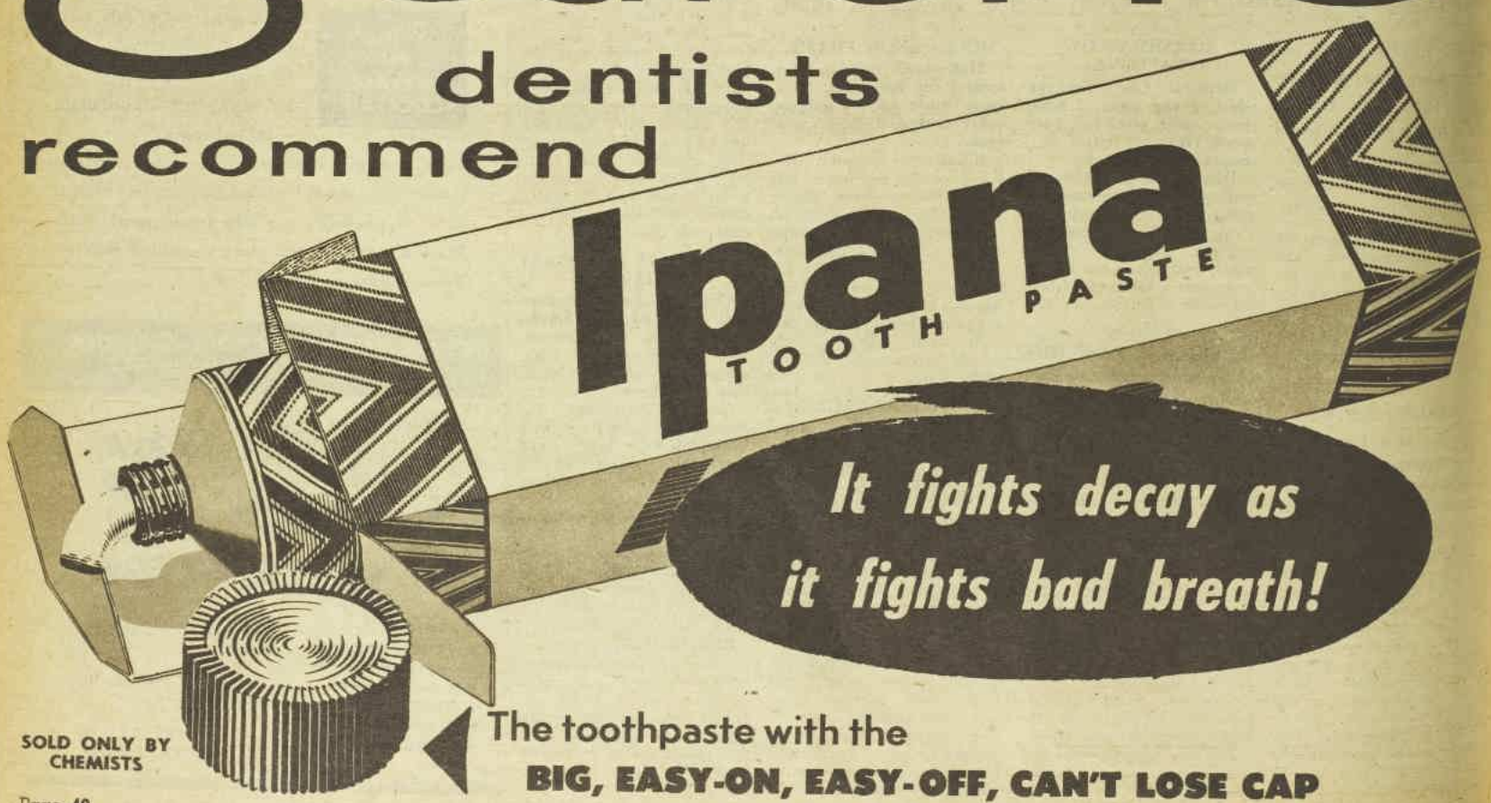
STRAWBERRY PARFAIT (a deep, rich pink) is the color of this bulky-knit overcoat worn by Mrs. Bishop. I features a yoke and is full at the back

● These four glamorous knitted woollen outfits are from the personal wardrobe of Mrs. T. B. Bishop, a young American visitor from Portland, Oregon, who recently spent a few weeks in Australia. The whole of Mrs. Bishop's extensive wardrobe of suits, coats, afternoon, evening, and casual clothes was made of wool dyed in beautiful colors and knitted by hand or machine. Bulky knitteds like the coat shown at the left are all the rage overseas; they require only a minimum of pressing and cleaning, are simply rolled and tucked away on a shelf when not in use. Metal-thread wools are also very popular.

ABOVE: Cocktail dress of white metallic-thread wool is as delicate as a snowflake. It has a halter neck, a cuffed bodice, elastic at waist. Pattern resembles feather and fan stitch.

LEFT: Trim knitted pink suit has a jacket with a deep basque, set-in sleeves, and a straight skirt. Made with seams at back and front, the skirt can be switched for even wear.

8 out of 10 dentists recommend Ipana TOOTH PASTE



It fights decay as it fights bad breath!

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

The toothpaste with the BIG, EASY-ON, EASY-OFF, CAN'T LOSE CAP

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YOUR FAMILY CAR COLUMN

This week's guest writer is Mrs. J. Bloomfield of Bentleigh, Vic.

I've had 60,000 miles of worry-free motoring

— yet I don't know what goes on in the engine.

I'm a woman driver — and like most women I'm just not very mechanically minded. Cylinder, crankshaft, valves, compression — they're only words to me.

This could be a real problem because the Volkswagen is the second car in our family and my husband leaves all its care to me. But I can look after the VW much easier than I can keep our three-year-old son out of mischief. How do I do it? I have a VOLKSWAGEN passport to super-service — the Volkswagen Service Booklet.

Saves time, and money

It looks just like a cheque book—but actually saves money. Vouchers inside list all the maintenance and checking to be done at regular mileages (1,500, 3,000, 4,500, etc.). When the speedo clocks around to the next mileage listed in the booklet I simply run the Volks down to my local VW Service Agent. I hand him the voucher. He hands the car to his team of mechanics. And I usually have the car back the same day. VW prices are inexpensive, too, and they're quoted in advance on each voucher.

My VW service man always tells me what he has done. It's over my head, but it's flattering to think he takes the trouble.

VW Service Agents are everywhere

Last Christmas I drove the family from Melbourne to Sydney in our Volkswagen. As we skimmed along the highway we passed VW Service Stations regularly. The kids counted them — making a game of looking for that friendly blue VW Service Sign. It was comforting to know that service was right there at hand should we need it. But the Volkswagen took the long trip without giving us a moment's concern.

Before we left Sydney on the 600 mile return trip, we called at a VW service station. The booklet, as usual, worked like magic. No fuss! No bother! And every tiny detail was checked — with the same thoroughness and following exactly the same system as the VW service station in our own home town.

VW service looks after me *every* mile of *every* day — keeps my Volkswagen running as sweetly as the day we brought her home from the showroom.

Volkswagen gives you every feature you could ask for in a family car — and still costs only £971, inc. sales tax. Why not treat yourself to a VW test-drive this week? All you can lose is your heart.

[Advertisement] VW462A

LEFT: Sketch shows how our Home Plan No. A806 looks viewed from the street.

BELOW: Perspective view from the rear. Sketches show house built in timber.

Eye-catching design

● In this week's Home Plan the use of initiative and imagination has resulted in a design that has eye-catching interest from every angle.

THE plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and is available at our Home-Planning Centres in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide. See panel below.

The house, designed by Queensland architect Cecil Robinson, is shown above in two perspectives. The smaller sketch shows the simplicity of the design, viewed from the street, and the larger sketch below it indicates how interesting the house is from the rear.

All the bedrooms are in the front of the house, in a compact wing that has no waste space. More than half the house opens up at the back into a free area for easy, relaxed living.

The layout is well organised, allowing good light and a view from all rooms. It can be adapted to any site, but with such an open living area it is a splendid choice for a block of land overlooking a mountain or sea view.

The kitchen is corridor-type, with a pleasant outlook. The stove, sink, and work benches are in a straight line for easy preparation of food, cooking, and cleaning.

The plan is suitable for a 50ft.-wide block and is shown above built in timber. It would also be suitable for brick and fibro.

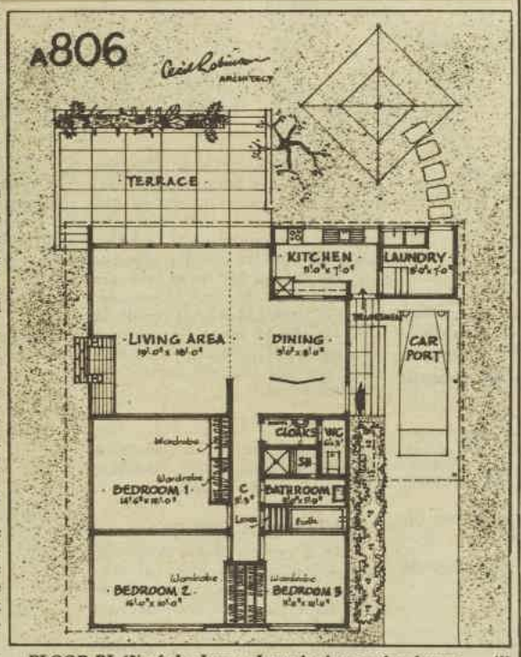
Approximate costs of building the house would be:

In N.S.W.: Brick, £5500; brick veneer, £5000; timber, £4225; fibro, £3900.

In Victoria: Brick, £4950; brick veneer, £4500; timber, £3775; fibro, £3675.

In Queensland: Brick £5500; timber £3775; fibro, £3650.

In South Australia: Brick, £4200; asbestos, £3550.



FLOOR PLAN of the home shows its interesting layout. All bedrooms are in the front, and more than half the house at the back can be opened up into one area.

Where to buy this plan

OUR Home-Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications, and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee. Addresses are:

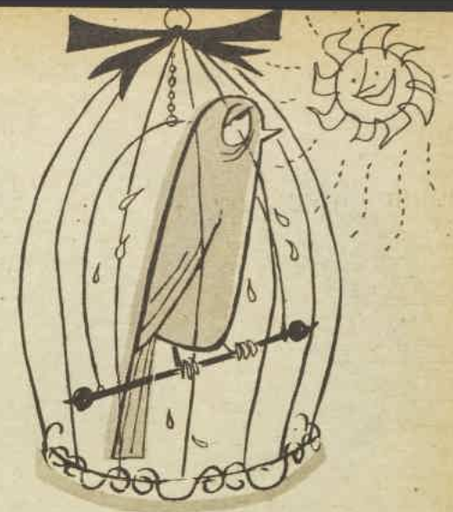
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale Street. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

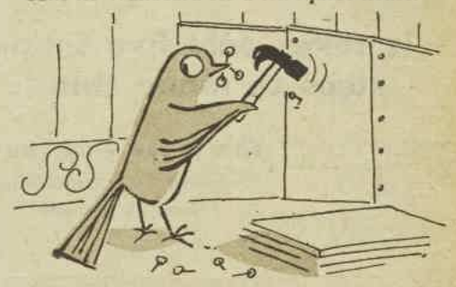
ADELAIDE: John Hardy and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle Street. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



The original hot canary lived in a gilded cage—

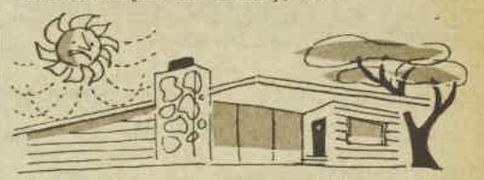
and when the sun shone he fried

Then one day he read that Cane-ite Wallboard can make your home up to 15° cooler in summer, by adding one half-inch thickness of Cane-ite round the outside walls and in the ceiling — only costs about £36 to buy enough Cane-ite Wallboard for a ten-square house.



"That's for me", chirruped our songster, and using his little hammer and nails he had covered his cage in no time at all.

Now he's a cool and comfy bird — and there's a moral to the story, too.



That timber or asbestos cement home you're building will be up to 15° cooler in summer, warmer in winter, if it is Cane-ite insulated. Cane-ite is the only building board that *insulates* as it *decorates*, so you can use it for interior walls and ceilings either in new houses or when you're remodelling. If you want another interior finish, such as Gyprock Plaster Wallboard, you can apply Cane-ite as a sheathing around the outside of the house frame, under weatherboards or asbestos cement sheets. Either way, one half-inch of Cane-ite keeps heat out, warmth in, as well as 8 inches of brick, or 17½ inches of concrete. Cane-ite stops noise and dust penetrating, too.

Three types of Cane-ite are available in many easy-to-handle sheet sizes - Natural buff, Primed (ready for painting), and Ivory Cane-ite. See your builder or architect right away.

CSR629

CSR BUILDING PRODUCTS

CANE-ITE *Insulates as it decorates*

A product of THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division

Showrooms at Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

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For the working wife or any busy woman to whom minutes count, this five-minute tea-cake combines home-made appeal with jiffy-quick kitchen time. Iced with a simple frosting and filled with jam it will earn top marks for family-pleasing. Dot a few cherries on top for extra sparkle.

Dance through cooking time

It takes only five simple steps to make this...

Five Minute Tea Cake

This is the way you do it.

Step one Grease two 7 inch sandwich-tins. **Time 30 seconds**

Step two Put two level tablespoons butter in cup, place cup in saucepan of hot water on stove. **Time 60 seconds**

Step three Sift 1¼ cups of s.r. flour into bowl with one heaped dessertspoon Sunshine powdered milk, a pinch of salt, and ¾ cup sugar. **Time 60 seconds**

Step four Take melted butter off stove, break one egg into cup and fill cup with cold water. Beat slightly with fork. **Time 30 seconds**

Step five Pour egg, butter, and water mixture into well in centre of flour, Sunshine milk, and sugar mixture. Beat for just under two minutes. **Time 2 minutes**

YOU'VE only taken five minutes —the mixture is ready to pour into the greased pans and put in the oven!

Cook in a moderate * oven for 20 minutes and your tea cakes are ready. Brush top with butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Serve sliced and buttered. Or, if you prefer, join with jam and ice with a simple frosting when cold. There are lots of variations on this time-saving recipe! Simply double the quantity if you would like a larger cake like the one illustrated above.

Of course, the secret is the use of Sunshine powdered milk in dry form so that the cake can actually be mixed with water! This is a trick you can use for scones, too—it saves time and improves the scones, because for a "light hand" with scones you must work quickly and smartly.

★ ★ ★

THERE are lots of other recipes in which you can use Sunshine powdered milk in dry form—cup cakes, fruit loaves, pikelets, cookies . . . and don't forget that when you use Sunshine it is not only more convenient, but you are getting the *whole* goodness of pure fresh dairy milk. In the processing of Sunshine powdered milk the essential vitamins and the natural flavour of milk are retained. *Only the water is removed.* Sunshine is FULLCREAM powdered milk—it should never be confused with skim milk products from which the cream and butterfat content are removed as well.

★ ★ ★

HERE is a recipe for jiffy-quick scones made with Sunshine full-cream powdered milk.

JIFFY-QUICK SCONES

Take 8 ounces of s.r. flour, sift into a bowl with a pinch of salt. Add one heaped tablespoon of Sunshine full-cream powdered milk. Rub in 1-2oz. butter. Mix with enough water to make a soft dough and place on a lightly floured board. Roll or pat dough out very lightly to ¾in. thickness. Cut out — it's quicker to use a knife and cut the scones square—glaze with beaten egg and bake in a hot *oven for 7-10 minutes.

★ ★ ★

SUNSHINE is wonderful for ice-cream, too. Here is a quick economy recipe, so creamy just with the goodness of pure rich Sunshine milk itself that it doesn't need any extra cream! And see how easy it is!

SUNSHINE ICE-CREAM

Soak 1 teaspoon of gelatine in 1 tablespoon of cold water, then mix in ½ cup of hot water. Beat together 4 heaped tablespoons of Sunshine, 3 tablespoons of sugar and 1½ cups of hot water. Add this mixture to gelatine with 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Beat well and freeze in refrigerator until consistency of thick cream. Remove from refrigerator, beat until doubled or more in bulk. Return to refrigerator and freeze until firm.

★ ★ ★

IT'S not only quicker, it's more ECONOMICAL to use Sunshine powdered milk. There's no waste—you mix up just the quantity you want. And when you use Sunshine dry in cooking, and the mixture takes less liquid than you anticipated, *all you throw away is water!*

And, of course, it's very, very CONVENIENT, always having milk 'on tap.' It means you can whip up cakes, desserts, sauces—anything at all that you can make with fresh milk—at a moment's notice anytime. With Sunshine you have a constant supply of pure, rich dairy milk, no further away than your kitchen cupboard.

BELOW are just a few suggestions as to the many ways in which you can use Sunshine, but it's all summed up really by saying "anything you can make with fresh milk you can make with Sunshine." Nestlé's Sunshine is such pure, safe milk, too. It's strictly guarded against contamination throughout every stage of its production. It's **pasteurised** for safety, and **homogenised** for extra digestibility as well as being economical and convenient. Trust yourself to the Nestlé's name and buy SUNSHINE powdered milk.

Recipe Competition

£5 prizes

Here's your chance to win £5 worth of delicious Nestlé's products.

Recipes may be for milk drinks, cakes, batter-mixes, for creamed soups or creamed snacks on toast. They may be for ice-creams, for custards, puddings, gelatine moulds or other milk desserts— or for chicken, meat or fish dishes with milk-based sauces.

All recipes entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertisements. No recipes will be returned. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final. Winners will be notified by letter.

Just send your favourite SUNSHINE recipe or recipes to Nestlé's, Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney.

*** Moderate Oven Temperature**
350° Gas; 400° Electricity
Hot Oven Temperature
450° Gas; 500° Electricity

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JELLIED SARDINE LOAF makes an appetising and colorful dish to serve for luncheon or weekend meals. Salad garnishings such as radish roses, celery curls, and slices of hard-boiled egg complete the platter. See recipe below.

Prize for fish loaf

● A dish in which sardines are set in two layers and flavored with horseradish, tomato, celery, and cottage cheese wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

OTHER varieties of tinned or home-cooked fish can replace the sardines used in the prize-winning recipe, if preferred.

Consolation prizes of £1 are awarded for a recipe for raisin gramma dessert, a hearty and substantial family sweet, for tongue and lentil casserole, and for chocolate marshmallow biscuits.

All spoon measurements are level.

JELLIED SARDINE LOAF

Two 4oz. tins sardines, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 3½ cups tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3oz. cottage cheese, ½ cup chopped celery.

Soften gelatine in 1 cup of the tomato juice. Add balance of juice, stir over low heat until gelatine is dissolved. Mix in horseradish, lemon juice, onion, and salt. Pour a thin layer over base of wetted loaf-tin, allow to set. Drain oil from 1 tin of sardines, arrange on jellied layer. Carefully pour half tomato liquid over sardines, chill until set. When remaining tomato liquid begins to thicken slightly and resembles the consistency of unbeaten egg-white, mix with second tin of sardines (drained and mashed), cottage cheese, and celery. Pour into tin, and chill until set and firm. Unmould on to platter, serve with salad.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Kelaher, Gibbons St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

TONGUE AND LENTIL CASSEROLE

Three to 4lb. beef tongue, 2½ cups lentils (soaked overnight), ½ cup butter or margarine, 2 cups chopped onion, 2 cups chopped green pepper, 3 cloves garlic, ½ cup tomato puree, ½ cup chicken broth, 1 cup raisins, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cover tongue with water. Bring to the boil, simmer until tender. Allow to cool in liquid, remove skin, trim root end; cut into ½in. dice. Drain lentils, place in saucepan, cover with 1 quart water, and simmer ½ hour. Meanwhile melt butter in pan, add onion, green pepper, and crushed garlic, cook until soft. Add tomato puree, chicken broth, raisins, season to taste with salt, pepper, and sugar. Fill lentils, diced tongue, and tomato mixture into ovenware dish in alternate layers, making the last layer tomato mixture. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Copeland, 21 Eleanor St., Toowoomba, Qld.

RAISIN GRAMMA DESSERT

Four cups cooked gramma, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Topping: One ounce butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon ground ginger.

Prepare gramma mixture. Combine all ingredients in large saucepan, stir gently over low heat 20 minutes. Fill into ovenware dish. Cover with topping, sprinkle ginger over, and bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

Topping: Mix together butter and sugar; add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Watts, 16 Queen's Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE ROYALS

Biscuit: Five ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 3oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. plain flour.

Cream shortening and sugar together, work in sifted flours. Knead lightly, roll out on floured board to ¼in. thickness. Cut into 1½in. rounds with floured cutter. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool.

Marshmallow: Two dessertspoons gelatine, ¾ cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar, water, and gelatine in saucepan, boil for 8 minutes. Allow to cool, add lemon juice, and beat until thick and white. Place a spoonful on each biscuit. Cover with chocolate-coating, store in a cool place.

Chocolate-Coating: Melt 6oz. solid white shortening in saucepan, add to 1 cup sifted drinking chocolate. When beginning to thicken slightly, dip marshmallow biscuits into chocolate, place on greaseproof paper to set.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Smith, 6 Princetown Rd., Mt. Waverley, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

DEVILLED crumbed pyramids are tasty and very popular. This week's family dish costs 6/6 and serves four.

DEVILLED PYRAMIDS

Two cups cold cooked rice, 1½ to 2 cups diced cooked cold meat, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 or 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon each tomato and Worcestershire sauce, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Combine meat, rice, and flavorings. Add beaten eggs, cook gently 10 minutes. Spread on large plate to cool. With floured hands shape into small pyramids (or other shapes). Coat with egg-glazing, then breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown in fuming fat.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

● On this page and overleaf are four delicious recipes to add to your kitchen index file. These recipes are arranged back-to-back, with the illustrations on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. Cut the recipe along the dotted lines and each one is complete. All spoon measurements are level in these recipes.

TUNA AND OLIVE BAKE

One teaspoon salt, 5 cups water, ½ packet noodles, 2 tins mushroom soup, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups grated tasty cheese, 3 sliced hard-boiled eggs, 2-3rds cup stuffed olives (sliced), 2 7oz. tins tuna, parsley.

Add salt to 4 cups water and bring to the boil; add noodles, and cook until tender (approximately 10 minutes). Do not drain. Heat soup and remaining water, stir until smooth. Add Worcestershire sauce, remove from heat, and stir in cheese until melted. Reserve a few egg slices and olive slices for garnishing. Mix together remaining egg slices, olive slices, tuna, noodles, and mushroom sauce. Pour into a large ovenproof dish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Five minutes before end of cooking time decorate dish with remaining egg and olive slices; continue cooking. To serve, garnish with parsley, accompany with coleslaw or shredded spiced cabbage.

CHOCOLATE PEANUT SWIRLS

Half-cup butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. package semi-sweet chocolate pieces.

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in peanut butter, egg, and milk. Sift together flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda; stir into creamed mixture. Place dough on lightly floured waxed paper; roll to ¼in. thickness in the shape of a 15in. by 8in. rectangle. Melt chocolate in enamel basin over a saucepan of boiling water. Cool slightly; spread over dough. Roll up as for a jelly roll, lifting waxed paper slightly with each turn; chill for ½ hour in refrigerator. Cut roll into slices at least ½in. thick. Place on ungreased oven-tray and bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Loosen with a knife and allow to cool on tray; store in an airtight tin. Makes approximately 4 dozen.

Hangnail remedy

TROUBLED with split, broken cuticle and painful hangnails? Never try to correct this condition by cutting the cuticle with scissors. For not only does this leave the cuticle rough and jagged, but it can actually cause serious injury.

The safest, quickest remedy is Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. Apply this beneficial, oily liquid to the sides and base of the nail. Then simply wipe away loosened cuticle and hangnail.

Instantly, nails are trim and neat, smoothly outlined, beautifully groomed. **You'll be so glad you learned about Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover!**

MARIGNY Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

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Stay as sweet as you are with

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The Deodorant you can trust

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Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset get DOAN'S. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

VANIX

"VANIX" is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 9/- including postage, from above or direct from the Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

CORNS

End corn pain with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

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SALAD VEGETABLES can be served more attractively and will last much longer if they are handled as suggested in the hints below.

Home Hints

● Here are some homely hints on salad preparation and other items of interest to the busy housewife.

WHEN the weather is hot, cut the lettuce for salad early in the morning, stand it in an enamel pie-plate and place a basin over it so that it will be fresh and crisp when required.

★ ★ ★

ROOT vegetables that have withered can be revived by slicing off the ends and leaving them in cold water for a few hours.

★ ★ ★

DID you know that lettuce will stay fresh and crisp for several days if you wrap it in two sheets of wet paper covered by a dry one? Never wet the lettuce itself. Use a bread-saw when shredding lettuce—it will cut very finely.

★ ★ ★

LIQUID left over from mustard pickles is a good substitute for mustard and vinegar in the salad-dressing.

★ ★ ★

TO improve the flavor of green peas, add half a dozen pea-pods when boiling them. Never use bicarbonate of soda.

★ ★ ★

HERE is a simple method of keeping your plants watered while you are away on holidays. Set them on bricks that have been placed in a washtub filled with water. Hang one end of a wick or heavy cloth material over the edge of the flower-pot, and let the other end remain in the water. In this way the plants will stay fresh and green for a long time.

★ ★ ★

KEEP dampened clothes in your freezer until you have the time to iron them. They can be kept for months with no danger of mildew.

★ ★ ★

IF you have an old clothes-prop in the garden that keeps slipping, hammer one or two nails in the bottom end. This will give it a firmer grip.

MORE DISHES TO INDEX

● Below are more kitchen-tested recipes to add to your index file. Readers who do not already own one can order a ready-made wooden file which measures 8½in. by 6½in. from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) The price is 10/-, with postage 2/- extra.

TWO-FRUIT CRUMBLE

One small tin unsweetened pineapple, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, rind and juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup sugar, 2 bananas, 1 tablespoon water.

TOPPING: Three tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute.

Place pineapple in saucepan with sugar, butter or substitute, lemon rind, juice, and water. Reserve a little lemon juice to coat bananas (to prevent discoloration). Cover pineapple, cook gently 5 minutes. Place in greased ovenproof dish. Cover with sliced bananas lightly coated with lemon juice. Place flour, coconut, sugar, and cinnamon in basin. Rub in butter or substitute, and sprinkle over bananas. Bake in moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes until top is crisp and lightly browned. Allow to become cold, spoon into sweets dishes, and serve with cream or custard.

CHEESE AND RICE CASSEROLE

Half-pound soft, processed cheese, 1-3rd cup milk, 3 cups rice, prepared by cooking 1 cup rice in 3 cups of boiling salted water for 20 minutes, pinch salt, pinch pepper, 3 tomatoes (sliced), melted butter or margarine.

Cut off 4 thin slices from cheese. Cube the remainder and melt in the top of a double boiler. Gradually add the milk, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon until the sauce is smooth. Pour the sauce over rice, toss lightly, and season with salt and pepper. Place layers of cheesed rice and tomatoes in a casserole. Arrange the 4 slices of cheese on the rice. Brush 4 slices of tomato with melted butter or margarine, and place one tomato slice on each cheese slice. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Sufficient for 4 persons, this simply prepared casserole is ideal for luncheon or buffet-style supper parties.

36 NEW

SOLVE SCHOOL

MAKE SANDWICHES QUICKER..

The Oslo Lunch is the ideal health lunch: And one of the simplest to prepare. Just pack an apple or orange, three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, and 1-oz. of Kraft Cheddar — the cheese recommended by health experts to include in every Oslo lunch. The youngsters should have a ½ pint of milk to complete this nourishing lunch.

Kraft nutrition and cookery expert.

Read what Elizabeth Cooke says on the importance of nourishing school lunches

"Lunch hour is as important for your youngsters as lessons. The reason is this: at midday, energy that's burnt up during the morning has to be replaced. Without an adequate lunch the child's concentration lapses — learning becomes harder.

"The answer to the problem is to make sandwiches more nutritious with delicious Kraft Foods.

"Kraft Foods are nourishing, appetising and blend perfectly with other foods. They make lunches more interesting.

"Make a sandwich shelf today of the famous Kraft products mentioned in our sandwich ideas.

"Then, cut out the section, refer to it tomorrow and start packing sandwiches with wonderful nourishment."

KRAFT — famous for fine foods

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Sandwiches — from the Kraft Kitchen

LUNCH PROBLEMS for a whole term!

TASTIER . . . MORE NOURISHING WITH KRAFT FOODS

Spread your sandwiches in seconds: Choose nourishing Kraft foods that s-p-r-e-a-d. Velveeta is a mild Kraft cheese food that spreads like butter — in fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Stock up, too, with the range of Kraft Cheese Spreads and Sandwich Relish . . . in handy 5-oz. re-usable glasses.

Vitality sandwich: Zesty Vegemite, the pure, concentrated yeast extract, supplies vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin, the vitamins kiddies need every day for energy and good health. Vegemite comes in 2 and 4 oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable glasses, 8-oz. and 16-oz. family-size jars. Now also available in the new "Mighty" size 2-lb. jar — bigger economy for big Vegemite users.

Here are the 36 NEW sandwich ideas from Kraft. With simple variations on these recipes, you have all the ideas you need to cut sandwiches from the first morning of the new term until break-up day.

1. Kraft Cream Cheese Spread and cooked crumbled bacon.
2. Any of the 6 different flavours of Red Feather Meat Paste and chutney.
3. Kraft Cheddar, sliced cold meat and prepared mustard.
4. Vegemite and cooked brains.
5. Bonox and sliced cold meat.
6. Kraft Old English, shredded lettuce and onion.
7. Kraft Cheddar, lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.
8. Kraft Cheddar Cheese Spread and sliced tomato.
9. Vegemite, chopped nuts and cold meat.
10. Shredded Kraft Cheddar and chopped peanuts.
11. Red Feather Braised Steak & Onions, lettuce and beetroot.
12. Kraft Velveeta, Red Feather Fish Supreme and tomato slices.
13. Kraft Cheddar with lemon butter.
14. Vegemite and chopped spring onions.
15. Kraft Coon "tasty" Cheese, baked beans and lettuce.
16. Vegemite and cooked mashed pumpkin.
17. Kraft Cheddar and sliced tomato.
18. Kraft Velveeta, chopped almonds and chopped celery.
19. Philadelphia Cream Cheese and sultanas.
20. Kraft Coon "tasty" Cheese, Vegemite and lettuce.
21. Philadelphia Cream Cheese and grated carrot.
22. Kraft Cheddar with slices of Red Feather Wham and tomato sauce.
23. Kraft Sandwich Relish Spread and sliced cooked tongue.
24. Vegemite, sliced cooked lamb's fry and grilled bacon.
25. Kraft Cheddar, Red Feather Fish Supreme and Kraft Mayonnaise.
26. Vegemite, fried egg and fried bacon.
27. Kraft Old English and ham.
28. Kraft Cheez Whiz and lettuce.
29. Kraft Cheddar and grated turnip.
30. Kraft Coon "tasty" Cheese and beetroot.
31. Sliced Red Feather Wham with chopped spring onions and lettuce.
32. Kraft Cheese & Bacon portion, with fried egg and parsley.
33. Kraft Cheddar Cheese Spread and sardines.
34. Kraft Cheddar, sliced hard-boiled egg and tomato sauce.
35. Any of the six different flavours of Red Feather Fish Paste and sliced tomato.
36. Kraft Cheddar, sliced radishes and cucumber.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Feb. 3

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in club and group activities.	★ Throw off irritability or worry over delays and inconveniences so that you will be in shape to reach agreements with partners or friends. Settle down into a groove.	★ You may be torn between family claims and other demands on your time. Most of you will compromise. You can ask favors, but don't push this too far.	★ Your heart is likely to be happy. The beloved may wonder what new thrill is at the back of your manner. It will not do any harm to keep him guessing.	★ You are facing two dangers this week. Hidden resentment; distrust of those around you could spoil what should be happy occasions. A slight could be thoughtlessness.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through elders.	★ If plans misfire if routine is interrupted, or there is friction at work or at home, don't explode like an atom bomb. Keep cool, give a gentle answer.	★ Glittering new propositions are tempting, but resist all efforts to involve you in commitments which could turn your budget into a gamble with time.	★ Don't take every chance acquaintance as the beginning of a great love. A number of you may find it a serial story with more than one hero or heroine.	★ An important person may take a liking to you and invite you to help on a piece of welfare work. You gain an insight into the lives of other people.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a short expedition.	★ Grappling with problems all night won't solve any issues next day unless you face facts squarely. Don't hope to muddle through; weigh important decisions.	★ Meet criticism with hard facts. If you must, have a showdown on what you regard as impractical, whether with the children or the marriage partner. Then forget it.	★ Some of you go on an expedition and your companions on the road make the day a happy one. Your attractive escort has a future role in your life.	★ Keep both feet firmly planted on the ground should there be sudden upheavals, quick shifts in policy in connection with a group to which you belong. Take a practical view.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a little windfall.	★ Pick up the pieces, return to the pre-holiday track, lessen nervous tension, which is a spanner in the works, and revive old ambitions based on practical considerations.	★ A premature, hastily considered move could spoil the chances of an idea with real possibilities. Wait until you are fully informed and work out details.	★ Don't go in for the dramatic at the wrong moment. Try ordering your boy-friend around and he may walk rapidly right out of the picture. Don't nag.	★ Follow your own convictions. Have a blueprint on which you can chart the pattern of your social activities in the months to come. Moderation is best.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a crowd.	★ Outer popularity could supply an inner boost to your morale. Adjust money questions with associates; avoid lending or borrowing, arguments over money.	★ Take your entertaining in an easy-going way. The "pot luck" party often proves more enjoyable than the carefully planned affair. Guests like your company.	★ When it comes to making new friends you could be lucky this week because a friend wants you to make up a foursome. This begins a series of good times.	★ While co-operation is the keynote, there may be a scramble for recognition. Those who accept responsibilities must work. If you're just after the glory, drop out.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in wise planning.	★ When opportunity looms apply your personal magnetism to improving your position or chances. This is the right time to present constructive ideas, but don't harp.	★ Children may need your help with plans for the coming school year. If starting at a new school where all is strange, they may need moral support.	★ A newcomer in your working world may show interest in you. While official contacts may be brief, a first date will not be long in coming.	★ Get a little time for yourself to think your way through social problems. You will avoid acting or speaking in haste and hurting the sensitive feelings of friends.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in speculation.	★ The old routine may look dismal in the early morning hours, but there are going to be some fat plums to compensate. A pleasant invitation should not be refused.	★ Keep your mind clear to make the most of present resources. You want to do your best for your loved ones, but sudden-decision reversals can be unsettling.	★ Perhaps your family and friends wonder why you fell in love with him, but you do have many points of similarity. Intuition is a sure guide to true love.	★ Trust yourself to make good. Although you may strike snags you can surmount any obstacle in your plans. Don't allow organisation to bog you all down.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on your doorstep.	★ Do not resent minor changes which, although unwelcome now, may be essential to the building up of an all-over plan. You will benefit in the long run.	★ Rely on your own efforts, do not count on promises. Accept the limitations of your present set-up, but leave yourself a margin for personal ambitions, hopes, wishes.	★ If he has hurt your pride it may be hard to forgive. You are specially sensitive to carelessness or neglect. Remember there are plenty of fish in the sea.	★ You may sigh with relief at one chapter completed, but what's next will keep you busy. You may be obliged to say "no" to several wild-cat schemes.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a conversation.	★ A lucky break could come out of a reshuffle; don't be surprised if you are asked to do some extra work, minus pay. It won't last and you will gain goodwill.	★ An optimistic note is sounded; there is likely to be more variety, more coming and going on the domestic scene. Funds should be available for some pet projects.	★ Don't be an earbasher or the poor fellow will take to his heels. Give him a chance to contribute towards the conversation along the lines of his own interests.	★ Give all the rein you wish to social urges, but in the main follow the crowd rather than stick out for novel ideas which may not pan out in the long run.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck on a busy corner.	★ Just because prospects look good you need not go on a spending spree. Friends may urge you to live beyond your means. Savings could come in handy.	★ Whatever pursestrings you hold, you'll keep watch over them with greater care. New economies, out of which some of you make a game, could produce remarkable results.	★ If now you choose ambition rather than love you may be wise. You need to finish your education or progress in your occupation before thinking of going steady.	★ Know who your friends are. You may now turn a former enemy into a friend and discover that your combined forces are unbeatable, going on to new triumphs.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a magnetic personality.	★ If you don't like your job, but are tied to it, learn to like it. A creative side is in all work if you can find it. A wrong attitude could be harmful.	★ In a burst of energy you complete a couple of long-standing jobs awaiting your attention. You revolutionise one or two corners and leave the family stunned.	★ Love may come to your heart slowly. One morning you find you are living your romance. Or it may come suddenly as the result of a slight incident.	★ Creative planning is mentally stimulating, good for your ego, and fine for social prestige. You take on the problems of others and find answers for most of them.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a box or cupboard.	★ Stick to those scheduled tasks and work according to plan. Steadiness will produce results that advance personal or career prestige. Modest progress is best.	★ Staying home can become pure joy if members of the household are back at work or the children back at school. You may develop a new ambition.	★ When the horizon is empty of beaux there are novels to read, pictures to see, which can give you ideals to live up to. Don't worry. Real love is waiting.	★ If you have worked out a progressive programme don't be discouraged by others. It may be an uphill climb, but that's the only way to get to the top.

'Vaseline' WONDER-FOAM—the shampoo especially made for the girl who shampoos every week—*(or more often.)*

Margo McKendry

—charming Australian mannequin, parades in crowded showrooms—where dust can soon dull hair. Like busy girls everywhere she shampoos at least once a week. That's why Margo chooses gentle 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam — keeps hair shining soft and easy to manage—no matter how often she uses it.

One of Margo's beauty secrets is ballet exercises. Here she practises on a quiet Sydney beach before her weekend dip.

Cleanses softly, gently, safely — cannot dry your hair like harsh shampoos

Here's why you can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam as often as you like— 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather — a pure, **soapless** foam. Tiny bubbles free the oils of your scalp of dirt and dandruff but **never** wash natural oils away. So don't take risks with strong shampoos or soaps that leave dulling film and take too much oil out of your hair. You can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam time and time again — a vital point to remember when choosing your shampoo. So enjoy the gentle luxury of 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam and give your hair glorious sheen, a fresh feeling and new **softness.**

Trade Mark
'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo

Available at all chemists and stores. Bubble 1/3, Small 3/9, Large 5/6, Family Economy 8/6.

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WHAT WILL I WEAR?

Here are some basic rules for special occasions, with a few hints on party manners for good measure

The answer's here and overleaf.

by BETTY KEEP

AT DINNER

IF it is just "come to dinner," a day dress is right; and if it is a mixed party, look pretty rather than dramatic. You can't go wrong with blue, because to men it means "pretty." Keep the exotic for a girls' party. They are more likely to be impressed.

A young hostess for an informal dinner could wear house pyjamas, which are right in fashion, way back from the '20's. The 1958 vintage come in brocade, with oriental chic.

Ideal when you're not sure how "dressed up" the evening will be is the dress at right.

It has everything—pretty color and material, and the new casual look.

When the dinner is formal, and the hostess says "black tie," wear a short evening dress. The older woman often prefers a floor-length dinner-dress, in which she will be correctly dressed.

If you wear gloves, leave them with your coat. Don't smoke during dinner unless there are ashtrays on the table, and then ask the hostess' permission first.

Do try not to smudge lipstick on your table napkin. It is quite possible your hostess does her own laundry and won't appreciate the smudges.

Remember, a woman should not fuss with her clothes in public. And the woman, not the man, suggests leaving.

This year's fashion is having a field day with the "chemise," and one in a rich material is an excellent and easily made dinner-dress. But the boys are still lukewarm about outfits that don't follow a woman's natural curves. If you want to please them, don't make a sack too sacky.

THE FORMAL DANCE

AN evening dress, and nothing else, is right. The dress can be long or short, wide-skirted or slinky. You may wear a tiara, but you probably won't. The traditional long white kid gloves (seen for some years in the ballroom) are giving way to pale skin gloves, and gloves in fabric to match the dress.

Autumn fashions show some really dreamy evening shoes; shoes with pointed toes and exotic trims, rhinestones on the heels, embroidery on the toes. For the young, high heels and whirling skirts are a man's favorite look on a dance floor.

Warning: The look of the '20's is creeping up—the all-over-fringed dress to below knee-length and the beaded sheath. Second warning: Men don't like too tight, too low, too clinging dresses—anyway, not when they are worn by their girls.

Depend on good fabric, good line, and a becoming color to create your effect. Go easy on costume jewellery; if you don't, see that it is well chosen. Look wind-swept and sporty in a sail-boat, but not in the ballroom. Go in for the "tousled" look only if your hairdresser is an artist. Don't be talked into a color that isn't becoming just because it's in fashion.

Carry an evening bag and leave your wrap in the dressing-room. It is difficult to be charming to an escort while coping with a stole or wrap. Wear your gloves to the ballroom. The formality of the occasion decides at what stage to take them off.

Only at a dance may you wear gloves while smoking or drinking, but remove the hand

section, and tuck it into your wrist. It's safe to keep them on, anyway, during the first dance.

Don't ask your escort to carry make-up or any other feminine equipment.

The short-skirted ballgown is an incoming fashion, but remember that a big dance is a woman's chance to go all out and wear the traditional floor-length gown—and men like them.

Autumn color note: Watch for a deep glowing red (above), our choice for a formal ball gown, chalk-white, cafe-au-lait, apricot, and every shade of blue.

CRUISE FASHIONS

DURING the day, bank on simple casuals being correct for the deck. The younger group will be right in a playsuit with a matching skirt (wear the latter at meals), a skirt and separate top, or a sun-dress and jacket. Shorts or slacks—according to age and figure—are highly acceptable for deck games. The adult woman will wear a cotton dress or sun-dress and jacket, or skirt and blouse.

Some women when holidaying in a ship delight in wearing their oldest and tattiest clothes. I am against this school of fashion. Certainly, one of the charms of a cruise is that, fashionably speaking, you can let your hair down; but sagging slacks and well-aged sneakers can be a depressing sight. This group should compromise with a few spick-and-span shirts.

Most ships have a swimming-pool, so take swimming equipment, and a wrap or shirt or other cover-up to wear going to and from your cabin and the pool.

Shoes with soft soles are essential for deck-walking and deck games. Add dancing sandals for evening, and walking shoes for shore visiting in port.

Pack a sweater-cardigan or light wool jacket, because breezes off the ocean can be quite cool. Our choice (right) is in white wool; its long, lean lines are right in fashion—and in New York city it would be labelled (after "My Fair Lady") a "Henry Higgins" jacket.

You will change for dinner, and pretty short-skirted silks and cottons come out in the evening. If you own an evening dress, take it along for any gala occasion (such as the captain's dinner). On most cruises a costume dinner is customary, but it is

more fun to cater for the occasion as it arises.

For shore visiting avoid anything too extreme in cut or too bare. Since you don't know the community, it's wisest to assume it is conservative. A practical classic such as a coat-dress or shirt-frock would be perfect. Don't wear white shoes ashore, as they get dirty in minutes; but you will feel your best-dressed self if you wear or carry fresh white cotton gloves.

WEDDING GUEST

TO a formal evening wedding women guests wear a long or short-skirted dinner-dress, gloves, and a head-covering in the church. At the reception it is permissible to remove the head-covering, and quite often it is only a wisp of tulle or veiling worn for religious observance.

For a formal afternoon wedding, the correct fashion is a dress (right), dressy suit, dress and jacket, or dress and coat ensemble—and always a hat and gloves. Arrive at the church wearing gloves, and leave them on till you have been received by the bridal party at the reception. Take them off to eat and drink. Don't carry on a conversation in the church—it's bad taste; but just smile or nod to friends.

Men guests take their cue from the male members of the bridal party, and follow the groom in the matter of dress.

The bride's father is considered a member of the bridal party.

At a formal daytime wedding the following is correct: Black worsted cutaway coat, grey striped trousers, grey wool double-breasted waistcoat, white shirt and wing collar, grey silk tie, black socks, black calf shoes, and grey suede gloves.

Formal evening wedding: Black tailcoat with trousers to match, stiff white bosom

shirt with wing collar, white pique bow tie, black socks, black shoes, white gloves.

Informal (day or evening): Dark single or double breasted lounge suit, solid or small-patterned tie, white shirt with turned-down collar, plain dark socks, black shoes. Gloves are not correct with a lounge suit. A dark red carnation will add a gala note.

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He's looking at you. . .are you looking your best?

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR AUDIENCE TO WEAR

KAYSER 3D's

Girls! Let's face it — you expect as much glamour help from your nylons as you do from your own cosmetics. And with Kayser 3D's you get it! These exciting 15 denier sheers are so glamorous that they make so-so legs look oh-so . . . shapely legs even more so! And another nice thing about Kayser 3D's is they're available in 3 proportioned lengths for perfect fit and **that** means longer wear, greater comfort!

12'11

Price varies in some States

Fashion toned to harmonise with your natural skin colouring

KAYSER NYLONS

Continuing: # WHAT WILL I WEAR?

● ***Nine times out of ten everyone's fashion problem is the correct dress for some special occasion, and the question involves convention. The queries below are not specific questions, but have been chosen from a cross-section of recurring problems in my fashion mail.*** **— Betty Keep.**

Q. I have been invited to a 5-o'clock reception in a public place, and later my escort has invited me to dine in a restaurant. Would it be correct to go home and change, or go in the dress I wear to the reception? I am wearing a black dress with a lame jacket and a veil hat; my escort will be in a dark grey lounge suit.

A. Dining in a restaurant when your escort wears a lounge suit, you would be correctly dressed in the costume you have chosen for the reception. If your escort chose to wear a dinner-jacket, you would wear a short evening dress and carry an evening bag. Gloves would be optional.

Q. What is correct to wear to a 5-o'clock movie, then on to dinner? I am going with a woman friend.

A. Whether your escort is male or female, you will be correctly dressed in the following: Silk dress, or dress and jacket, or dress and coat, plus a small hat and gloves.

Q. What shall I wear to a lunchtime barbecue party?

A. Cotton. It can be a one-piece dress, skirt and separate blouse, playsuit and matching skirt, or slacks and shirt, depending on the formality of the party. As a guide, ask the hostess what she intends to wear.

Q. I have been asked out sailing, and, as I have not been before, I have no idea what I should wear.

A. Wear long pants or shorts, plus a T-shirt or blouse. Carry a sweater or jacket; and sneakers for certain—they're a must for sailing.

Q. Should I take jodhpurs to the country?

A. Yes, if you can ride a horse. Wear them with a neat tailored shirt, preferably long-sleeved. Australian country folk do not favor American dude-ranch dressing.

Q. I am asked to an informal dance. Will I wear an evening dress?

A. If evening dress is being worn, it is usually indicated. To an informal party you can nearly always wear a low-cut cocktail dress.

Q. I have been asked out dancing with a man friend, and wondered if it would be correct to wear black.

A. Perfectly correct. You can't go wrong with black; it's high fashion for autumn, and to men "black" means "smart."

Q. Is Melbourne cold enough for wool in March?

A. The climate in Melbourne is apt to be changeable, and there can be quite cold days in March. I advise a wool suit or wool coat.

Q. What should I take to a swimming-pool party?

A. Your bathing-suit and bathing-cap, beach shirt or wrap, and sandals. Carry a beach-bag to hold your sun oil, make-up, etc.

Q. What should I wear to a first-night performance at a theatre? The man who is escorting me is wearing a dinner-jacket.

A. A short-skirted evening dress, or, to be well ahead of fashion, a theatre-suit in brocade a la Chanel.

Q. Next season I am making my debut. Will I need an evening wrap, and should I wear gloves?

A. You will wear gloves; long or short according to taste. An evening wrap is optional; you could get by with a stole or fur. If you do choose to wear a coat, one in plum-red velvet with a shawl collar and cuffs in dark fur would be a superb evening wrap for everything. N.B.: Fake fur now looks very real.

● *BLACK DRESS and lame jacket for restaurant dining.*

Q. Will I need a formal afternoon dress at a seaside resort?

A. At most vacation spots there is dancing in the evening, usually of an informal nature. If the afternoon dress is suitable for such an occasion, take it along, with a pair of dancing slippers. If not, leave it at home.

Q. I am going for an all-day launch picnic on Sydney Harbor. What should I wear?

A. Take your choice from the following: A playsuit with a separate skirt, a simple cotton dress, skirt and separate blouse, or slacks and shirt. Take something to keep your hair tidy, and the sun out of your eyes, or a soft hat if you are sun-shy. Be sure to wear comfortable shoes or sandals, dark glasses, and carry a cardigan or jacket.

Q. What type of clothes are correct to take ski-ing?

A. For serious skiers, classic ski pants and a jacket in water-repellent materials are correct; gloves, of course, also water repellent. For after-ski wear, skirt and shirt, slacks and shirt, or a comfortable one-piece dress and easy shoes. Ski equipment can be hired—inquire from your local tourist bureau.

Q. Is it correct to wear black to a wedding?

A. In Europe, yes, but in Australia it is not customary.

Q. Travelling by air to England, is it necessary to take more than one day coat?

A. As you will have to travel light, one loose-fitting coat in a lightweight material (wool and mohair or orlon) will cover most daytime activities and continents.

Q. My boy-friend's parents have asked me to dinner, and as it is our first meeting I want to make an impression. What will I wear?

A. Something dark and simple, and go easy on make-up. No one frowns on lipstick and face powder, but some older people do not like eye-shadow—particularly if it is not used with discrimination.

Q. Are shorts suitable to take on a country holiday?

A. No; highly acceptable for the beach, but not for the country.

Q. Is a bare-shouldered dress correct for streetwear in the city?

A. Strictly speaking, no. Bare shoulders are only for dancing, semi-formal dinners and cocktails. However, in hot weather, Australian cities have a resort-like atmosphere, especially in the north, and sun-frocks with bare shoulders have become an accepted fashion.

Q. I am going to a 5-o'clock wedding, and as I am expecting a baby I don't know what to wear.

A. Wear a two-piece (in a pretty material) consisting of a straight skirt with cut-out front and top. Have the latter unbelted, finished with a becoming neckline.

Q. How many bathing-suits do I need for 10 days at the beach?

A. Two; you will probably live on the beach, and swim at least twice a day. It is nice to have a dry suit for the afternoon swim.

Q. I am going to the country for a holiday. The country I am visiting has a very hot climate. What style of dressing will be correct?

A. Dress in cotton made in the simplest way possible — sun-backed dresses for the house, and simple one-piece dresses for "going out." Forget the glitter at night. A fresh-looking pretty cotton will be perfect — one or two, depending on the length of your stay. If there is any occasion when formal dressing is necessary, your hostess will tell you beforehand.

Q. Is it correct to lunch in a smart restaurant and not wear a hat?

A. Yes, if you are elegant and have the art of going bare-headed without being self-conscious.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The beltless one-piece with a modified sack silhouette (illustrated at right) answers a reader's problem.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I like new styles, but as I am rather short I feel doubtful if I could wear a sack dress. Would you suggest some other smart new design. The frock is to see out the summer and I would also like a suggestion for the material. I take a 34in. bust fitting, and wondered if a pattern could be made available for the style."

A dark, small-patterned print in silk or cotton would be an excellent material choice for an end-of-summer dress. For the design I suggest a modified version of the sack silhouette, not too tight and not too loose, chic without being exaggerated, and perfect for a petite figure.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WANT something really nice and smart to finish off the summer. My material is a spotted cotton."

My suggestion is an overblouse dress consisting of a straight slim-to-the-hipline top and slender skirt. Have the top finished with a high, oval neckline and short sleeves; as a trim have a neat self-material bow placed low at each side-seam.

"WOULD white linen be suitable for a sun-suit? If so, please suggest a design."

It would indeed; white in the sun is always a dazzling fashion. For the design I suggest a sleeveless double-breasted overblouse, bloused lightly with a drawstring, worn with short shorts. The pair would be excellent also on the tennis court.

"MY problem is an autumn suit for country wear. I want something really nice, and wondered if a tweed would be suitable?"

A suit made in rough tweed (tweeds are again coming into fashion) would be perfect for the country. Choose a dark brown tweed with a colored fleck. Have it made with a straight skirt finished with a kick pleat at centre-back, for easy walking. Have the jacket classic in design, with the waistline easy. Under the jacket wear a waistcoat-blouse or a long-sleeved shirt—when the weather is cooler a sweater.

DS283.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

The sun and your hair-do

By CAROLYN EARLE

● In theory, everyone should know how to shampoo, set, and manage her hair in order to keep it in tip-top condition all the time.

ACTUALLY there are thousands of women who don't know enough about hair care to come in out of the sun in time to save their locks from drying-out, and perhaps bleaching in an unattractive way.

At this time of the year it is wise to protect your hair a little more than usual from an overdose of sun.

If your hair happens to dry out, the best basic treatment is a session of suitable shampoos, plus brushing to stimulate every bit of natural oil.

Make the brushing really brisk, brushing out from the crown all around and up from the hairline. Work down from the crown to smooth the hair, and leave the scalp tingling.

While on the subject of hair, do spare a passing thought for those overworked accessories—combs and hairbrushes.

Warm soapsuds usually will clean these satisfactorily, but if sterner measures are needed to clean a grimy brush add a teaspoon or two of ammonia to the suds.

Swish the bristles around in this, rinse in cool water, shake out the excess, and stand the brush in a glass with the bristles facing outwards to avoid damaging them.

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Continuing . . . .

That Night On The Island

from page 29

her slowly, from her bare, restless toes to her black, windtossed hair. He began to smile, and she noticed that unlike most people he did not smile all at once.

His eyes smiled first, then the rest of his face took the cue, as if smiling were a rare and strange experience. But when he finally achieved it, the smile was warm and contagious, and she smiled, too.

"Thanks for the warning, pal," he said. "I was just getting ready to blister the paint off this old tub."

She was shocked. Not about the swearing—she knew a thing or two about swearing herself. She had picked up plenty of it from Cap Henry and from her taxi-driver friends at the hack stand near their apartment in town. She was shocked by what he had called his boat. Most people she knew were prouder of their boats than—than of their own children, mostly.

"She's not a tub," she said defensively, as if the boat were hers instead of his. "She has nice lines."

He lifted an eyebrow and grinned down at her, and she noticed that his eyes were very blue, like Cap Henry's, only young blue instead of old faded blue.

"So? Listen, my little sand flea, this thing is a tub. She has no lines. I'm not even sure she'll float. You know boats?"

"Some," she admitted. "All my life, I guess."

"Fine, then. Suppose with all that long, long experience you look her over and tell me the truth."

She stuffed her bathing-suit into her hip pocket, put her fists on her hips, and walked around the boat slowly, frowning and whistling to herself like a real expert.

She stood back and half-shut her eyes, and rocked back and forth on her heels. Then she took out her jackknife and poked it in several places in the hull. She snapped the knife shut and put it back in her pocket.

"She's a tub," she said.

He held out his hand and they shook solemnly. She felt the blisters hot and swollen against her palm, and she was no longer angry with him.

"Why did you ever buy her?" she asked.

"It's a long story," he said, and his voice trailed off, the way men's voices trail off, she had noticed, when they were willing to tell the story.

"I bought her to give her a name," he said. He sat down in the sand and lit his pipe and squinted at the boat through the clouds of smoke. She sat down beside him, wanting to hear the rest. That was the silliest reason she had ever heard for buying a boat.

"That's really the whole long story," he said. "I saw her and she didn't have a name, so I bought her."

The sun was getting warmer, but Cynthia had forgotten about her swim. She curled her arms around her knees and squinted up at the boat. Then she turned her head a little and peeked at him.

There was something about the line of his jaw, or perhaps the curve of his forehead — something familiar, as if she had known him before. She thought for a moment that he looked like her father or Cap Henry. But the illusion disappeared, because her father was old and Cap Henry was old, and this man was young — twenty-five or twenty-six at the most.

"Is it to keep the hat down or the chin up?"

Her father and Cap Henry had grey hair and this man was blond—not the pale blond that gets sunburned and peels all summer but the kind of blond that turns golden brown under the sun, making blue eyes look bluer and deeper.

She liked him. Right from the first she liked him.

"'Vagabondage' . . ." She tilted her head to read the nameplate. "Did you buy this tub just to name her 'Vagabondage'?"

He nodded. "I've always wanted to own a boat that I could call 'Vagabondage.'"

"Why?" she insisted.

"Well . . ." he said around the stem of his pipe, "boats are earthbound things. Look at those two sailing out there. They have wings, but they can't fly. They can't get off the water. Did you ever watch them when the wind calls to them, and their wings curve and strain as if they were no longer water creatures but creatures belonging to the sky? They try to fly, but the sea holds them back. No matter how hard they struggle, she always holds them back. They have the hearts of vagabonds, but the sea is their bondage. So—'Vagabondage.'"

"It's sad," she said. She felt warm inside, the way the fairy-tales used to make her feel, the way some of Cap Henry's stories used to make her feel. "Won't they ever escape the sea?"

"Escape?" he asked slowly, seriously, thinking it over carefully as if they were talking of real people instead of boats. "Yes, if their hearts and souls are strong enough, they will. They do escape, sometimes, in the fog. Then there's no water and no sky and they float between the two."

"Oh, I've seen them!" she cried eagerly. "I've seen boats in the fog that seemed to be way up in the air, floating above water!"

"Seemed?" He raised a reproving eyebrow at her. "They were!"

They both laughed; he got up and knocked his pipe against the heel of his boot. She got up, too, and held the nameplate in line for him while he drove the long brass screws into the rotting wood. Then they stood back and surveyed their work.

"I really think she's beautiful," she said.

"She's part yours now," he said. "You helped name her."

"Oh, no!" she protested. "Boats are like puppies. They can belong to only one person. But thanks just the same," she said quickly. "I do think she's beautiful—and if we just sand her down a bit and give her a couple of coats of paint and varnish her mast and polish up some of those cleats—"

She caught him looking at her quizzically, and she felt the color flooding into her face and turned away.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I talk too much."

"No," he said. "Just tell me one thing. Are you a boat woman?"

"Golly, I—I don't think so."

"That's all I want to know. If I'm to be the skipper—

To page 51

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

● Seven playful kittens in red and blue are the motifs featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 200D. They are ideal for use on either children's and babies' clothing or on nursery furnishings.

THE transfers can be simply applied to a suitable material with a warm iron. Price 2/6.

Illustrated at left is a simple but dainty frock for a small girl. The plain bodice and gathered skirt are set off by a big sash at the waist. The pattern is available in sizes to fit 4, 6, 8, and 10-year-olds. Price 2/-.

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Continuing . . . .

That Night On The Island

from page 50

can't have a bossy first mate. Well, what are we waiting for? Let's get to work. I'm Ted."

"I'm Cynthia," she said, and they shook hands solemnly again.

It was fun working beside him. Even though the boat could never really belong to anyone but him, it was fun. She wasn't exactly a tub, either. Not after you worked on her for a bit, and felt your fingers hot and raw from rubbing down her old sides. Not when she had a beautiful name like "Vagabondage."

They didn't talk much. Ted hummed a bit under his breath, and once, while working her sandpaper carefully around the nameplate, Cynthia started to whistle, unaware of it in her frowning concentration. She realised that Ted had stopped working and looked up, and he was smiling.

"You sound like a little marsh bird," he said. "That was pretty."

"Shucks!" She blushed. "I'm just an old mud hen! You should hear me sing. I sound like a seagull with a tummy-ache."

She was glad he didn't ask her to whistle again. Her father and Helen tried to coax her to whistle for their company sometimes. As if a person could whistle to order! It was different with singing or reciting or dancing, things like that. But with whistling you either felt like it or you didn't. Now

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

she felt like it, but she was too embarrassed after the remark Ted had made.

The air was soft and golden, and the sound of the distant waves floated through it like reflections of bright light. Far away, the riptide hissed through the inlet and small waves rolled and splashed on the cove shore. The sound of the cattails was like sandpaper rubbing back and forth over soft wood.

In the distance a bell buoy was ringing solemnly, rocking in the swells like an old man nodding in his chair. Down the beach somewhere some kids were yelling. A dog was barking. She worked steadily, feeling rather than hearing the drowsy undertone of sea sounds, and when a siren wailed across the bay she looked up, startled. It was noon. She had never known a morning pass so quickly.

Ted tossed the sandpaper into the boat and wiped his hands along his thighs.

"Come on, Ha'penny. It's half-past quitting time. Tomorrow is another day. Old 'Vagabondage' will get false feelings of importance and start putting on airs."

"She wouldn't," Cynthia defended her. "She's kind of sweet, in a repulsive sort of way."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"That's it! 'Repulsive' — that's what I should have named her! Out of the mouths of babes—" He stopped and glanced down at her. "How old are you, anyway, Quarter-Pint?"

She stood up very straight and defiant.

"I'm sixteen — almost," she said. He wouldn't think she was such a quarter-pint if she were wearing a dress and heels. She was five feet one—in high heels — and she weighed eight stone—after lunch.

"Really?" he said. "I thought you were much older than that."

He's lying in his teeth, she thought. But it's such a beautiful lie. She didn't feel defiant any longer.

"Where are you staying?" she asked him.

"The MacIntosh Cottage. I have it for the summer."

"Oh, that's just up the street from our place. Ours is the whitewashed brick with the blue shutters and the hedge around it."

They started walking down the road, and she told him about the cottage and the summers she had spent there, and about the people who had had the MacIntosh Cottage last year and how they sat in the house all day with the venetian blinds closed against the sun.

They came to Pirates' Cove and she stopped and dug through her pockets, but there was nothing in them except her jackknife and a broken piece of comb and a tissue and a used piece of sandpaper.

"Ants?" Ted asked.

"No, pennies. I haven't any. Lend me one, will you? I'll pay you back tomorrow."

He glanced at her and shrugged, then took out a handful of screws and lock washers and nails and change. He held it out to her and she picked out a penny.

"Honest, this isn't a hold-up," she said earnestly. "I'll pay you back. It's—well, it's for the pirates."

"Of course—for the pirates! How stupid of me. Now I understand perfectly."

"No, you don't." She laughed. "Look, see that dark cove over there with the willows around it? Well, that's Pirates' Cove, and there are hundreds and hundreds of pirates buried in it. They are very greedy, and if you toss them a penny they make your wish come true."

She shut her eyes very tight and held the penny to her lips and whispered her wish. Then she opened her eyes, swung her left leg for balance, and threw the penny with all her might. The penny shone like gold in the sunlight, and when it hit the water it skipped once. Like a little flying fish, she thought happily.

"A penny for your wish," he said.

"Oh, no! I can't tell you. My wish won't come true if I tell you." She wondered if he suspected. She had wished that he would let her sail "Vagabondage" some day. It would be such fun.

"Did anybody ever wish that they would find the pirates' treasure? There is pirate treasure, isn't there?"

"Of course," she said seriously. "What good is a Pirates' Cove without a treasure? But a wish like that wouldn't work. It's like being granted one wish and wishing that all your other wishes come true. It would be too easy. It wouldn't be any fun then."

"You're a little marsh bird, and a pixie, and now you turn out to be a philosopher, too." He laughed. "Tell me, doesn't anyone ever dive in the cove and pick up all the pennies people toss in?"

"Oh, no! Nobody knows that there are pennies there. Well, you see . . ." She looked up hesitantly. "Well, nobody but me and Cap Henry knows that it's a pirates' cove. And Cap Henry's dead now."

"And you let me in on your secret? I'm flattered, but why did you tell me?"

"Well, I guess it's because you're nice—giving poor old

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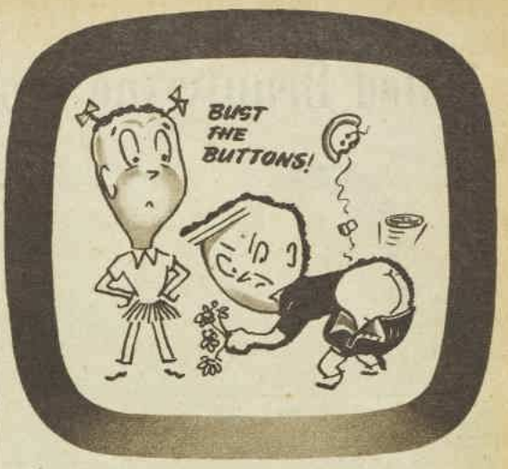

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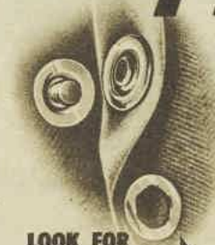

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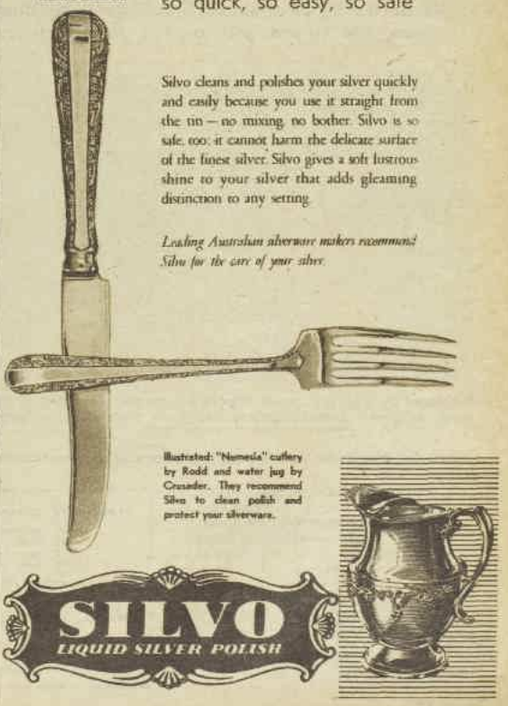

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DAFFODILS . . .

SPRING bulbs are popular because they produce flowers early in the season and because they are so dependable, their colors brilliant, and the blooms of such lasting quality.

Daffodils and their close cousins, the polyanthus narcissi or jonquils, are usually planted from February onwards to early May in Australia, and if the season is at all favorable they bloom from June onwards, according to sowing time.

The best in the jonquil section are Double Roman (white with orange nectary), Grand Monarque (white petals, yellow cup), and Soleil d'Or (deep, rich yellow with orange cup).

Probably the most popular of all daffodils are the yellow trumpets, which have deep yellow, orange, or primrose perianths (so-called petals), and trumpets of various lengths and diameters.

The best of the trumpet daffodils are Apotheose (a flower of great size—all gold); Beersheba (the best white trumpet ever introduced); Bonython (white perianths and clear yellow trumpet); Covent Garden (all clear yellow); Dawson City (ideal type for standing up to all weathers); Golden City (uniform rich golden yellow, broad, over-lapping perianth); King Alfred and Emperor (two well-known old varieties of excellent color and shape); and Lord Wellington (a wonderful daffodil, of great size and almost perfect symmetry—pure gold).

The comparatively new pink daffodils are worth including in any collection. There are about a dozen of them.

A new class of daffodil, known as "weatherproof incomparabilis," has appeared in the past year or two.

These flowers are extremely vigorous, stand up to adverse weather conditions well, and are not harmed by burning sunshine.

The chalice-cupped daffodils have short trumpets, but there are many very fine varieties.

About 40 or more chalice-cupped varieties are available here. Some good varieties are Marian Cran (golden perianth with orange-scarlet cup); Rodomont (clear yellow with deep orange-edged cup); and Scarlet Elegance (fine substance, golden-yellow perianth and a long cup of deep red color which is not seen in any other variety).

Daffodils do best in medium loam. They will grow most satisfactorily in sand, however, provided it is well bolstered up with old, well-rotted manure and some compost.

They do best when grown in a sunny spot that receives light shade during the spring afternoons.

... and ANEMONES

ST. BRIGID anemones provide an endless variety of shades, and few bulbous or cormous plants can compare with them for brilliance, continuity of flowers, and lasting qualities after cutting.

Culture consists of using any well-drained, good garden soil. Prepare for planting now by deep digging and incorporation of well-rotted cow manure. Plant from about late February to May.

Soil should be moist when planted, and corms should be planted at a depth of 1in. to 1½in., with the point down and the flat side of the bulb upper most. Do not water until the foliage appears.

Should plants lack vigor, a light application of sulphate of ammonia (2oz. to 1 gallon of water) will be found helpful. Once the leaves appear also the soil, water regularly. Set corms out 6in. to 9in. apart.

ANEMONES are bright, beautiful, and useful for interior decorations. They last well after cutting. They are easy to grow. Sow from either seed or corms.

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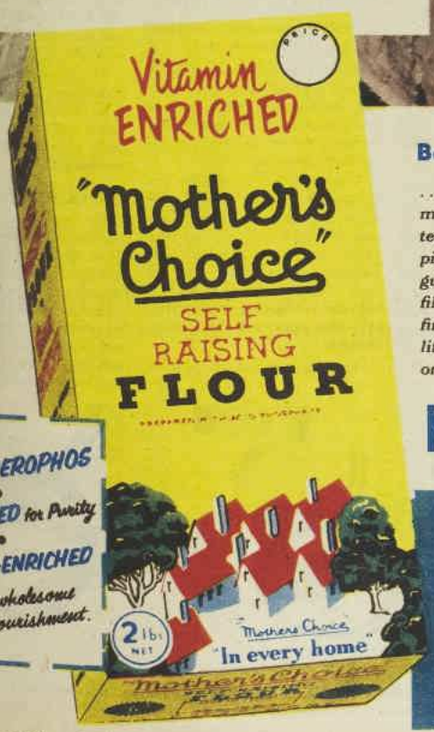
For Outdoor (or indoor) Entertaining

TRY THIS

Mother's Choice "Cheddarnut Loaf"

...with the baked-on cheese and mustard topping!

Here's a wonderful tangy, barbecue loaf to win compliments next time you entertain outdoor-style or go picnicking. It goes just as well with tasty indoor suppers, too, or as a family treat for Sunday nights. It's "MOTHER'S CHOICE" Cheddarnut Loaf with a baked-on cheese and mustard topping –just the thing to go with sizzling hamburgers, barbecue steak, chops, sausages, cold meats or salad! Baked with superfine, harvest-fresh "MOTHER'S CHOICE" Flour, it will rise light and high . . . with the addition of chopped walnuts giving it extra texture surprise . . .



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"Mother's Choice" Cheddarnut Loaf

Rub .... 3 level dessertspoons shortening and 1½ oz. very finely chopped walnuts into 3 cups "Mother's Choice" Self-Raising Flour sifted with 1 level teaspoon salt.

Mix .... to a soft dough with 1¼ cups milk.

Knead .. into a loaf shape on well-floured board, and then place in previously greased 10" x 4½" loaf pan.

Stir .... 6 ozs. grated cheese, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 level teaspoon mustard over low heat until just melted, then spread over dough.

Cook ... in hot oven 25-30 min. (test with a straw).

Serve ... sliced and buttered with cold meats, salads, pickles, etc., or with hamburgers, barbecue steak, sausages, chops, bacon . . .
Best made the day before use.

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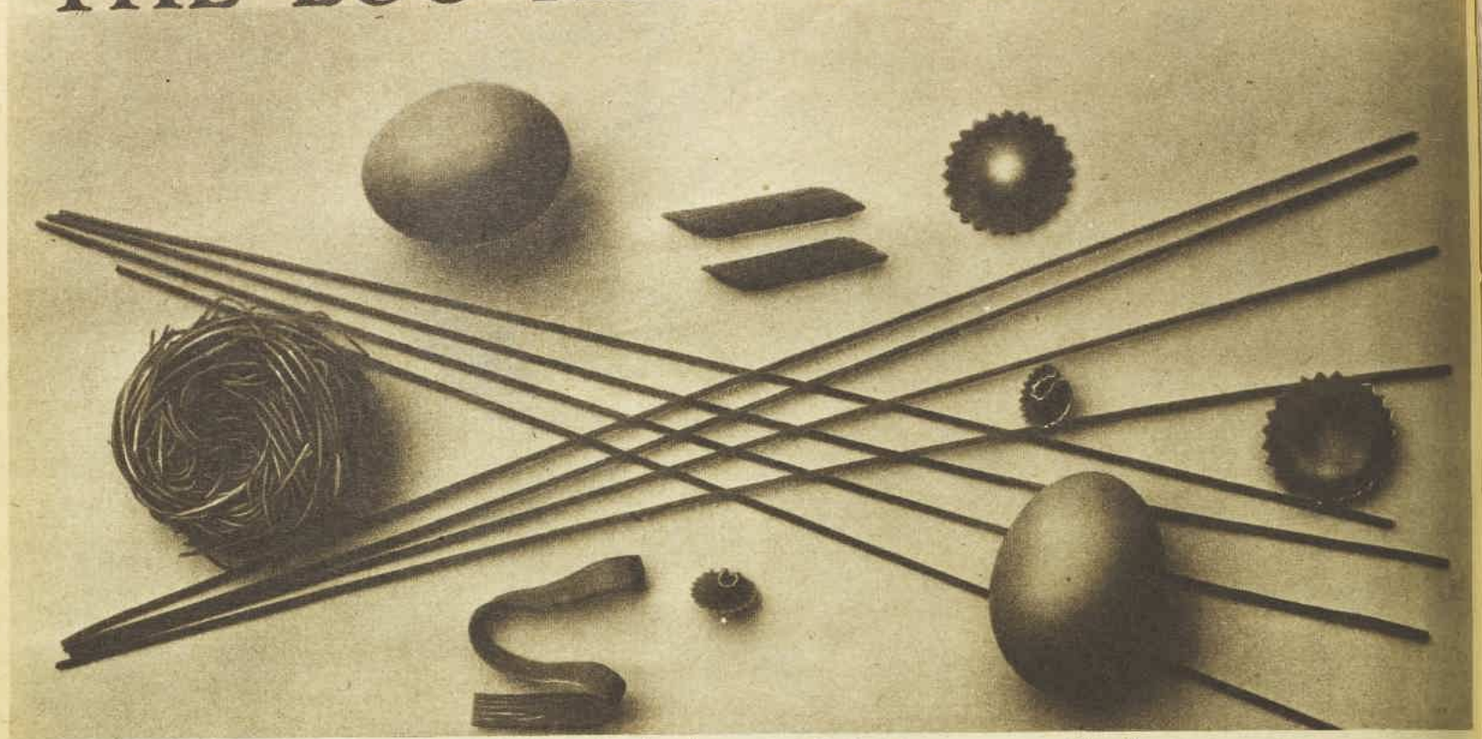
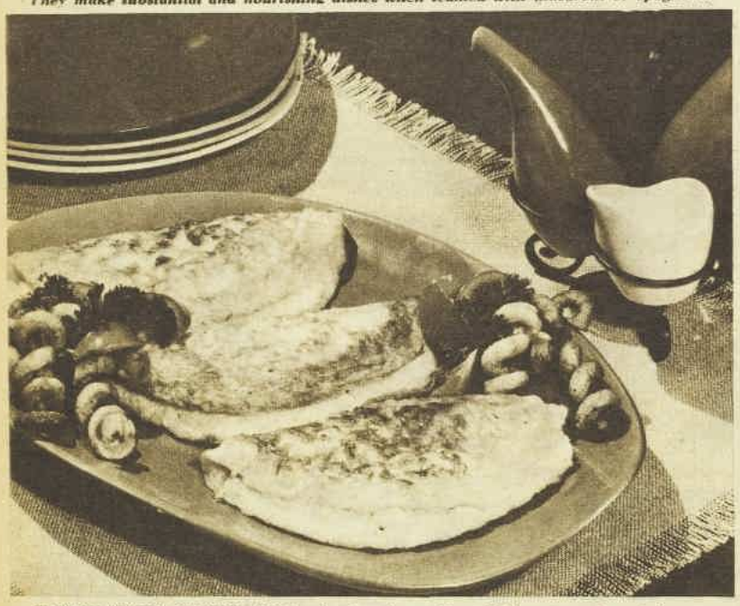
THE EGG AND YOUR MENU



VERSATILE EGGS make the housewife's job of menu-planning much easier when they're plentiful. Eggs are among the most useful foods in the regular daily meals. They make substantial and nourishing dishes when teamed with macaroni or spaghetti.



FRENCH-STYLE OMELET (pictured above) can be quickly prepared and is easy to cook. It should be firm and lightly browned on the outside. The centre is soft in texture. Follow the six steps set out below if you want to cook a fine omelet.

Plain and fancy ways with a wonder food

● Everyone knows the importance of eggs in the kitchen. They are tops for variety, and at almost every meal appear in some form or another. Whether boiled or scrambled for breakfast, made up for lunch or supper as a first course or main dish, or as ingredients in cakes and in rich sauces, they are indispensable.

EGGS, presented in their less disguised form, need care and attention in cooking, and even boiling an egg perfectly is not as easy as the critics suggest.

On these two pages are directions for cooking eggs in the simplest way, together with several recipes for more complicated dishes.

BOILING AN EGG

First, make sure that the shells are perfectly clean. If not, wash or wipe them with a damp cloth.

Always try to use an enamel pan for boiling eggs as they will blacken an aluminium one. If an aluminium pan has to be used, add a little vinegar in the water to prevent this happening. In either case the vinegar is useful if the eggs are liable to crack while boiling. This applies particularly to preserved eggs.

Never take eggs straight from a refrigerator.

Always warm them slightly before putting them into boiling water, and cover with a level teaspoon of salt. Boil steadily 3½ to 4 minutes, according to taste.

Most experts agree that the slower the white cooks the more digestible the egg. This can be done by putting the eggs into cold water and bringing them slowly to the boil. Allow a further half a minute of gentle simmering and the eggs will be lightly cooked.

Another method, known as coddling, is to put the eggs into boiling water, cover the pan, remove from the heat and leave for eight to 10 minutes. Eggs cooked this way will have a soft creamy white, and are ideal for children and invalids.

An old-fashioned dodge to make sure as egg is cooked is to lift the egg from the water and count eight. If the shell becomes dry it will be soft-boiled.

HARD-BOILED EGGS

To hard-boil eggs always put into boiling water and allow 10 to 12 minutes steady boiling. Do not leave them longer, as over-boiling discolors the yolks and toughens the whites. Plunge at once into cold water and the eggs will then be easier to peel, however fresh they are.

Six steps to a light omelet

HEAT PAN and drop in ½oz. butter. When it froths pour in eggs.

STIR SLOWLY with fork when mixture is setting for thick flakes.

FOR CHEESE OMELET, scatter cheese over surface of mixture.

FOR KIDNEY OMELET, quickly spoon over the prepared mixture.

FOLD THE OMELET, tilting pan until omelet is in one half of it.

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KITCHEN-TESTED RECIPES

SOFT-BOILED EGGS

Many dishes both hot and cold can be made from soft-boiled eggs, and for this purpose the eggs are cooked a little differently. Put them into boiling water and allow 5 minutes from the time they come to the boil.

Take out immediately and put into cold water for 7 to 8 minutes. Then peel carefully.

The eggs may be used straight away. If wanted hot, they may be put into hand-hot water for five minutes. If wanted cold, leave peeled in cold water for several hours until required.

POACHED EGGS

Eggs for poaching must be fresh, otherwise the white will detach itself from the yolk. Poach eggs in a deep frying-pan filled with boiling water, and add approximately one tablespoon of vinegar per quart of water. Do not add salt, as this tends to toughen the white.

Keep the heat low and the water gently simmering, and poach about 3½ to 4½ minutes until firm. Lift out with a slice and drain thoroughly on a cloth before serving.

The above method is often more satisfactory than using egg-poachers, as the eggs never stick.

BUTTERED OR SCRAMBLED EGGS

These should be soft, creamy, and melting, and this depends largely on the amount of butter added. Avoid too much milk, as this is inclined to give a curdled, watery effect.

To 4 eggs allow a good ounce of butter and 3 tablespoons of creamy milk. Beat eggs well with a fork, adding milk, salt, and pepper, and half the butter in small pieces. Melt remaining butter in a saucepan, pour in egg mixture and cook over moderate heat, stirring and scraping the mixture from the bottom of the pan with a metal spoon to get thick, creamy flakes.

Do not overcook, but turn on to buttered toast while still creamy.

An alternative way for those who do not like too rich a mixture is to put the butter and milk into the pan first (here a little more milk may be used), and when hot break in the eggs and allow the white to set lightly before stirring. Then stir mixture to break up the eggs and continue cooking until the scrambled eggs are thick.

THE FINAL STAGE. To turn out omelet, tilt over sharply.

EGGS WINKFIELD

Five or six hard-boiled eggs, seasoning, rounds of fresh brown bread and butter, chopped chives or parsley, watercress.

Sauce: Quarter pint mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon chopped mango or other chutney, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon butter, garlic, 1 tablespoon water or tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon apricot jam, cayenne, 2 to 3 tablespoons lightly whipped cream or evaporated milk.

Cut eggs lengthways, remove yolks, and press through a wire strainer, and season. Rinse and dry whites before arranging each one on a round of the bread and butter. Allow to set on a serving-dish, and scatter the yolks over each white. Garnish with watercress. Serve sauce separately.

Sauce: Add the chutney to the mayonnaise. Cook the curry powder and garlic in the butter, add liquid and jam. Season with cayenne. Reboil and add to the mayonnaise. Fold in the whipped cream.

EGGS A LA REINE

Three eggs, 3oz. mushrooms, 3oz. to 4oz. cooked chicken or other meat, a little Bechamel sauce, beaten egg and crumbs for coating, tomato sauce.

Hard-boil the eggs and cut in two lengthways. Wash the mushrooms in salted water and chop finely. Cook in a teaspoon of butter till soft and tender. Add the finely diced chicken or meat, a litttle thick Bechamel sauce to bind, and the pounded egg-yolks.

Reshape each egg-half into a whole with the mixture. Coat with the beaten egg and dried white crumbs. Fry in deep fat until golden-brown and serve with tomato sauce, garnish with fried parsley. Serves 4 people.

OMELETS

There are two sorts of omelets, the French or plain kind, and the fluffy or souffle.

Of great importance to both varieties is the pan, which should be of thick iron or aluminium and moderate size, 8½ to 9in. in diameter for a 4-egg omelet and 7in. for a 2 to 3 egg omelet.

If the pan is new, wash it thoroughly and then cover the bottom well with salad oil and leave it at least 12 hours. Heat pan, pour off oil, and wipe well with a dry cloth.

The pan is then ready for use. Avoid washing afterwards. Instead simply rub it well with a damp cloth dipped in salt. Treat again with oil, if mixture sticks.

STORING EGGS

HOUSEWIVES and backyard poultry-keepers should take advantage of seasonal peak periods in egg production and preserve surplus supplies.

It is essential that eggs used for preserving be absolutely fresh and without cracks or blemishes.

To preserve for short periods rub all over with special egg-preservative (obtainable at large grocery stores) or glycerine. Stand in an egg-holder, small end up.

When storing for up to 6 months, tie eggs in small quantities in a muslin bag, plunge into boiling water for 6 seconds. Remove immediately, allow to cool, and store in refrigerator.

For households with a home-freezer, eggs may be frozen whole or separated into whites and yolks. To freeze whole, break eggs and lightly mix together the number to be frozen in one container.

Seal, label, and freeze immediately. Alternatively, pour mixture into ice-cube trays, freeze, and remove "square" eggs to alkathene bags for storage. No special treatment is necessary before freezing egg-whites; just place in containers, seal, label, and freeze.

For best results and longer storage of egg-yolks, add either sugar (for sweet) or salt (for savory) to lightly beaten mixture. One tablespoon sugar or 1 teaspoon salt per cup of yolks should be sufficient. Thaw in the refrigerator or at room temperature in freezer-container in a basin of cold water before using.

PLAIN OMELET

Break 4 eggs into a basin, beat with a fork until well broken, adding salt and pepper and 1 tablespoon of water. Heat the pan well, drop in ½oz. butter, and, when frothing, pour in the eggs.

Leave until just beginning to set, then stir round slowly 3 or 4 times with a fork to form thick, creamy flakes, giving the pan an occasional shake. Leave for a few seconds, then roll and fold over the omelet on to the side of the pan, and immediately turn out on the dish. Avoid over-cooking, as the omelet should be soft and creamy.

- **For "FINES HERBES" or herb omelet, add a teaspoon chopped herbs, chives, parsley, thyme, etc., to egg mixture.**
- **For a CHEESE OMELET, sprinkle the omelet thickly with grated cheese while in the pan, before folding over.**
- **For a BACON OMELET, add diced bacon, fried till crisp, to the egg mixture. Then add freshly ground black pepper and no salt.**
- **STUFFED OMELETS are made in the same way, with the hot mixture of tomatoes, mushrooms, etc. Spread quickly on omelet before folding over. Spoon remaining mixture over omelet in dish.**

SPINACH ROULADE

Four to five tablespoons stewed spinach, 1oz. butter, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese.

Put butter in saucepan, allow it just to take color, then add spinach, and cook for several minutes on moderate heat to dry well, stirring continuously. Draw aside and beat in the yolks and cheese. Whip whites to a firm snow, and fold into the spinach. Turn on to a prepared Swiss-roll tin or paper-case, bake for 7 to 10 minutes in a moderate to hot oven. Turn out, spread quickly with mushroom filling, and roll up. Serve at once.

Mushroom Filling: Three to four ounces mushrooms, ½ to 1oz. butter, 2 teaspoons flour, ¼ to ¾ gill milk or cream, salt, pepper.

Fry mushrooms in butter, draw aside, and add flour. Add milk, boil, and season. Keep hot till wanted.

EGGS PORTUGAISE

A simple dish, it is quick and easy to make and can be prepared beforehand. Put to brown in oven 10 minutes before serving.

Four eggs, 1½oz. butter, 1 heaped tablespoon finely chopped herbs or parsley, ½lb. tomatoes, ½oz. butter or margarine, ½oz. grated cheese.

Bechamel Sauce: Half pint milk, 1 slice onion, carrot, bouquet garni, 6 peppercorns, salt, ¼oz. butter, ¾oz. flour.

Hard-boil the eggs and cut in two lengthways. Sieve the yolks and mix with the creamed butter, chopped herbs, and seasoning to taste, and refill the egg-whites with this mixture. Skin and slice the tomatoes, fry quickly in the ½oz. butter, and place at the bottom of a serving-dish.

Arrange the stuffed eggs on this dish, coat over with the Bechamel sauce, sprinkle with the cheese, and brown in a quick oven or under the grill.

Bechamel Sauce: Heat the milk with the vegetables, herbs, and peppercorns. Melt the butter, remove from the heat, and stir in the flour. Strain on the milk, return to a low heat, and stir till boiling. Season to taste and allow to cook for about 3 minutes. Serve 3 to 4 people.

SOUFFLE OMELET

For this the yolks and whites of eggs are beaten separately, and added together before turning into the pan.

Three eggs, 1 good tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, scant ½oz. butter, hot jam or fruit, icing sugar.

Separate eggs, cream yolks with sugar, add milk. Whip whites to a firm snow. Cut and fold them into mixture. Heat pan, drop in butter, pour in mixture. Stir gently and shake pan over moderate heat until beginning to set, place under griller or into a slow oven for 5 to 7 minutes. Take out, slide omelet on to hot dish, spread with jam or fruit, and fold over.

Have ready two skewers heated red-hot. Dust the omelet thickly with icing sugar and mark it lattice-wise with the skewers. Serve at once.

SPINACH ROULADE

MIX YOLKS of eggs and cheese into spinach, as shown in the picture above, and then fold in the whites as directed in recipe given at left.

ABOVE: Pour mixture on to a prepared Swiss-roll tin or paper-case. Bake for 7 to 10 minutes in moderate to hot oven.

RIGHT: Spread quickly and evenly with the delicious mushroom filling, and then roll up. This dish should be served at once.

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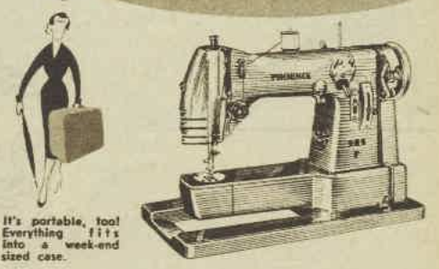

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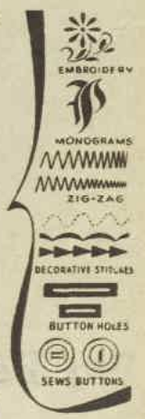

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Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

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● *Showgirl Kim Novak, newcomer to the tough nightclub world, who gives Joey the only loyalty he has ever known.*

● *Wealthy, former strip-tease queen Rita Hayworth (above), who lets herself fall for Joey's smooth line of talk.*

● *Hardbitten veteran showgirl of the nightclub circuit Barbara Nichols (right) tries to save Kim from being hurt.*

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NEW ITALIAN DRAMA

1 SOLD by her mother to wandering strongman Zampano, who needs her for his act, country girl Gelsomina watches his feats of strength with wonder as he performs for a roadside group.

2 TEACHING Gelsomina with the cruelty and patience of an animal-trainer, Zampano, interested enough in other women, ignores her apart from her usefulness to him in his work.

★ **Regarded abroad as one of the great Italian films, "La Strada" (The Road) has been named best picture of the year at the Venice, Cannes, and Berlin film festivals, with acting honors heaped on its feminine star, Giulietta Masina.**

Giulietta plays the pathetic waif Gelsomina; Anthony Quinn, in his first dramatic role of consequence, is the wandering showman Zampano, with Richard Basehart the rash, melancholy acrobat the Matto.

3 DESPAIRING of ever gaining the strongman's interest, Gelsomina runs away. Infuriated, Zampano finds her, hungry and tired, amusing a group of loafers, and beats her.

4 JOINING a circus to escape the harsh winter weather, Zampano works up a quarrel with the acrobat the Matto (or madman). In a savage fight he pulls out a knife, and is arrested.

5 CONVINCED at last by the Matto of her desirability as a woman, Gelsomina decides not to move with the circus but to wait for Zampano.

6 ABOVE. Jealous killing of the Matto by Zampano unbalances Gelsomina, and, in desperation, he abandons her.

7 RIGHT. Only years later, when he hears a woman singing Gelsomina's song, does Zampano weep for the past.

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● IN SOLOTHURN, as in all seven watchmaking cantons in Switzerland, the traditions started almost four centuries ago are inspiring the watch wonders of today. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

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Pt.155.WW144gr

Continuing . . . .

That Night On The Island

from page 51

'Vagabondage' a name and all that. I guess maybe a secret is no good if you can't share it with somebody."

"Thank you, Cynthia. I won't give the secret away. I promise you. Would it be all right if I make a wish, too?"

"Sure," she said.

He dug out another penny from his pocket, shut his eyes the way she had done, and whispered against it. With his eyes shut like that, she thought, he didn't look like a grown-up man at all, but just like one of the kids. She wondered what he was wishing for so hard that made him look so young. He opened his eyes and threw the penny, and it landed almost on the same spot as hers.

"I hope your wish comes true," she said.

"I hope yours comes true, too."

"I think it will," she said.

Her father was trimming the hedge when they walked up. He came to the gate to meet them, and she wondered how she could ever have imagined that there was any resemblance between him and Ted.

Her father looked so — old, with his straight grey hair and the deep lines running down the sides of his mouth. She had never before realised how old her father looked. And he wasn't as big as Ted. He wasn't even as big as she remembered him, as if he had shrunk since she had seen him at breakfast.

She tried frantically to remember what she had read about introductions from the etiquette book that Helen had given her for Christmas. Finally she said, "May I present my father, Mr.—Ted— Golly, I don't even know your name!"

"Shendell," he said. "Ted Shendell. We were too busy sanding down my boat to be formally introduced."

She watched her father smile and shake Ted's hand; then the name took sudden meaning. It couldn't be! Not the Ted Shendell who painted those magazine-cover illustrations. Not her favorite artist in all the world who painted those wonderful pictures that made her laugh sometimes and other times brought tears to her eyes with their sweet sadness.

That Ted Shendell was a name scrawled at the bottom of a painting. This Ted Shendell had raw blisters on his hands, and owned an ugly old tub called "Vagabondage," and had made a wish that lay side by side with her wish on the bottom of Pirates' Cove . . .

She heard her father saying, "Planning to do some painting on the dunes? I heard you'd rented the MacIntosh place."

Her father knew! And he had never told her When he knew how she felt about Ted Shendell's pictures!

He turned and spoke to her over his shoulder.

"Run along and get cleaned up, Cynthia. Lunch is ready."

As if she were a grubby baby! As if she didn't know enough to wash before lunch without being told! Right in front of Ted Shendell! She turned and ran for the house, trying to hold back the hot tears of humiliation flooding her eyes.

"So long, Cynthia! Thanks for the help," Ted called after her.

She couldn't even turn around and say goodbye to him. Not with her eyes full of baby tears. She let the screen door slam behind her and ran through the cool, dark house upstairs to her bedroom and flung herself down on her bed.

"What will he think of me?" she wailed against the teddy-bear propped up on her pillow. "Now he won't even believe that I'm sixteen—almost!"

But he called for her the next morning, and he never once mentioned that she had been treated like a baby or that she had acted like one. She had been asleep when she heard his voice out in the garden talking with her father.

She jumped out of bed, pulled off her pyjamas, and climbed into undies, jeans, and striped sweater. She ran a comb through her hair in three quick strokes and was ready to go.

Helen knocked on the door and came in.

"You up?" she said. "I thought you were still sleeping."

"I've been up for hours," Cynthia said.

"Mr. Shendell was passing by and he stopped to see if you want to go down and help him with his boat."

"I guess so. Tell him I'll be down in a jiff."

"I thought you were going swimming with Joyce and Janet."

"I told them maybe."

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see how you girls ever stay friends, the way you keep changing your minds and breaking dates."

"We're not friends. We positively hate one another."

"Well, it beats me. How do you want your eggs for breakfast?"

"Not again, Helen. Not eggs!"

"Eggs," said Helen. "You don't stir one step out of the house until you eat your eggs."

"Oh, all right. One-minute eggs, no toast, just bread. I'll tell Martha myself."

"One minute? That will hardly warm them through."

"I can swallow them easier that way. You can't taste them if you can just swallow them quick."

Helen shook her head. She had done her duty.

Cynthia felt shy walking down the road with Ted now that she knew who he was. She wondered if she should call him "Mr. Shendell" instead of "Ted." But he didn't look any different from yesterday.

Suddenly she remembered the penny she had borrowed from him, and she said, "Be back in a jiff!" She ran back to the house and borrowed a penny from Martha and ran back to where he was waiting.

She handed him the penny. "Thank you very much," she said. He took it gravely and said, "You're quite welcome, I'm sure." It was all very formal and stiff, and no fun at all. She wished that he just painted boats or houses or anything but magazine covers. They walked as far as Pirates' Cove without saying another word, but it was not like the comfortable silence they had shared sanding the boat.

"I'm quite an admirer of your work, you know," she said, and her words sounded as stiff as her lips felt. "I'm very interested in art. I have quite a collection of your illustrations pasted in a scrapbook."

He stopped and took her by the arm and turned her so that she faced him. He waited until she lifted her eyes shyly and looked up at him.

"Hey, you remember me? I'm Ted. And you're Cynthia."

She nodded solemnly.

"You're a little marsh bird, and a pixie and a philosopher and—I hope—my friend."

She nodded again.

"Now, as one friend to another, hear this. You are a demon with the sandpaper and

To page 62

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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ MY MAN GODFREY

Universal comedy, with June Allyson, David Niven, Martha Hyer. In Eastman Color, CinemaScope. State, Sydney.

THIS is Hollywood at its glossy, eye-on-the-box-office, second-rate best.

Avoiding the temptation to compare it with the 'thirties film of which it is a remake, it's enough to say that June, David, and company provide plenty of chuckles in a story about a crazy Park Avenue family who employ Niven, a broke though titled Austrian, as butler.

Always a "cold" actor, Niven seems to give less and less of himself to a role as the years go on. In this, as in most of his work, his distinctive appearance is his main asset. His nonchalance extends to letting any attempt at an accent go hang.

June, by throwing in everything she's learnt in a long acting career, just about succeeds in cancelling out the undeniable fact that she isn't as young as she used to be.

In fact, you might ask yourself what other Hollywood actress has the attack and vitality to be more warm and appealing in the role of the poor little rich girl who loses her heart to the helpful butler.

The girl with the boy's name—Jeff Donnell—as the long-suffering maid earns a mention all her own. And there's a special interest to be had from Eva Gabor exhibiting (as Niven's millionaire-marrying compatriot) her version of the fabulous family allure.

Poor Martha Hyer (at times dressed and coiffured like an old-fashioned vamp) wasn't being done any favor when handed the foolish role of June's spiteful elder sister.

In its desperate effort to be gay, the film often lapses into disorganised hysteria, but there are plenty of funny moments.

In a word: LAUGHS.

★ THE ENEMY BELOW

Fox naval war drama, with Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Plaza, Sydney.

TWIN heroes of this film, produced and directed by Dick Powell, are the captains of an American destroyer (Mitchum—surprisingly repressed) and a German submarine (Jurgens).

Mitchum is the ex-mercantile marine officer who has yet to make good with the crew of his new naval command, and Jurgens is the former World War I submarine officer who longs for the old days when it was man against man.

Assisted by all the complexities of the newly developed electronic devices, they play a dramatic cat-and-mouse game in an isolated spot of the South Atlantic, each determined to destroy the other or be destroyed.

Matinee idol German star Jurgens in his first American film shows himself to be heart-throb material for the older generation—and delivers some of the most uninhibited ham-acting seen for an age.

Not that the poor fellow is helped much by such penny-dreadful dialogue as "The devil!", and "The American captain's outwitted us!" Such gems, together with some pretty high-flown philosophic observations, are handed out liberally to the whole cast.

For a good feed of corn you could hardly beat the combination of the script and Powell's handling of the personal relationships.

But the actual technique of sub-hunting and evasive action is so absorbing in itself that you'll most likely forgive the inanities for the real interest of watching the mechanics of the push-button warfare.

In a word: INTERESTING.

News from movie centres

DO you ever wonder what has happened to the child stars of former years? Sugar Child Robinson, the Negro pianist who delighted film-goers of some years ago with his brilliant playing, is now a young man of 21, and is studying medicine. But he still can't get his hands on the large sum of money he earned as a child film star, because when his parents deposited the money in a trust fund for him they didn't tell the truth about his age.

Freddie Bartholomew, to go back some years further, is now the father of two children, and has made a new career for himself as a television producer.

English Andrew Ray, best known for his roles in "The Mudlark" and "The Yellow Balloon," is now 18, and has reappeared in films. He will be seen soon as the teen-age son of Anthony Quayle and Yvonne Mitchell in "The Woman in a Dressing Gown."

★ ★ ★

THOUGH Betty Grable hasn't made a film since "How To Be Very, Very Popular" in 1955, her nightclub show at the Las Vegas Desert Inn is doing such terrific business that a new film offer could very well result.

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Continuing . . . .

That Night On The Island

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you know a tub of a boat when you see one. But if you've been wasting the springtime of your youth pasting my illustrations in a scrapbook you're just about the worst art critic I've ever run across."

"Aren't they any good?" she asked in surprise.

He wrinkled his nose and shook his head, and she wrinkled her nose and shook her head, mirroring his motions.

"No?" she asked.

"No!" he said.

They laughed and it was all right between them again, and after a while she began to whistle as she walked beside him, hopping a little now and then to keep up with his long strides.

They did not do much work on the boat that day. It was too gloriously warm, with just clumps of clouds in the blue sky and insects humming and the undertone of sea sounds droning with lazy smugness.

She told him about herself, because it was important that he know all about her — all about her friends and her school, and where and how they lived in the city just off Central Park, and about her father and how hard he worked as a corporation lawyer. And she told him about Helen, who was not her mother but only her stepmother, so she had always called her "Helen" instead of "Mother."

She cocked her head to one side to see if he would ask her any questions about her real mother, but he just smoked his pipe and waited. She had to tell him. She never talked about it to people—just to Cap Henry. Cap was not exactly like people. He was her friend and he was different. And in a way Ted was her friend, too, and he was different, and she had to tell him.

"I guess my mother and father didn't get along very well. I don't know why, because Dad is a nice guy and Mother was awfully nice. Well, you know how those things happen?"

She looked at him pleadingly and he nodded. He knew how those things happen. She didn't have to explain to Ted.

"Well, they were divorced. I spent half the year with Mother and the other half with Dad. I was about six then, and I guess it was fun in a way, but I'm not so sure . . . Then, one time when I was staying with Dad, my mother was killed in an accident in France. And then . . ."

She picked up a pebble and threw it towards the dunes.

"I don't know—things get kind of mixed up sometimes."

"Yes," he said. "Things have a habit of doing just that. Now how about you and me getting mixed up with a couple of waves?"

She threw a few more pebbles before she looked up at him, and when she did her eyes were shiny, but they were dry.

"I don't have my bathing-suit on," she said.

"That is a bathing-suit bulging your hip pocket, isn't it?" he teased her. "It couldn't possibly be a mosquito bite."

"But——"

"Come on, now. Don't tell me that an elf like you doesn't have some secret hideaway in these dunes where you can change clothes?"

"Well, I have sort of a little cave . . ."

She wondered why he laughed so. After all, a person had to have some place for privacy, or shelter if it rains, or something.

"All right," she said. "I'll be back in a jiff."

They ran down to the hard-packed, wet sand with the yellow patches of wind-rolled foam, and kept on running, splashing, diving into the first wave that came rolling in. The water was very cold, and she came up yelling. Ted's head bobbed up beside her and he was yelling, too.

His hair was plastered down and looked bronzed instead of blond, and his eyelashes were all stuck together in dark clumps like the trees around Pirates' Cove. She saw another wave mounting over their heads and yelled, "Look awoo . . ." and pulled him under. In the churning, tossing, green clouds of water she could feel herself laughing.

They swam out side by side and dived under the next wave. When they were beyond the breakers they turned parallel with the shore and swam in the trough of the swells. It was too cold to go far, and soon they turned and rode a wave to shore and stumbled on to the beach.

"Golly, that was fun!" she gasped. She threw herself down on the sand and then jumped up again.

"I'm freezing! I'm going to run!"

She ran along the hard-packed shore, along the scalloped pattern of the waves, running away from them when they reached out towards her, following them back as they slipped down the smooth slope. She turned and ran back to Ted, and when she came near she saw that slow smile on his lips. She felt suddenly ashamed for running and yelling like that—like a silly kid.

"Do it again," he said. "I like to watch you."

"Oh, shucks," she panted, and sat down beside him.

"But I do! Especially that little side step you take when a wave breaks and you head for high ground."

"You're teasing me!"

"Of course. Don't you like it?"

She thought about it for a while, wiping her face with her hands.

"I'm not sure. I think I do."

"Would you like it better if I told you that you look like a miniature sea goddess, and that your eyes aren't brown but seaweed green, and that you swam like a guppy and run like a sandpiper?"

"I don't know," she said, and little imps began to dance in her eyes. "I'm not sure."

"Not sure whether you like it?"

"Oh, no! I like it, all right. But you said you're not a very good artist . . . I don't think you're a very good poet, either."

He laughed at her.

"I'm a total washout, Cynthia. I've always suspected it."

"You are not. You're just teasing me!"

Cynthia went back to her little cave and put on her jeans and jumper, and Ted pulled on his ducks over his swimming trunks and they went to work on the boat. The noon siren screeched at The Bays before they had accomplished much, but they paid no attention to it and went on working.

Then a cream-colored car drove up, bumping and side-slipping and raising a terrible cloud of dust, and Cynthia recognised Beatrice Walright.

"Hi, Bea!" she called, and Bea waved and called back.

"Hi, Cynthy! Heard you were back!"

She had known Bea Walright all her life, as she had known everyone at The Bays all her life. Bea was old, maybe twenty-four, but she was a good scout. Bea's father owned the biggest cabin cruiser at The Bays, and sometimes Cynthia and her father and Helen went cruising with them. Bea was a good sailor. Ted would like her. She walked over to the car with Ted, wondering why she could never seem to memorise what the etiquette book said about introductions.

But when they came near the car Bea said, "Holy cow, Ted! Do you know what time it is?"

So she didn't have to remember what the book said.

Ted squinted at the sun, and Cynthia wanted to laugh because he was teasing Bea now. Ted couldn't tell by the sun or the tides or anything but a watch. Anyway, the siren had blown a little while ago and he knew what time it was. She was glad, though, that he didn't say it was "half-past quitting time."

Ted squinted at the sun and drawled slowly, as if he had all day, "Well, now, I reckon it might be Tuesday——"

"Ted Shendell!" Bea laughed. "It's Wednesday, and it's past noon, and we had a luncheon date with the Scotts at the country club."

Ted turned and shook his finger severely at "Vagabondage."

"What do you mean, making me late for a date with my bride-to-be, you old hussy?"

Cynthia felt a sudden constriction in her chest. Bride-to-be! And she was going to introduce them as if they were strangers! Would she have looked silly! She wondered why Ted hadn't told her he was engaged to Bea. Not that it mattered, except it felt odd finding out about it this way.

But, then, when could he have told her? She had only known him for two days, and today she had done all the talking. No, it didn't matter a bit. In fact, it was wonderful. Bea was swell.

"Come on, Ted," Bea pleaded. "It really is late and you do have to dress. Can we give you a lift, Cynthy?"

"No," she said. "No, thanks. I was just going for a swim."

Whatever made her say that? Of all the stupid things. She saw Ted looking at her from the car in surprise.

"This is my first mate," he said, speaking to Bea but looking at her. "If I ever do get my yacht in shape it will be thanks to Cynthy. She's a demon with a piece of sandpaper."

"Don't let him jolly you, Cynthy." Bea laughed. "If you give him the chance he'll have you doing all the work while he dozes in the shade. I still think he bought his old beat-up tub so he'd have an excuse not to do any of the shopping with me. Sure we can't give you a lift?"

"No, thanks. So long, now."

She watched Bea turn the car around expertly. Ted called out something to her, but his voice was lost in the roar and the dust. When the dust settled the car was a small cream-colored speck bumping over the dunes road. She felt alone, more alone than she had ever felt in her life.

She had made a fool of herself. She had stood there.

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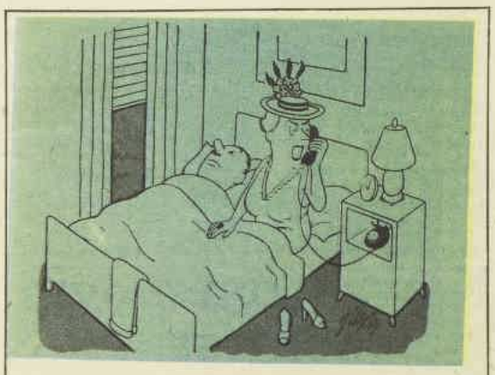
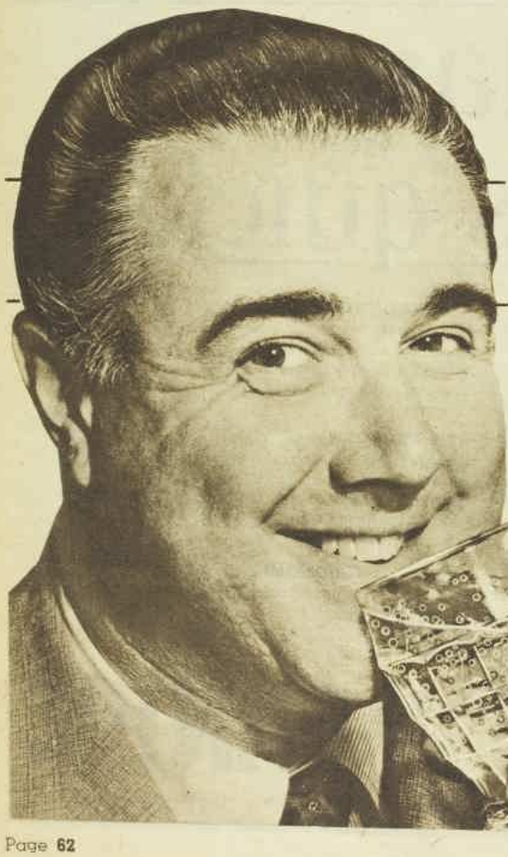


"You win the bet, Clara. George didn't notice it!"



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frozen-faced, saying hardly a word, and when she did say anything it was a lie. Ted knew she had lied. Right now he was probably telling Bea that she had lied.

She went back to the cave, struggled into the clammy, clinging bathing-suit and walked across the dunes. I'll show them who's a liar! she thought defiantly as she walked into the lonely waves.

Later, going home, she felt chilled and miserable. The road had never seemed so long before. They were waiting lunch for her, but she did not feel like eating. They hardly noticed her. Her father was listening to Helen and to the news she had brought home from The Bays. She had met Vi Walright, Bea's mother, in the village and she was all excited.

"They're engaged," she said. "They met in Paris last winter, and they're planning to get married some time this autumn. That's why he took the cottage down here. Vi thinks that they might even get married here at The Bays instead of in town. After all, everyone from town is here! It's quite a match—the Walrights with all their money and Ted Shendell with his talent and fame. Vi is in a dither, and so is Bea, with the shopping and preparations they have to do. Isn't it a good thing that all the better shops have opened branches at The Bays?"

"Shendell's a nice chap," her father said. "I like him."

"And he's had such a hard life! I read about him in one of those biography sketches they print in the back of the magazine. He worked at all kinds of jobs to put himself through art school. And now, marrying into all that money! Not that I think he's marrying Bea for her money—he must get fabulous prices for his work. But the Walrights do have an awful lot of money! You aren't eating, Cynthia."

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Continuing . . . .

That Night On The Island

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"I'm not hungry," Cynthia said. "May I be excused?"

"Better go lie down awhile, dear. You're not catching something, are you?"

"No. I'm fine." She folded her napkin and left the room.

"The sun . . ." Helen said vaguely. "More coffee, dear?"

"No, thanks," her father said. "I have to finish planting the zinnias if I expect them to bloom this year."

Cynthia spent the afternoon lying on her bed reading a book. She hated to read in the daytime unless it was raining outside, but she felt too listless to do anything else. She missed Cap Henry. In past years, when she was bored, she could always go and find Cap and help him patch a boat or mend a net, or just sit beside him and help him stare at the clouds and the sea.

Listening to the digging sounds out in the garden, she wished that her father would let her help him with the gardening, but he never did. The garden was all his. He took such fierce pride in it that he wouldn't let anyone help him.

She wished that Helen were not such a scatterbrain so that she could sit and talk to her for a while. Helen was all right in her own way, but she just was too young to be her mother and too old to be her sister.

She read the novel, detesting every page of it; yet when her friend Joyce called and asked her over she felt too listless to go.

"Well, then, how about a movie tonight?" Joyce asked. "Janet's going, too."

"No," Cynthia said. "I'm reading a book I want to finish. It's a rotten picture, anyway."

"Is it? What's on?"

"I don't remember. But I remember that it's no good."

"Well, we're going, anyway. See you."

"See you," she said.

It was nearly evening when she heard the car stop outside. She rolled off the bed and looked through the curtain. It was Bea and Ted in Bea's cream car. They were talking to her father, who had gone over to the car and was leaning on his rake. Ted looked different in a sports jacket. She ran down the stairs, but slowed when she came to the front door. She opened it and walked out on the porch very casually. She stood there for a moment but nobody noticed her, so she went down the steps even more casually. Bea looked up and waved, and she waved back.

"Oh, hi! I didn't hear you drive up." She sauntered over to the car. "How was the lunch?"

"Late and liquid!" Bea laughed. "How was your swim?"

"Wet and cold," she said, glad that she didn't have to lie about it.

Bea said. "I felt like a dog for leaving you alone out there on the dunes. We should have waited and given you a lift."

> **A bad husband cannot be a good man.**
> **—Proverb.**

"I didn't mind. I really enjoyed the swim," she said. She did not look at Ted. She had a feeling that he was watching her with one eyebrow raised higher than the other. But he was talking to her father.

"Your daughter is quite a gal with the sandpaper, Mr. Bowen. I think she ought to charge me rates. She works twice as fast as I do."

"You ought to see her with a garden hose." Her father laughed. "The last time she got her hands on one she flattened out every seedling in my garden."

She felt a quick flash of anger.

"Oh, you ought to see me when I'm baby-sitting!" she said grimly. "One peep out of the little dears, and pow! I guess I have a heavy hand."

"How about tomorrow?" Ted was laughing. "Think you'll feel like using that heavy hand on a bit more sanding with me?"

"Golly, I don't know. Sure. I don't care, I mean."

"Make him pay you," Bea said. "He's an awful slave-driver. I'll pay you myself, in fact, if you'll get this man of mine out of my hair. I have oodles of shopping to do with Mother. . . . After the way he got stuck with that boat I wouldn't trust him to help me buy bobby-pins."

"Sure," Cynthia said. "I'll baby-sit him and his boat. Regular rates. One peep, and pow!"

"I'm being maligned and threatened," Ted said. "I'm leaving!"

Bea started the car rolling.

"Ask your dad to give us a ring about some bridge," Cynthia's father called after her, and Bea waved her hand in a sign that she had heard.

"Nice couple," he said, going back to his gardening.

"They sure are!" Cynthia said enthusiastically. "They're swell!"

She ran back into the house, her listlessness forgotten. She picked up the phone and dialled. Outside in the garden a robin was singing his evening song, and unconsciously her lips pouted and she imitated its bell-like melody.

"Oh, hi . . . Joyce?" she said lightly. "Cynthy. How about that movie? I know . . . changed my mind. No, I hear it's fine. Any time after dinner . . . Sure . . . fine . . . see you . . . 'bye."

She ran to her room and slammed the door behind her, took a dress from the closet

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and held it in front of her at the mirror. Good enough. Her eyes moved up from the dress and looked at her face, and she was smiling. She peered closer into the mirror, but the light was not right, and she picked up one of the table lamps and held it under her face so that the bare bulb shone in her eyes.

"They are the color of seaweed!" She laughed and kissed her reflection.

. . . . . .

A lot of work was needed to make a lady of "Vagabondage." It took a long time because it came under the category of fun, and fun can be spoiled when it is overdone. Some days they didn't feel like working at all, and some days Ted was busy at the cottage with his painting, and some days it rained so they couldn't work.

Then there were the days Ted spent with Bea, and the days that Cynthia had to spend shopping with Helen at The Bays, and the days she spent

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with the kids on picnics and boat rides and fishing trips and beach parties.

She did all the things she had done every summer at The Bays, except hang around with Cap Henry. She even went out of her way to befriend the Burton twins, whose family had bought the Varney cottage, and helped them to get to know the gang. She did everything that she had always done, and more.

It was not at all the way they said later, that she spent all her time with Ted. She did not. It was just that the time she spent with Ted was the nicest time of the summer. That was all.

She was lonesome and Ted was, too. He told her so himself that afternoon before they went to the movies to see the western. That afternoon she went to his cottage and whistled her special signal, and he came out and sat on the steps with her. He lit his pipe and puffed quietly, hardly noticing her, hardly listening to her chatter, as if he was still lost in the world and the people he was creating on his canvas.

She was quiet for a long time, then she suddenly snapped her fingers under his nose, and it startled him so much that she laughed until her sides hurt.

"Boy, were you miles away! You know something? You work too hard!"

He grinned self-consciously and shook his head as if to clear it.

"You can't call what I'm doing hard work! Not this stuff that I'm doing on assignment and am sure to get paid for. Believe me, little one, when I was really working hard, not even you could have interrupted me."

It had never occurred to her that she might be interrupting his work; her laughter died and her face reddened as if he had slapped her.

"Golly—I didn't mean to interrupt you," she stammered. "Honestly, Ted, I—if you don't want me to—I mean——"

He looked at her in surprise, one eyebrow raised higher than the other, the way he looked when he was getting ready to tease her. The slow smile spread over his face, and he reached over and mussed her hair lightly.

"Hey, Cynthy," he scolded her mildly. "I thought we were friends."

"Well, sure—but . . ."

"Cynthy, a nice creature like you never happened to me before in my life. You go right ahead and interrupt me any time you feel like it."

"But your work——" she said.

"To the devil with my work!" he said, and it was the first time she had ever heard anger in his voice. "I'm lonesome. I'm playing second fiddle to a trousseau."

"That's terrible!" she said. Then she added eagerly, "I'll tell Bea! I'll bet she's so excited she never thought of it."

"Don't you dare," he warned her. "I wouldn't deprive her of this last shopping spree with her mother, not for all the world."

But Cynthia was not convinced.

"It's terrible to be lonesome." She frowned, picking absentmindedly at a splinter in her palm. "I guess there's nothing more terrible in the whole world than to be lonesome."

"How would you know, little philosopher?" He smiled.

"Oh, I know! Honest, I know!"

"You, little Midge, with all your friends? Why, I'll bet any time you feel lonesome all you have to do is whistle that little trill of yours and the fairies come out and play with you."

She shook her head sadly.

"No. When I was young I used to try that. Nobody came."

She wondered what struck him so funny. "Honest, I know what it's like," she said earnestly. "I was very lonesome when I was young."

"And you're not—lonesome any more?"

She could feel his eyes on her, but she could not look up.

"No," she said. "Not any more."

"That's the girl! Now you buzz off, Ha-penny, and I'll get back to my messy old paints. How about a movie tonight? They have a western at The Point. Like westerns?"

"Westerns? Oh, sure. I'm nuts about 'em."

"I don't believe you, but if I did, I'd say that you spoke like a true connoisseur of the finer things of life. Westerns are the only pure form of truly great American art. Where else but in America would they dare make bowlegs a symbol of manly nobility? Where but in this daring culture could it be considered a gesture of valor and purity to kiss the horse instead of the heroine?"

This was like the old Ted, and she laughed.

"Will your parents let you go?" he asked.

"Oh, sure. They don't care."

"Well, I'll phone your dad and ask him, anyway. Seven o'clock?"

"Swell. Seven o'clock."

It was fun going to the movies with Ted. They sat in the back row and ate popcorn furiously, and all through the picture Ted kept up a whispered commentary.

It was fun, but she could not help the feeling that Ted tried a little too hard to make it fun. It bothered her all the while they were sipping their sodas at the sweet shop next door after the show.

They walked home slowly through the dim-lit streets, and the fun of the evening seemed lost in the darkness and the night and the distant, hissing sound of the surf. Lost, as if it had never existed.

"Do you really like westerns?" she asked. "Cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die really?"

He did not answer her at once. When he did, his voice seemed very far away and lost in the small sounds of the hissing surf.

"I enjoyed seeing this one with you. But, cross my heart and hope to die, no. I detest them! They remind me of all the movies I missed when I was a kid. But I didn't have the money for them then. On Saturday afternoons I used to deliver groceries instead of going to the movies like the rest of the kids. I never had time for having fun. I guess I never had time to be a kid."

She looked up at the dim, hard curve of his profile and felt tears well in her eyes.

"Kids don't have much fun," she said. "It's just grown-up who think that kids have fun."

They walked silently in the night, the laughter of the evening lost and forgotten. The loneliness they had both known was a bond that made her feel closer to him than she had ever felt to another human being. So close that it did not occur to her that he might not feel the same bond.

To be concluded

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

SWEET and SOUR

● ***Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners:***

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

WHEN my granddaughter, aged five, awoke last Christmas morning she was surprised to find me there, her mother having gone overnight to hospital. Wondering how she liked her Christmas toys, her mother asked her later what she liked best. She replied:

"To find Grandma there."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. T. Brothers, 37 Seville Street, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

I HAD a day of depression and my husband inquired what was wrong. I explained that in three years of marriage, and expecting my third baby, I was getting sick of the sight of myself in maternity wear.

"But, darling," he protested, "you look just the same to me as the day I married you."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. B. R. Brakespeare, 18 Garden Hill Crescent, Darwin.

● ***Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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ith upswept hair and shiny oes and tailored dark grey resses, and a side view narrow s a sword, and a voice on the elephone like ice in a glass. illian Creel was so efficient. Brain like a man's," said Ron- ld. "Don't know what I'd o without the girl."

He could have married any of them; the tennis player, the model, the pianist, the woman with a brain just like a man's. ut he had married her.

"Ronald," said Maggie. Ronald, darling, tell me some- ing — why did you marry e?"

"Eh?" said Ronald.

"What made you marry e?"

"Now, there's a damn silly uestion," said Ronald, look- ing, for the first time since heir marriage, a fraction ightly strung.

And then came the trouble bout the house. Maggie was xcited about her house. She ent and looked at the plot very day, gazing fondly at the ricks that would soon become er rooms. The builders, under onald's eye, worked fast. But, evitably, there was trouble.

The Bartons, who knew all bout antiques and interior ecoration, who for generations ad been famed for their lovely omes, were brimming with leas. How could poor Maggie, ho knew nothing about any- ing, furnish a house by her- lf?

Mrs. Barton produced the tails of an auction where an- ques could be picked up for song. Maggie clutched a talogue marked "Contempor- y Designs."

"Regency," said Mrs. Bar- n.

"Queen Anne," said Sandra.

"Contemporary," said aggie loudly. And for the st time she said her piece— long piece, spoken in a very finite tone.

"My house," she said, and a eamy expression crept into r eyes. "My sitting-room, th pale blue walls, except for e wall that will be primrose- llow. A green bathroom — le green—and silver stars on e bathroom ceiling. You'll be le to see them while you lie

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Poor Maggie

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there in the bath . . . and trailing plants in baskets and those lamps that look upside down."

"Maggie," the Bartons chortled. They had never heard her say so much before. "Maggie—you are a scream!"

"We'll go shopping every Wednesday, dear," said Mrs. Barton kindly, "and see what we can find together."

Wednesday became the bugbear of Maggie's life. She saw the shopping expeditions out of all proportion. Feelings of apprehension crept over her as early as Sunday night.

WHILE Mrs. Barton talked of Chippendale and Hepplewhite and walked Maggie off her feet, Maggie thought about her contemporary house and knew her dream was fading before her eyes.

It's my house, thought Maggie. Ronald's home and mine. I will not stand for this any longer.

A thin rain pattered on the roof of an antique shop. Maggie watched her handsome mother-in-law dig among the dusty treasures.

"What an utterly hideous thing," said Maggie loudly and unexpectedly.

"Wait!" Mrs. Barton delved into her handbag for spectacles. "Is it—can it be Old Chelsea?"

"I don't care if it's old Piccadilly Circus," said Maggie. "It's quite ghastly!"

Mrs. Barton took The Thing up tenderly, turned it over, squinting at its base.

"It is!" she said joyfully, making happy noises in her throat, tapping her foot restlessly against the torn linoleum until the owner of the shop, veiled by dust motes, appeared from behind a screen.

"You have no taste, Maggie," Mrs. Barton sorrowfully murmured. "No taste at all."

The Thing was a vase that looked as if, beneath the grime, it might be pink. In front was a maiden holding an odd-looking lamb. She was a shepherdess, no doubt. Her feet were overrun with rosebuds and leaves and lambs.

"It would need so much dusting, wouldn't it?" said Maggie, trying to make amends. "And so difficult — all those leaves and things."

"Cabinet pieces, Maggie, should be kept in cabinets where they don't collect dust."

"If you have a cabinet," said Maggie, hoping the Bartons would never give her one.

"It's the craftsmanship, you see, Maggie."

"We're wasting time," said Maggie. "I shan't buy it."

"Everybody appreciates Old Chelsea."

Maggie's lips came together in a stubborn look. Rebellion went across her face, stiffening her small body until, to her mother-in-law, she appeared as immovable as the carved sideboard by her side.

"Very well, Maggie, let us go."

"You looked for some mark or other before you said you liked it," whispered Maggie fiercely. "If it hadn't been Old Chelsea you wouldn't have called it beautiful at all."

"Maggie, I think we had better go."

"You only say you like it because it isn't done not to like it, but if you saw that same simpering girl and she had no Old Chelsea mark you would have laughed at it and agreed with me."

"Don't display your ignorance, my dear. Come along." And Mrs. Barton propelled Maggie to the bus stop in the street outside.

Temper, an emotion almost unknown to Maggie, swept over her like a tidal wave. A shiver of sheer anger shook her body.

"I don't know why you take me shopping every Wednesday if I've no taste, if you don't like the things I want to buy. It's my home, isn't it? Ronald's home and mine. If you don't like contemporary, you needn't come to see us. Antiques may be all right for you, but I want my home to reflect my personality."

Maggie stamped her foot—there in the bus queue—and said, "I'm sorry our shopping expeditions haven't been successful. I'm sorry I'm not a successful sort of daughter-in-law.

"I know you would have preferred Pat or Gay or Mary or Miss Creel. And I'm sorry I don't know Hepplewhite from Chippendale—and . . ." Maggie, gasping for breath, squeaked defiantly, "and I'm sorry I think that china shepherdess is dreadful!"

"Maggie!"

"Goodbye," said Maggie. "I'm going to walk. I won't wait for the bus today," and she began to run, coat flapping, hat askew, stumbling on the greasy pavement in the elegant high-heeled shoes the Bartons had made her buy.

"Ronald," said Mrs. Barton later, "is married to a mule."

"Well," said Sandra gaily, "brilliant men do sometimes marry asses."

"Asses," said Mrs. Barton, "are malleable. Nothing can be done with mules."

But Maggie got her way—her colored walls and her contemporary furniture and her baskets of trailing plants. Her curtains were a vivid scarlet and there were stars on the bathroom ceiling.

The effect was exactly what she wanted and even the Bartons couldn't find much wrong.

"Ronald has gone all modern," Mrs. Barton told her friends. "I never thought I'd come to like it, but I do! Of course, Ronald has always had good taste—there's no doubt of that."

"Ronald," said Pat and Gay and Mary and Miss Creel, "has a wonderful eye for color."

"It's Maggie," Ronald told them. "Maggie chose everything herself."

"How sweet he is," said Pat and Gay and Mary and Miss Creel. "He lets her take the praise for everything."

Now, you would think, wouldn't you, that once the house was finished and Ronald and Maggie had moved in (a good half mile away from the other Bartons) there might be peace. But no. A new house meant a house-warming. Did Maggie think she could give a cocktail party? asked Mrs. Barton.

"No," said Maggie promptly.

But Mrs. Barton told Ronald that it meant a lot to his future, and that Maggie must really learn to be more social-minded. Ronald had to agree.

"Maggie, darling," he said to her. "Maggie—do you think you could manage to organise a cocktail party and we'll invite old Gifford?"

"No," said Maggie.

Ronald said, "Miss Creel will help. She will see to all business guests."

"No," said Maggie.

"Mother will lay on the catering and everything. She's used to it."

QUITE clearly Maggie said, "No!"

"And Rosemary and Sandra are wonderful at cocktail 'eats' —lobster patties and all that."

"No," said Maggie, frantic.

"Please, darling, I've got to have a house-warming — and ask the Giffords and everybody like that. They expect it. It's practically a turning-point in my career," and he kissed her. "Darling Maggie," said Ronald. "Please, Maggie, Maggie, my darling."

"All right, Ronald," said Maggie.

The list of guests was very long. It grew longer. Miss Creel kept it, neatly typed, in her office desk, and to find out who was on it meant ringing up the office and talking to the staccato-voiced Miss Creel.

Consequently, Maggie was not sure until the very end whether there would be room (or lobster patties) for her parents. Luckily they were going on holiday and couldn't come.

The house-warming was horrible. The Bartons talked and talked. Miss Creel floated round all the business contacts so that one of the wives kept addressing her as Mrs. Barton.

"Maggie!" Ronald said, digging her in the ribs just where her new zip-fastener pressed the hardest, "you must talk—and circulate. You are the hostess. Now, go on."

"I can't," said Maggie.

"What?" inquired Ronald above the din. "What did you say?"

"I can't."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Everything. Go away."

"Go away?" repeated Ronald, staring over the heads and the glasses and the haze of smoke that hung over the room.

"If you don't leave me alone I shall go away—for ever. I shall leave you. I think I hate you."

"Maggie, this is your party, darling, and why should you hate me?"

"It isn't my party. It's your party and your mother's and your sisters' and all the creatures who used to be in love with you. It's nothing to do with me," and Maggie burst into tears.

Embarrassed, Ronald thrust a dish into her hands.

"Here, take these round. Go on, Mag. Oh, for pity's sake!"

He gave her a little push. Maggie stumbled forward, shoving the dish beneath the haughty noses.

She took a deep breath and began to speak. "Have a lobster patty," she said. "Please have a lobster patty. Do have a lobster patty. Have you tried one of our lobster patties yet?" —varying the sentence for every group.

Nobody could understand what she said, but most of them heard her sniff and saw the tearmarks on her face.

"They've had a row!" said Gay with malice.

"Oh, the poor little thing," said Mary quite kindly.

"She's so shy," murmured Miss Creel.

"But where can he have

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Are you combing your hair-OUT?

DON'T IGNORE THIS TIMELY WARNING!

Suddenly to find that your hair is coming out on your comb can give you an unpleasant shock. It also gives you a timely warning you can't ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Do something about it *now* before the condition becomes serious.

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BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

— but which would you say was the most thoughtful?

An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.

Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the *whole* toilet will be sparkling clean . . . free of germs and unpleasant odours.

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SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

Continuing . . . . Poor Maggie

from page 65

found her? Surely she wasn't in the firm?"

"Our firm?" said Miss Creel, shocked. "No. They never stand for nitwits in the business."

"What did she do before she married him?' asked Pat.

"Do?" Gay sighed. "Oh, some dreary little job — like packing pills."

It was unfortunate that Maggie's ears should have stopped buzzing at that moment. She heard every word.

"I am a scientist," she said, and dropped the lobster patties. It was unfortunate, too, that they bounced on and off Mrs. Gifford's chest, leaving greasy smears.

The next morning she went to the laboratory and there was Dr. Fletcher looking exactly as he had looked when she left him nearly a year ago: long and sad, with a cadaverous face and a jutting jaw and big eyes behind the thick spectacles and a bony frame encased in a clean white coat.

Long, long ago, in that other life before her marriage, Dr. Fletcher had been very fond of Maggie. He had taken her out to lunch and occasionally to dinner, and they had discussed mice and guinea-pigs and the new virus on which they had both been working.

It was a scientific friendship with The Virus a firm link between them. It had never been a romantic friendship. But where, Maggie asked herself bitterly, did romance get anybody? A relationship based on germs was surely sounder?

Everything was the same — the test tubes and the bunsen burners and the smell of methylated spirit and sawdust and guinea-pigs and other things. Maggie sniffed joyfully. She flung down her bag and kissed Dr. Fletcher on both cheeks.

"Louis!" she said. "Dear Louis!"

"Mag! Mag — you look wonderful! You haven't changed at all."

"Oh, yes, I have. I am exactly what my in-laws have made me."

"That's a lovely dress."

Dr. Fletcher took off his spectacles and polished them and put them back on so that he might see her better. "You're beautiful."

"No, Louis — just dressed up. You only used to see me in my white coat."

"You were beautiful in that, too. I've never seen you wear a hat before."

"My mother-in-law says no outfit is complete without a hat."

Dr. Fletcher turned on his stool and looked at her with an intensity she had previously only seen him bestow on slides.

"Minnie died, you know," he said.

"Minnie?"

"Your guinea-pig."

"Oh, poor darling Minnie. What happened to her?"

"She caught a cold. But I think she pined for you."

"No, Louis. People never pine for me."

"I did," he said. "Just look at me," and he stuck his hands in the pockets of his coat and flapped the skirt.

"Louis, dear," said Maggie, getting on a stool and swinging her nyloned legs, "would you have me back?"

"Would I?" He added cautiously, "Have you any children?"

"No. But when I do they're going to call it Heron."

"What?"

"Heron. Why not Gull?"

"Why not, indeed?" remarked Dr. Fletcher. He peered at her very closely. His breathing moved the veiling on her hat. "Maggie, are you terribly unhappy?"

"Terribly."

"Have you left your husband?"

"Not yet. Will you have me back?"

"The Barton women never work, Maggie, once they're married."

"I am not a Barton woman, Louis. I am a scientist like you."

"A laboratory assistant," said Louis, who had a scientist's mind for detail.

He took off his glasses and this time he put them in his pocket as if it disturbed him to see her quite so near.

. . . . . .

There are gossips in every town. Gossip, like a snowball, increases as it rolls.

"Maggie Barton's working. Yes, a job. Maggie Barton's got a job."

"Maggie Barton goes to lunch at Sarko's with a man."

"And Ronald looks ghastly. Maggie's never there if you go to call and Mrs. Barton says he isn't eating. She says Maggie's never there to cook . . ."

"Now what?"

"Ronald has lost half a stone because Maggie doesn't feed him . . ."

"Maggie works late every night. They say it's this man . . . Oh, everybody's seen him. Yes, at Sarko's . . ."

"They say he's loved Maggie for years and years . . ."

"These quiet girls, you know . . . Other women can't see much in them but they're the type that drives men mad . . ."

"If they break up it'll be Ronald's fault as much as hers. Handsome men don't always make good husbands."

"Maggie," said Pat, stopping Maggie in the street, "how is your job?"

"Terribly exciting," said Maggie ambiguously.

"Why didn't you say you were a scientist?"

Maggie glanced over her shoulder. "It isn't wise to talk about being a scientist."

"I mean," Pat explained, you were always so very quiet."

"You have to be," said Maggie.

Pat looked intrigued. "But what do you do in your laboratory?"

"We're supposed to be making pills — chocolate-coated, you know."

"You mean, you aren't really making pills at all?"

"We make them sugar-coated, too, and we make capsules and ointments and . . ." an enigmatic look crept into her eyes.

"I suppose that's what you have to say? You'd lose your job if you said what you really do?"

"It would be more than my life is worth," said Maggie.

Pat had a lot of friends who had a lot of friends.

"Maggie Barton's work is simply vital. She had to take this job. They couldn't find anyone else skilled enough to do the work . . ."

"They say she's earning nearly as much as Ronald . . ."

"And old Gifford's most displeased with Ronald . . ."

"Ronald's work has been going off since Maggie began to work for this atom scientist . . ."

"Why doesn't Ronald just knock him down? Serve him right."

"Well, how can he? An important man like that? The Government wouldn't like it."

"They wouldn't let Ronald into the lab at all. There are guards outside the gates . . ."

"Hush. Don't talk about it. These days, you never know . . ."

"Ronald Barton hasn't been offered a directorship. Old Gifford thinks he ought to wait another year. He hasn't had enough experience yet."

"It makes one wonder whether Ronald is as brilliant as the Bartons make out . . ."

"Or if any of them are brilliant . . ."

"Ronald — clever? My dear, it's his wife who has the brains . . ."

"Mrs. Barton says Ronald has gone to pieces since Maggie took this job. She says Maggie is all his world . . ."

"Louis," Maggie said six months later, "I'm leaving you." She took off her white coat. She looked very plump. Even her Victorian waist had gone.

"I knew you would," said Dr. Fletcher.

"But thank you a million times for having me."

"The pleasure was all mine."

"And for all those lovely lunches."

"I've never enjoyed my food so much."

"I'm sorry I've been off mine lately."

"Good luck, Maggie."

"I might come back, you know."

"You won't!" said Dr. Fletcher.

"I might—if Heron Alexander doesn't mind my working —or if people start ignoring me again."

"Nobody could ignore you," said Dr. Fletcher.

"Well," said Maggie happily, "not for long. Anyway, I shall call in—often. I don't want Minnie's successor to pine away like Minnie did."

"Or me," said Dr. Fletcher.

Maggie went to the glass-fronted cupboard and helped herself to several little boxes. "You won't mind, Louis, if I take a few of these? Ronald is always catching colds."

And that is the end of Maggie's story, except that she lived happily ever after, looking after her lovely modern house and watering her trailing plants and renewing periodically, the stars on her bathroom ceiling, and bringing up her children, and loving Ronald more and more each year.

Even now when he looks at her her ears are apt to buzz and her heart feels like bursting.

When Maggie had her children the Bartons rallied round. They peered and prodded and exclaimed, searching for the Barton chin, the Barton forehead, the Barton mouth among the wrinkles and the fat.

But Maggie's children look like nobody but Maggie, except that one of them has Ronald's eyes.

Because they have grown to love her dearly the Bartons have forgiven Maggie about Heron Alexander.

Poor Heron Alexander.
He was twins.
Both girls.

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Continuing . . . . The Girl Upstairs

from page 22

interrupted sternly, "is not a thing."

"I don't mean what's just happened, George. I mean about last Wednesday. A distinguished Codicil reported to father that on Wednesday afternoon he saw you and a wild-looking man up in Central Park playing with some sort of toy on a lake——"

"Toy! That was——"

"I know what it was. You've told me about your friend's peculiar inventions. But don't you see how it looks, George? Father was understandably hurt to think you'd——"

"He wants me to be a success, doesn't he? Well, how?"

"A dignified success, George. And now, after what's happened this morning, I really don't know what——"

"I've told you the truth, Marjorie."

"—— to think about the future. Sometimes it almost seems as if you tried to find new ways to embarrass me." Marjorie stood close to him, a great tear shining in each eye.

"No, I don't, dear," George said unhappily. "Things just seem to happen to me, like this morning——"

"I should think you'd want to do something—some little thing, at least—that would show me I mean something to you."

"I do, Marjorie."

"Like not having anything more to do with that ridiculous inventor."

"Not work with Omar! But he's counting——"

"There, you see?" The two tears welled over on to Marjorie's cheeks. "It's easy enough for you to embarrass me with that snippy red-haired girl and tell me outrageous stories about ravens, but when I ask you to give up one little thing —"

She broke off, fumbling for a handkerchief in her bag.

"Well, let's not talk about it any more now. Father's waiting for us up in the country and we're already late. I'll go out and walk in the park for half an hour while you get ready. I hope you'll think over what I've said, George."

"Please don't cry any more, Marjorie," George said miserably.

"I'll try," Marjorie said, "if you'll try, too, George." She hurried out, holding her handkerchief delicately against her lips.

George sighed heavily and went into the bathroom to shave. In spite of the material existence of the raven and his innocent association with the girl upstairs, he felt vaguely guilty.

It was true that he was somehow always getting into things that disturbed the tranquillity of his relationship with Marjorie; and also with her father. It was a tendency he had tried hard to check, but so far his successes had been notably modest. It worried George badly.

He finished shaving and started to dress. Strangely, his mind kept slipping back to the red-haired girl upstairs. He supposed it was because she was so irritating he simply couldn't rid his mind of her and the way she looked and talked and walked. Thinking about her, George got irritated all over again.

Everything that had happened was her fault—hers and her raven's. If it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't be in the maddening position of being forgiven for what he hadn't done. Well, she would just have to square him, that was all. George tied his tie and combed his hair in a furious rush and stamped upstairs.

The red-haired girl had also changed. She wore a green silk dress that set her hair dazzlingly aflame. She looked beautiful. And she gave George an up-and-down glance of uninhibited admiration.

"Yes, I figured you'd look like this on a good day," she said. "Well, did she quote forgive you unquote?"

"No. Well, in a way, but she still thinks—— You've got to help square me with her."

"I did what I could, friend. I told her about my raven. Come in."

"Yes, you did!" George said scornfully when the door had closed behind him. "You told her in the same sentence with a lot of gibberish that nobody in his right mind could possibly believe."

"All perfectly true."

"Your name's not Minerva Stufflebeam."

"Oh, yes, it is."

"It couldn't be."

"Does it sound like a name a girl would pick out for herself? Look on my mailbox."

George recovered quickly. "Anyway, you don't expect me to believe you really have an uncle with three legs, do you?"

"Well, that's sort of a family joke," she explained patiently. "You see, I have an uncle who married a girl named Edna Legg, so us kids always used to bet the other kids we were telling the truth when we said we had an uncle with three legs. Pretty good joke, hey?"

"It's a horrible joke! How was Marjorie supposed to know about your silly uncle?"

"He isn't silly!"

"Nevermore."

George spun around to the window and there was the raven just hopping across the sill. "You've got to let me take that bird downstairs to show to Marjorie," he demanded.

"O.K. If you think it'll do any good."

"Of course it will do some good — clear up the whole thing."

"Everything?"

"Of course."

Her big brown eyes studied him shrewdly for a considerable space of time. "Tell me," she said at last, "when you're acting like a stuffed shirt with all that legal Latin and everything, who are you doing an imitation of? Her old man, the judge?"

George flushed. "I'm not doing an —"

"You don't talk to Omar Stapleton like that, do you?"

"I talk to everybody exactly alike!" George snapped angrily. "As for Omar, I probably won't be talking as much to him as I have been, in any case."

"Won't be — But I thought you were all steamed up about his invention! You said —" Suddenly she stopped and a look of genuine wonderment dropped over her face. "Boy, she's really got you trained, hasn't she, friend? I wouldn't have believed it."

An unreasoning fury overcame George. "You're the most irritating girl I've ever met in my whole life!" he shouted at her. "Why, I'll — I ought to —"

All at once he was kissing her and all sorts of sparks were flying around and bells were clanging and colored lights were going on and off. When he let her go they stared at each other in bewilderment for a moment.

"You're being pretty irritating yourself," she said coldly. "Goodbye."

"I'm terribly sorry," George said. "I don't know what I was thinking of. I apologise. I must have lost my head for a minute."

"I see," said the red-haired girl. "Do you always kiss somebody when you lose your head?"

"No, no." George looked almost frightened. "There's something strange about you, and, anyway, you said something about how Marjorie and her father — That was it! You said she had me trained so that I wouldn't work with Omar any more! And you said I was doing an imitation of —" The rage surged back into George. "You have absolutely no business, no business at all —"

The next thing he knew he was kissing her again and the lights and the bells were carrying on worse than before. This time she struggled her way free, a brilliant scarlet spot on each cheek.

"That's a really original approach you've got there!" she gasped. "That's the second time you've kissed me this morning, Mr. Borden!"

"It's not an approach; really, it's not," George said wretchedly. "I apologise again. It's just that —"

"Don't try to explain it again! Goodbye!"

"I'm honestly very sorry I've made you angry. I don't blame you." He looked towards the window sill. The raven was preening his glossy black feathers with his bill. He cocked a yellow eye at George and absently muttered a little of "Marching Through Georgia." At George's sudden move in his

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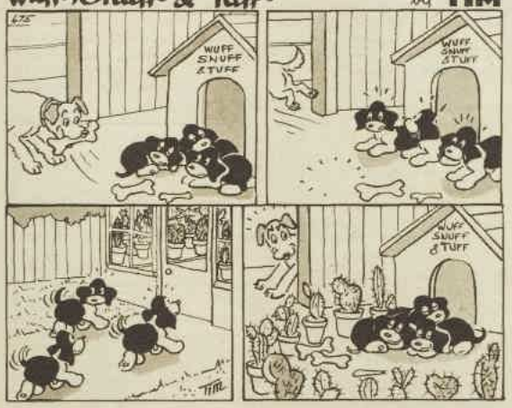
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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GAS gives you flame cooking
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MAKER'S WARRANTY APPROVED This appliance has been granted the Badge of Approval based under the appliance rules of the NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

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— advise world's leading dieticians

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..but it must be **Keen's**

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As Mrs. Baxter does . . .

I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.

Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance *only* when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S

THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE *pills*

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Continuing . . . .

The Girl Upstairs

from page 67

direction he flapped out the window screaming with delight.

"I thought," said the red-haired girl, standing beside the open door, "your girl-friend was waiting for you."

"Yes, she'll probably be back soon," George said. "Well —"

"Well?"

"Goodbye."

As he opened the door to his apartment George could hear Marjorie opening the street door below. After a moment he let her in. At once Marjorie said, "Have you thought over what I said, George?"

"You mean about my working with Omar? Yes, I've thought —" George hesitated, because he had heard a fluttering sound from the direction of the kitchen. A crafty expression drifted across his face and he continued immediately, "I'll make a deal with you, Marjorie," he said. "You didn't believe my story about a raven coming in here this morning, did you?"

"No, dear."

"All right. If in one minute from now you still don't believe there was a raven in here I promise to have nothing more to do with Omar and his invention. But if you do believe it, I'll go right on working with him. O.K.?"

Marjorie smiled faintly. "George, how can you expect me to believe such a ridiculous —"

"Never mind. Is it a deal?"

"Well, of course."

"Wait right here."

THE raven was on the kitchen floor just under the open window, pecking up crumbs that he had dropped from the breakfast table. George eased his way with infinite caution towards the window, trying to get between it and the raven before he was observed. The bird caught sight of him when he was still a considerable distance short of his goal. At the same instant the two of them made a dash for the window. They reached it, also at the same instant, and George just got hold of a leg, slamming down the window with his free hand.

A screeching, howling hurricane of outrage broke loose from the raven, to which George paid no attention whatever. Flapping bird in hand, he hurried triumphantly back into the living-room.

"Here!" he shouted. "This is a raven—the very same—— Yow!"

The indignant bird had screwed his head around and let George have it with his sharp bill on the back of the hand.

Instantly released, he swooped high up on to a curtain rod and sat there regarding George malevolently.

"George, really!" Marjorie said, looking startled.

"There you are! Is that a raven or isn't it?"

"Why, I suppose it is, but—"

"He belongs to the girl upstairs. He flew in the window this morning carrying her pin, so she came down looking for him. Now do you believe me?"

Marjorie was watching the bird nervously. She said nothing.

"So now I go right on working on Omar's invention," George concluded happily. "Right?"

"I don't think," Marjorie said, looking away from him, "that that was a very fair bargain you made with me, George. You knew the raven was here in this house all the time."

"Well, of course I did. I kept telling you, but you wouldn't believe me."

"You were betting on a sure thing while I was completely in the dark. You tricked me."

"Tricked you! For pity's sake, Marjorie, you act as though you were sorry the whole thing wasn't a lie!"

"No, not sorry about that, George. I'm only sorry you felt you had to trick me in order to get your own way. I'm disappointed in you. I feel as though you wanted——"

"I only wanted to prove to you that the whole thing was perfectly innocent, that's all!"

"That's twice you've kissed me this morning, Mr. Borden," said the raven.

The short hairs at the back of George's neck stood straight out. The voice was an exact duplicate of the red-haired girl's voice.

Marjorie screamed; then, very slowly, an expression of deep comprehension settled over her face.

"Perfectly innocent, of course," she repeated into the dreadful silence, "like everything else you do. I see."

"That's twice you've kissed me——"

"Shut up!" George roared . . . "Yes, Marjorie, it's true that I kissed her, but it was ——"

"The raven's fault? Or perhaps you were trying out a new invention? Goodbye, George, I've tried to tell Father he was judging you too hastily sometimes, but now I see he's right."

"Wait just a minute," George said, addressing his side of the closed door.

The phone was ringing. It was Omar Stapleton, telling him the Navy had decided to build an experimental model of the invention. George hung up.

"That's twice you've kissed me this morning, Mr. Borden."

George spent the next ten minutes barking his shins leaping over the furniture until he had caught the raven. Upstairs, the red-haired girl opened the door. "Here's your raven," George said. "He's just ruined my life."

"That's too bad," she said. "I thought you were going to the country with the girl-friend."

"No, she's through with me. So is her father."

She glanced at him quickly and a new light came into her eyes. "Well, that's the breaks," she said presently. "Here you were all set to marry this girl and her father and settle down to talking Latin in Bronxville, when—phttt!"

She shrugged. "Now I guess you'll just have to settle for being the boss of your own law office and making a pot of money out of Omar's invention. He just called me."

"Yes, there's that," George said absently.

"What are you getting mad at?"

"I'm not mad."

"Why, yes you are; you're furious. Losing your head about something."

"No, really——"

"Are you sure?"

Suddenly George realised that he was standing very close to her and that her big brown eyes were gazing up into his. "Yes!" he burst out. "It's that blabber-mouth raven of yours that's ruined everything! He's a regular — regular Machiavelli!"

"You said it," murmured the red-haired girl, smiling contentedly.

"All because of him," George raved on, "I'll never know another moment's happiness as long as I live. Never, never again."

And he kissed her for the third time that morning.

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

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Cool summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron floral-striped cotton. The color choice includes green and white, pink and white, grey and white, and blue and white. The velvet ribbon for the bow-trim is not supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 57/6, 36 and 38in. bust 61/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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The shirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, green and white, blue and white, brown and white, and black and white. Sizes 2 and 4 years 18/3, 6 and 8 years 19/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

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Regular size **3/6**
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writes Mrs. K., Yarraville, Vic.
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—and Gossamer keeps your hair lustrous and full o' life.

LASTS ALL DAY, ALL EVENING
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

for Him

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One can of Smoothex makes enough creamy, smooth lather for more than 70 shaves. With Smoothex there's no "drag," no scrape. It's brushless, too.

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QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

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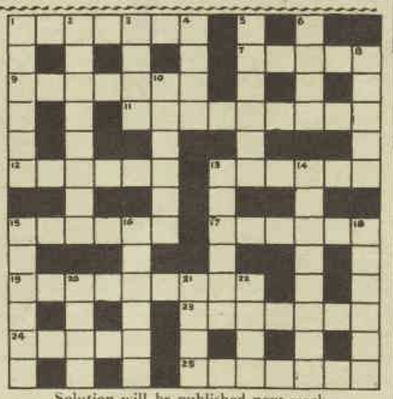
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This shutting up can be so cruel (7).
7. She starts this ledge (5).
9. Fish to give a blow in the wing (7).
11. This Australian is from the Apple Isle (9).
12. Must be level-headed in a car and wooden-headed in golf (6).
13. Walk leisurely with consecrated small loaf (6).
15. Sift and gain at once (6).
17. Examiners are in rows (6).
19. This state would not improve a lay figure nor a salad (9).
23. Aver back in turned lip and be in vogue (7).
24. Distributes fir or pine woods (5).
25. A girl is eager in this cotton fabric (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Pusillanimous fish round an armed conflict (6).
2. No young lady and I on a non-performance of duty (8).
3. Each one of a number of things (4).
4. Product of layers producing layers (4).
5. Squintingly as a famous German philosopher (6).
6. Half of an obese midget (4).
8. The deciding heat (5).
10. Such cloth is less than 52 inches in width and most of it is used with a bow (6).
13. You find it in a disturbed rest and it may be a hen (6).
14. Rare veto (Anagr. 8).
15. Injuries if headless made by scattered sound (6).
16. Lyrical poems on South Australia in a port on the Black Sea (6).
18. Famous Russian who always comes in last (6).
20. The doctor at dash (4).
21. The bookie in whirl (4).
22. The head of the faculty in Aden (4).

B	E	T	R	O	T	H	A	L		B	I	B		
O		O		V				E		O		A		
T	A	S	S	E	L			A	N	T	I	C		
T		S		R	E	G	A	N		A		K		
O			B		O		R		A	N	T	S		
M		P	L	A	N	E	T	A	R	Y		C		
L				O		I		I		E		R		
E		M	O	R	D	I	C	A	N	T		A		
S	T	U	M		A		L		A			T		
S		L		I	S	L	E	S		S		C		
P	I	L	A	R			S	T	I	T	C	H		
I		E		K				A		E		E		
T	I	T		S	L	A	U	G	H	T	E	R		

Solution of last week's crossword.

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This smooth Arrid Cream Deodorant Safely Stops Perspiration.

All through the year — particularly in the summer — you risk offending unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odors can form. Use **Arrid** to be safe! Smoother, creamier Arrid **instantly stops perspiration. Arrid removes odor** from perspiration on contact — with its magic PERSTOP* action! And Arrid is safe for skin — safe for fabrics.

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